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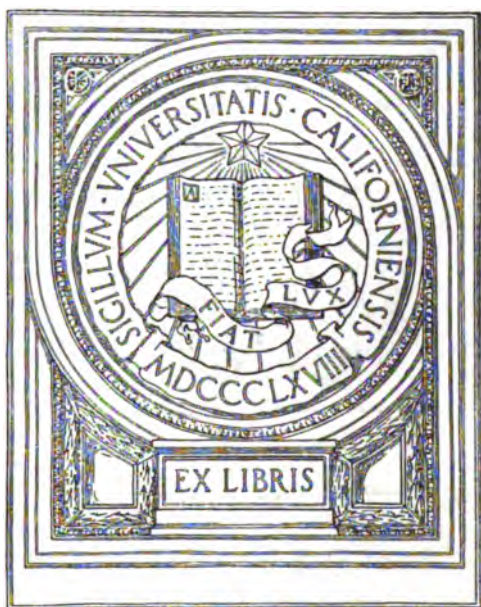
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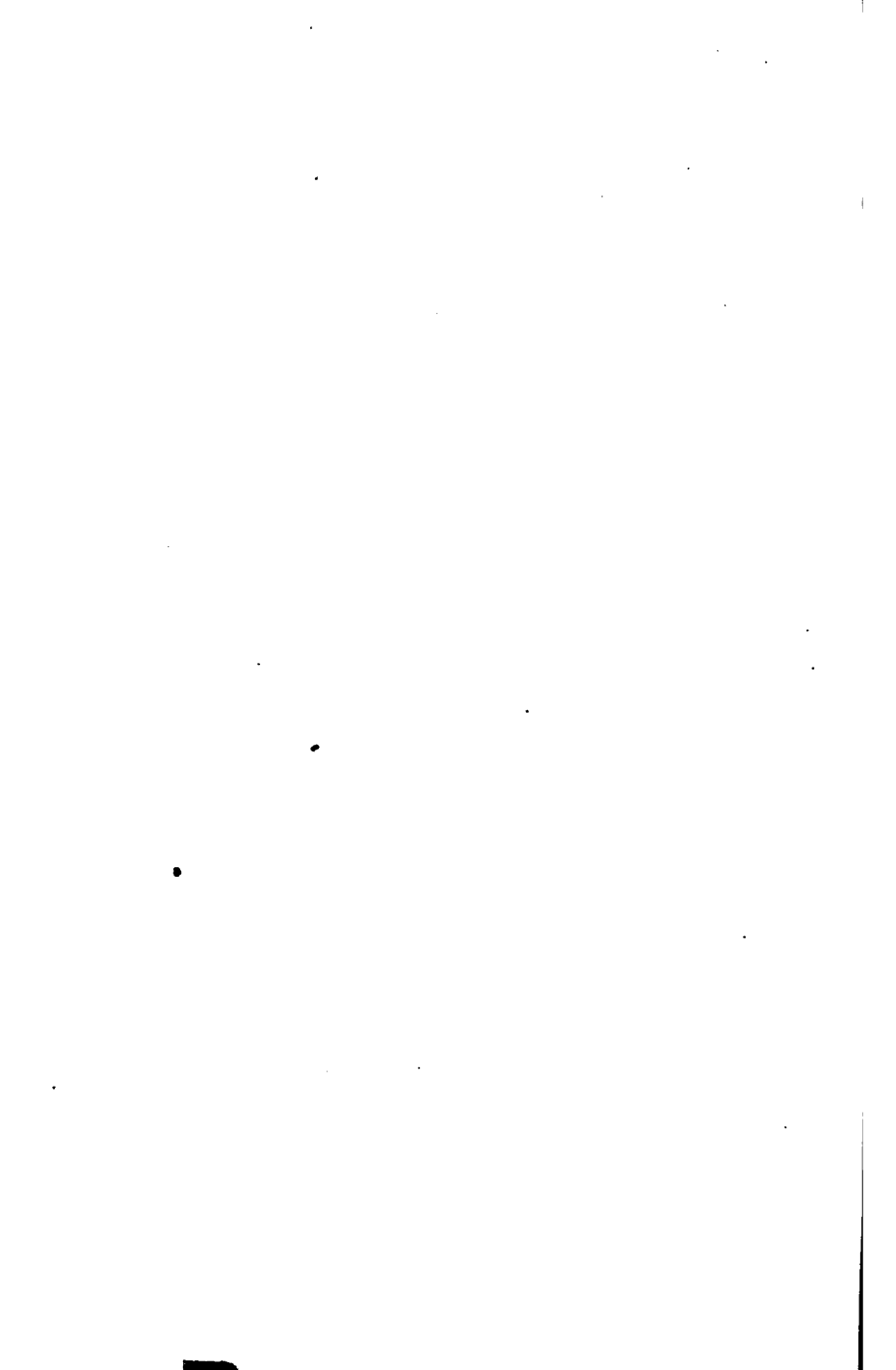


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Robt Fannahill.

THE
HARP OF RENFREWSHIRE:

A COLLECTION OF

Songs and other Poetical Pieces,

(MANY OF WHICH ARE ORIGINAL),

ACCOMPANIED WITH

N O T E S,

EXPLANATORY, CRITICAL, AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

AND A SHORT ESSAY ON

THE POETS OF RENFREWSHIRE.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 1819.

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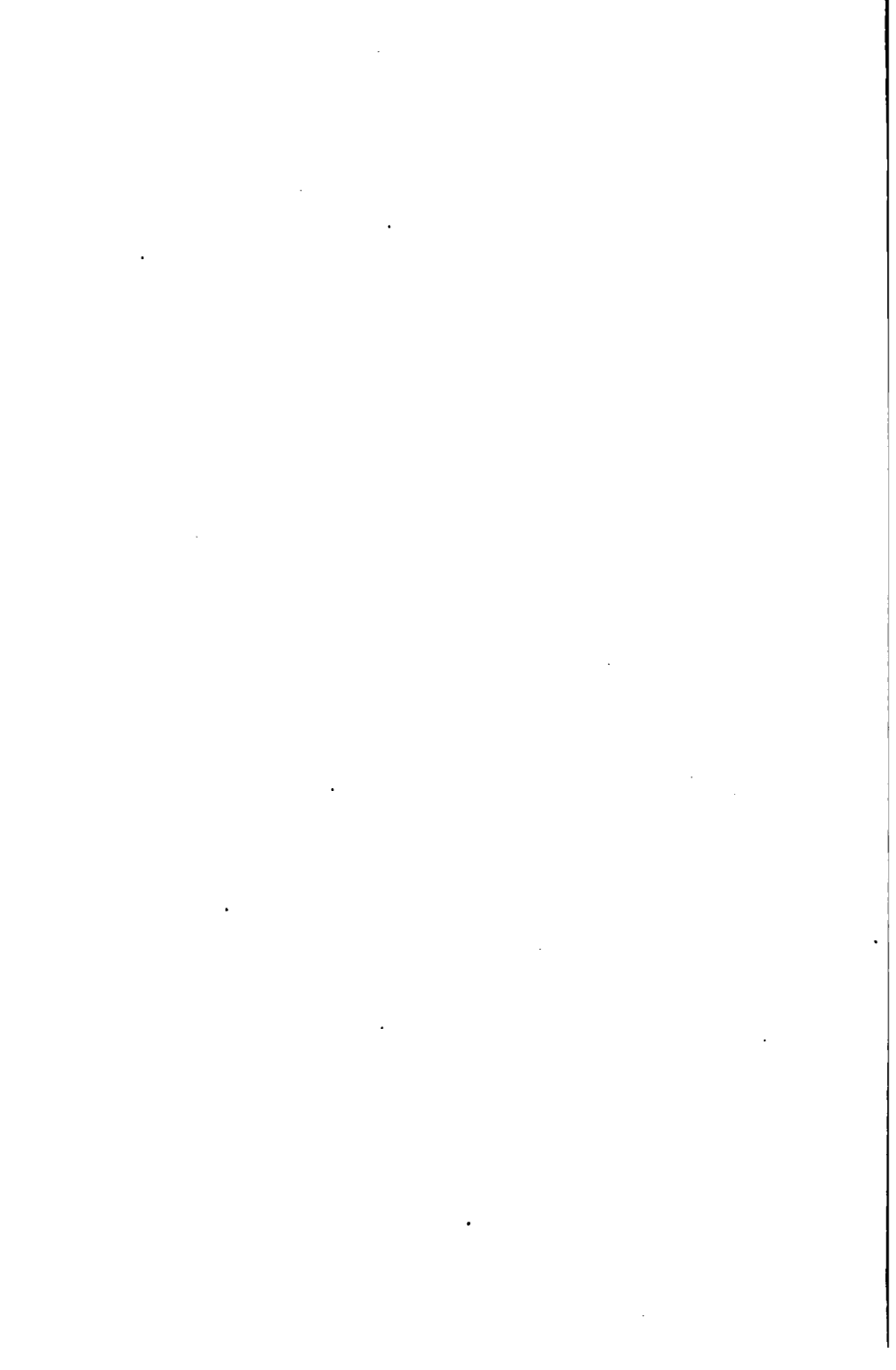
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Bot quhat dangere is ocht to compile, allace:
Perand thir detractouris in eury place,
Or euer thay rede the werk, hiddis birne the buke:
Sum bene sa frawart in malice and wangerace,
Quhat is wele sayd thay loif not worth ane ace,
Bot castis them euir to spy out falt and cruke;
Al that thay fynd in hiddillis, hirne or nuke,
Thay blaw out, sayand in eury mannis face,
Lo here he failzetis, lo here he leis, luke.

— quha list syt down and mote,
Ane bthir sayaris faltis to spy and note,
Than but offence or falt thame self to wryte;
Bot for to chyde sum bene so birnand hole,
Wald thay thare pece, the worde wald scald thare
throte,
And has sic custume to fangil and backbite,
That, bot thay schent, sum thay suld birst for syte:
I say no more quhen al the rerde is rounge,
That wicht mon speik, that cannot bald his tounge.

Gavin Douglas.



P R E F A C E .

THE Editors and Publishers of the *Harp of Renfrewshire* now present their little volume to the public in its completed state. In whole, it consists of two hundred and seventy-five Pieces; seventy-four of which—no inconsiderable proportion—are original: the remainder is supplied from poetical sources of approved worth and celebrity.

There are many features of this miscellany, in regard to which, a taste too nicely fastidious, not to use a harsher term, may, it is believed, have ample scope and verge enough to pick out faults withal. But they who read for the pure sake of deriving pleasure, and not to gratify their spleen, or display their critical acumen, will, it is hoped, be more indulgent towards its imperfections, and more aptly disposed to recognise what slender claims it may have on the score of merit.

Every work which issues from a provincial press, has to struggle under numberless disadvantages, peculiar only to its individual case, and to combat with many prejudices entirely of a local origin. In general, its sale is circumscribed—its defects more rigorously tasked—and its undoubted excellencies too often looked upon with an evil eye. The author, the editor, the publisher, or the printer, is our next door neighbour, and

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why he should think himself qualified to instruct, amuse, or delight others as adequate for that office, if not more so than himself, is a problem which neither our vanity nor self-conceit-ness will ever permit to be satisfactorily solved.

Aware of these circumstances, and foreseeing the consequences which they involve in their train, the Editors of this Publication have exerted themselves not a little to counteract, if they could not altogether remove, their unfavourable tendencies. They can safely state that, to the utmost of their scanty ability, and the limited nature of their means, they have endeavoured to render it sufficiently valuable in respect of its matter to secure it from contempt; and sufficiently reputable in so far as their character of Editors or Publisher was implicated, to shield it from the petulant and puerile strictures

“ Of the small critic with his delicate pen.”

No apology, they have deemed, is necessary for again tread-
ing a path which has right often been trodden before : nor for selecting, in a variety of instances, those very blossoms of genius and poesy which their predecessors in the same beaten highway have previously culled. They conceive that a good song, like a good story, may be twice told, without deterioration in any degree from its interestingness and intrinsic merit. As a rose loses nothing of its bloom, complexion and fragrance, though enjoyed by our senses every day; in like manner, they can fancy a good song will always be listened to with satisfaction, however often heard, and yet after all, not 'bate one jot of its worth by the frequency of repetition. But independent of this, the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, they are proud to say, has higher claims to notice, altogether distinct from those which a work of mere selection can prefer. It is enwreathed with a fresh garland of wild flowers belonging exclusively to itself—which

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grew under its auspices—and which, but for it, might have withered away, unnoticed, uncalled for, and unknown. These will confer on it some portion of that value and importance which a volume wholly consisting of original poetry possesses in the eye of the Bibliographer, and of the genuine lover of Song.

In justice to those who have written for the work, and to such as have assisted them in the arrangement of materials and other compilatory parts, the Editors now beg, once for all, to acknowledge this assistance in a public and grateful manner. With pleasure therefore, they mention the names of Mr John Sim, late of Paisley, and of Mr Robert Allan of Kilbarchan, as persons for whose numerous favours their warmest thanks and lasting gratitude are deservedly due. To those beneficent but unknown friends, who have aided them in the course of their editorship, they also return their every acknowledgement which a full sense of their unlooked-for kindnesses can dictate. To such of their townsmen as from motives of friendliness, or otherwise, favoured the undertaking, a like return of thanks is due; and the same is now made in downright sincerity of heart. All these gentlemen will find their names in the index affixed to their respective compositions; and if the world appreciate them half so highly as we do, their authors will never have occasion to lament its insensibility, or languish beneath its neglect.

One other name will they notice in this preface, and but one, namely, that of Mr R. A. Smith. To him in many ways have they been deeply indebted in the course of this publication. Several excellent hints and much miscellaneous information have been supplied by him. And that gentleman's clear and well defined notions of what are the true constituent and essential parts of good song writing, and rythmical melody, have often been, they candidly confess, of eminent service to them.

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No classification of the materials has been attempted, as they considered this would have been a disadvantage rather than the contrary. A short essay on the poets of Renfrewshire is however subjoined. To this essay, a valuable appendix containing specimens of their poetry in a regular series downward, with some other interesting matter, is now added.

The *Harp of Renfrewshire* is now consigned to its fate—to sink or swim—to thrive or fail. In bidding it good bye, they comfort themselves by repeating the old Greek distich, thus Englished:

“Heart, take thine ease, men hard to please thou haply maist offend,
Though some speak ill of thee, some will say better; there's an end.”

ESSAY

ON

THE POETS OF RENFREWSHIRE.

~~~~~  
*Parva nunc civitas, sed gloria ingens ; veterisque famae late vestigia manent !*  
~~~~~  
Tacitus.

THE Poets of Renfrewshire have neither been few in respect of numbers, nor contemptible in regard to merit. Although none of them have ever risen far above mediocrity, yet their performances have been such as to entitle their names to an honourable place amongst the minor bards of Scotland, and to preserve them from the death of total oblivion. As yet nothing like a compendious account, not even so much as a bare catalogue of these *Makers* has been given, albeit the same is much wanted to fill up some little chasms in the history as well of our ancient, as our modern, stock of national biography and literature. This essay, hastily thrown together though it be, and notwithstanding it pretends as little to give the former, as it does to set aside completely the necessity of the latter, will, in some measure, supply the deficiency complained of, until something more perfect and abounding in minuter detail find its way to the public. Nor will such a work be long desiderated ; for if we may trust report, a gentleman whom we know to be thoroughly qualified for the task, has it at present in contemplation, and, indeed, is considerably advanced in its progress. The full assurance we have of that gentleman's literary talents, local knowledge of this county, its history and antiquities—intimate acquaintance with the vernacular poetry of Scotland, and other qualifications requisite for such a work, had almost dissuaded us from anticipating in any degree the track of enquiry he has chosen. But as an undertaking of this nature must be the result of time and laborious research, we imagine our desultory

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remarks and scattered hints will neither supersede its utility nor materially interfere with the range of its speculations, or the classification and order of its topics.

With regard to the older poets of this county, little can be said, for the best of all possible reasons, because little is known. It is likely that the monastery of Paisley had its metrical, as well as, it is known, it had its prose chroniclers. However, if there were any such, none of their legends are now extant, unless the fragments printed in the appendix, (No. 1) subjoined to this essay, be considered as genuine. Admitting that they are so, which we believe to be the fact, we will yet be thrown into some perplexity, while attempting to ascertain two points of vital consequence, viz., The name or names of the author or authors, and the precise æra in which he or they flourished. These we now bequeath as two good marrow-bones for the antiquary, to try the soundness of his teeth and the good-natured patience of his temper upon withal.

Prior to the reformation of religion we cannot carry our enquiries far ; and even after that event, the dubious light which history affords, is not of itself sufficient, without conjecture, to eke out the meagre and scanty materials on which our narrative must of necessity be raised. In the absence of positive proof, we must therefore be contented with that species of evidence which the nature of circumstances, and the partial and indistinct glimmerings of legitimate history supply, however unsatisfactory, hypothetical, or fruitful of controversy it may chance to be. The human mind is so constituted, that in matters wherewith it is interested, a plausible supposition will be gladly embraced, and all the weight and authority of a sterling truth conceded at once, rather than it should remain longer in a state bordering on absolute ignorance, or be tormented for ever with vague incertitude—ceaseless and inconclusive conjecture.

Of the late poets this Shire has produced enough in all conscience has been written, but whether much to the purpose or not, is a question easier propounded perhaps than conveniently answered.

Those of what may be called the middle period, are scarcely known at all, except by name and the inimitable pieces they have bequeathed to a forgetful and ungrateful posterity. This will be more obvious and more regretted, when we consider that

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to them we owe *Habbie Simpson's Elegy*—*The Blythsam Bridal*—*Scho rase and loot me in—Maggie Lawder—Tweedside—There's nae luck about the house, &c., &c.*, pieces of most surpassing excellence in their kind, and some of them the choicest songs in our language.

As closely as possible to chronological order, we now proceed to give the names, and what little we know, of the poets of Renfrewshire.

Sir Hugh Montgomerie of Eglinton is the first whom we meet with in this enquiry. He was lineally descended from the Montgomeries of Eagleshame, the parent stock of all that name in Scotland, and is therefore justly entitled to be considered a native of the county. According to Crawford, it was in the person of this Sir Hugh the first foundation was laid of the many honours his posterity have since enjoyed; for in the fourteenth year of the reign of King James the IV. he was, by the favour of that monarch, created Earl of Eglinton, A. D. 1503. In the continuation of Crawford's History by Robertson, the date of his creation is stated to be in 1507. None of his poems are extant: and were it not for the incidental mention of his name by William Dunbar, in the "*Lament for the Death of the Makkaris*," the fact of his being a poet would never have been known. That finest of all our Scottish Poets, in the poem alluded to, thus catalogues him as well as many more, whose works have met with the same fate.

*The gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun,
Etrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,
He hes tane out of this countrie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.*

Of twenty-three poets mentioned by Dunbar—many of whom were his contemporaries—in this poem, the works of no less a number than thirteen, with the exception of one or two fragments, have entirely perished.

When the gude Schir Hew departed this life, the Historian of Renfrewshire confesses that he is at a loss to say, but his continuator (Robertson) has fixed that event in 1545. "His Lordship," says that writer, "after a life of great activity, and having been in many a rencontre, died quietly in his own bed in June 1545, in the 85th year of his age." This in sooth is

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a good old age, and will place his birth in 1460. We imagine, however, there must be some mistake in assigning the above as the period of his death; he must have demised before Dunbar, who, born in 1465, is supposed to have died in 1530. And that poet surely would not deplore the loss of one who to all intents and purposes was still alive, and as likely to live as himself, and peradventure equally long. It may be said that since the time of Dunbar's death, which has not been discovered with any degree of certainty or precision, no contradiction betwixt the age of the *Lament* and Schir Hew's decease can thence arise. But even allowing that Dunbar may have survived beyond 1530 many years—nay till after 1545, this would make him 80 years of age at least, before the *Lament* was composed; a fine time of life, indeed, to write, when his fingers, it is believed, could not hold a pen! Dunbar's circumstances, so far as can be learned, were never such as to permit him employing an *Adam Scrivener* to endyte his poems like as the venerable Chaucer seems to have done.

The next writer of verses that occurs is Alexander Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn, a nobleman better known for stoutly espousing the cause of religious reformation under the banners of that determined and Apostolical Champion of Protestantism, John Knox. To that famed person and his adherents, the house of Glencairn was an ever open asylum; and if we may credit report, it was there for the first time in Scotland, that the Sacraments were administered, agreeably to the rituals of the reformed Church. But it was not merely to the influence of his wealth, name, rank, and arms, this nobleman trusted, when he perilled himself and his fortunes in the good cause of the Covenant and Congregation. With his pen he converted to ridicule and held up to contempt, what fell without the chastisement and reach of his sword. His "Epistil, derectit from the holy Heremite of Allareit, to his brethren the Greye Freers," is caustic and severe. Knox has preserved it in his "Historie of the Reformatioun of Religioun within the Realm of Scotland, containing the manner and be quhat persons the Lycht of Chrystes Evangell has bein manifested unto this Realme, after that horribill and universall Defection from the Treuth whiche has come by the means of that Romane Antychrist;" and Sibbald has reprinted it in his Chronicle of

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Scotish Poetry. We also have given it in our Appendix (No. 2,) as exhibiting a lively picture of the times, and conveying a right idea of the species of poetry then chiefly in vogue. At the present moment we know of nothing else which he wrote, though it is more than probable this did not close his poetical attempts. After succeeding so well, it is very likely that he would go on, with all due diligence, in the good work of ripping up the vices, and tearing off the cowl which veiled the infirmities of an indolent, fat, besotted, and ignorant clergy. Lindsay had previously paved the way for reformation, and given such sharp and stunning blows to priestcraft in his day, that the minds of men were fully prepared to adopt whatever was presented in the shape of purity, uprightness, and good sense. It required but the rousing eloquence and energetic fearlessness of Knox and others of the Calvinistic school, to give them nerve, and urge them on to action against, and revolt from every monastic institution that formerly held them in subjection. We are not, however, in this epocha of our literary history, to look for anything like good poets, for indeed there were none such. All the powers and faculties of the soul seem to have been thoroughly engaged in fathoming and bottoming religious truths, and in combating with errors and absurdities prescription had hallowed and the blind acquiescence of ages invested with a sacred mystery of character. Besides it may with safety be remarked, that all political revolutions are at least for a time inimical to the growth and culture of poetic genius. But especially those which originate from difference in religious sentiments and the clashing of opposite creeds, are more than ordinarily destructive of all its finer sensibilities and more delicate tints. Poetry is not suited to a life of action, uproar and confusion, where the passions and prejudices of men are excited to their highest pitch, and war against each other with the fellest and most rooted rancour. It may look afar off upon such commotions and strifes, but it shrinks to participate in the active workings and energies of their elements. Security, silence, and undisturbed retreats, can only nourish and rear it to the full maturity of its strength, and unfold every blossom of its loveliness: consequently it is a harsh and unkindly tasted fruit we must expect in every Scotish Poet of the period to which we allude. Little sentiment, and no feeling—much in

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vective, and little reason—pointed sarcasm—intolerant rebukings, and satire all wormwood and gall. The coarser, it would seem, a coarse and filthy gibe could be given, or a severe rub inflicted, so much the more was it to be valued as a notable truth, or deemed excellent as a pithy saying. Hence the divine nature of poetry becomes transmuted into the mean tool of party interest, or degraded to the more contemptible office of catering and pimping for a few selfish and low minded men; inasmuch as it enters warmly into all their concerns, adopts their views, defends their measures, and lauds their abominations. But to return—Glencairn succeeded to his father in 1547, and died in 1576. He lived in a splendid though troubled æra of our national history, and himself was no inconsiderable actor in its chequered scenes and shifting accidents. His devotion seems to have approached to fanaticism; his hatred of popery, almost to sacrilege. As a keen and insatiate destroyer of stone images and other church ornaments he was almost unrivalled in his day; and, with the exception of his leader, the aforesaid John Knox, and Edward of England, the monastic architecture of our country hath no good reason to curse any one more than him. Aided by his own domestics, he pillaged and dismantled the beautiful chapel of Haliruidhous; nor can it be dissembled, that the Abbey of Paisley, which lay so opportunely to his hand, also felt the full weight and measure of its indignation, and smarted severely under its regenerating, or more correctly speaking, its destroying power.

Alexander Montgomerie, the celebrated author of *The Cherrie and the Slae*, a poet of a very different and superior cast from his countrymen already noticed, is the next with whom we meet in the order of time. Like many more of our Makers, few particulars that may be depended on can be had respecting him. Neither his family connections, course of life, nor how he came by the title of Captain, (for so he is sometimes called) are precisely known. That he was connected with the house of Eglinton, appears not only likely from his name, but also from his so often celebrating, in some of his smaller pieces, Lady Margaret Montgomery, eldest daughter of Hugh, the third Earl of Eglinton. One other circumstance of some weight in establishing this, arises from the intimacy and friendship that subsisted between him and Robert Sempill, fourth lord of that

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name, another poet to whom we can lay claim, it must be confessed, on more unexceptionable grounds. Yet, though the supposing Montgomerie to be a cadet of the Eglinton family, is an opinion unsupported by any historical document, and indeed is at variance with some trifling conjectures, hazarded both by Irving and Sibbald, nevertheless, it is one much more plausible than some others which have been received and adopted regarding him, of a fancifuller nature. This however is a matter of little real importance, and the question is left to be discussed by those who have leisure and opportunity on their hands to do it justice in all its parts and bearings.

The fame of Montgomerie for the most part rests on his *Cherrie and the Slae*, a fine allegorical poem, which, with all its tediousness, obscurities, and occasional lameness, has been, and will ever be read with pleasure. The explication of the allegory, found in the "*Opus poematicum de virtutum et vitiorum pugna; sive electio status in adolescentia*" of the celebrated Thomas Dempster, and the friend and admirer of Montgomerie, is the same as that given by Dr. Irving; namely, that the paths of virtue, though of the most difficult access, ought to be strenuously preferred to those of vice, however smooth and inviting the latter may appear. Others have supposed it is intended to represent the perplexities and doubts of a lover, but to every person who reads it, the explication already given is undoubtedly the true one.

Notwithstanding this poem has been long and deservedly esteemed, yet there are not wanting some, who, from a silly affectation of singularity, have treated it in a very cavalier-like manner. The pettish criticism of Mr Pinkerton, we consider of this kind. That writer observes, "It is a very poor production; and yet I know not how, it has been frequently printed, while far superior works have been neglected. The stanza is good for a song, but the worst in the world for a long poem. The allegory is weak and wire-drawn; and the whole piece beneath contempt." This wholesale way of pronouncing condemnation, is neither just nor rational, either in regard to persons or things. As applied in the present case, it happens to be the very height of injustice, nay of downright absurdity. Fortunately, other men are endowed with understandings and tastes, as well as Mr. Pinkerton, and have the courage to judge

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for themselves in these questions, without implicitly yielding up their opinions to every crude assertion it lists him to make. There be some critics vastly in conceit with themselves, who strain and strive not a little to gain distinction amongst their common-place brethren of mankind by saying what they are pleased to term smart things. These gentlemen will stretch a far point to avoid repeating any remark that has been uttered before, however true; and think nothing of occasionally sacrificing truth, sincerity, and principle, for the sake of appearing strikingly original, and marvellously foolish. It need scarcely be asked if Mr. Pinkerton sometimes falls under this description of writers. Did the limits of these pages admit of detail, it were passing easy to point out beauties in various parts, even of the *poor production* mentioned above, which we are convinced would please even the very fastidious Mr. Pinkerton; but we have neither time nor leisure at present to buffet every babbler that croaketh dissonance in our path.

Montgomerie was the favourite court poet of his day; the fame he earned amongst his contemporaries has descended to our own times; for of all the other poets of that period there is not one whose works have been so frequently reprinted, admired, and imitated. Maugre all that Mr. Pinkerton can say, this is a pretty strong proof that they are not mere tinsel and prunello. Many of his amatory effusions and sonnets are in truth exceedingly beautiful and tender, affecting and elegant. His metres are frequently referred to, by our Royal Critic, James VI., in his "*Revolle and Cautelis for Scottis Poesie*," as models of style, and by him we are told, that in "love materes all kyndis of cuttit and broken verse quhairof newe formes are daylie inventit, according to the poetis pleasour," are right fitting and meet. This cuttit and broken verse is no other than that in which "*The Cherrie and the Slae*," is written.

Like William Dunbar, Montgomerie polluted his fine genius by a Flyting with a brother Maker. Flyting, a species of composition which appears to have been a source of much pleasure to many of our elder poets, at least one in which they often indulged, was the popular name for a poetical invective. Every base calumny, foul reproach, cutting gibe, or filthy image an unclean mind could engender, formed the body and soul of these scurrilous pieces. And it is a singular fact, that perhaps no tongue on earth is more rich and expressive than the Scottish,

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in flying terms. Its copiousness, nerve, and nastiness withal, are truly astonishing. Skelton and Nashe are mere drivellers, compared with Dunbar and Kennedie, Montgomerie, and Polwart, which is not surprising, when we know that they handled far blunter tools.

Contemporaneous with Montgomerie, was his friend Robert Sempill, a more voluminous, but by no means so good or so popular a poet. It has been said elsewhere, that this Robert Sempill was a titled personage; but it is right to mention in this place, that Dr. Irving is decidedly hostile to such an opinion, and treats the whole matter as a mere figment of an idle imagination. "One of the most persevering and unsuccessful versifiers of this period, says he, was Robert Sempill, whom a late writer (Sibbald), who amuses himself with perpetual conjectures, ridiculously supposes to have been a Scottish Peer.—The eulogium which Dempster has bestowed on Sempill's genius, is highly extravagant, and must have been conceived without any previous acquaintance with his writings; he represents him as exhibiting the combined excellencies of Propertius, Tibullus, Ovid, and Callimachus. Some pieces of this poetaster are to be found in the *Evergreen*; and Mr. Dalzell has lately republished others from the original editions. They are equally indecent and unpoetical." With every mark of deference to the opinions of a writer who seldom dogmatizes rashly, and who has by his labours done so much for the memories of Scotland's poets, we at the same time are compelled to dissent as widely from him on this point, as he seems to do from Sibbald and Dempster.

It is to be observed, that albeit the Doctor contradicts Sibbald, he does not disprove his position, nor even attempt to shake it by any investigation whatever which might throw more light on the subject matter of dispute. Mere assertions are to be received with extreme caution, when unaccompanied with their proofs. As for our simple selves, we see nothing ridiculous at all in Sibbald's supposition; but on the contrary, every reason to make us believe it perfectly correct. According to Douglas's *Peerage* and Crawford's *History of Renfrewshire*, Robert, the fourth Lord Sempill, succeeded to his grandfather in 1571, and died at an advanced age in 1611. Sempill the poet wrote all his works between the years 1565 and 1573:

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for in Birrell's diary occurs the following notice: "1568 Jan. 18. A play was made by Robert Sempill, and performed before the Lord Regent and divers others of the nobility;" which play Sibbald imagines in all likelihood to be Philotus; and in Ames' typography of Great Britain, it appears that "The Sege of the Castel of Edinburgh," was "imprintit be Robert Lepreuck, anno 1573." By Dempster, the death of Sempill is fixed in 1598, but this discrepancy is over-ruled by the fact that this author was at a distance from his native country when he wrote, and could not therefore be very conversant with, or correct in obituaries, and must of necessity have trusted greatly to vague and uncertain rumours regarding these particulars in the biographies of the celebrated men of his age. Here then we have two individuals bearing the same name, and living at the same period. That these two are one person, we have little hesitation to affirm; and with the simple affirmation of this fact we might rest satisfied inasmuch as the Doctor is concerned, because one opinion is quite as good as another, when both happen to be unsupported by any evidence in their favour, and none of them are unpalatable in themselves. It is admitted at once, that there is no direct mention made in any writer of Sempill the poet being Lord Sempill, or that that nobleman was the same person with the said poet: and the reason of this is obvious, because none of Sempill's contemporaries were his biographers, and the incidental notices, gleaned from various quarters respecting him, relate to his literary character, not to his lineage and family connections. Moreover, it never hath been the custom to give poets any titles, save those which serve to mark their peculiar excellencies: all other trappings are derogatory to the might and majesty of their simple surname. No one, even in our own days, when speaking in general terms of Byron as a great poet, thinks of saddling his discourse with the epithet *Lord*. The surname is enough to let him who bears it be known without this puny prefixure of worldly rank. Now if it should so happen, that everything respecting the birth of this great man were lost, and all the Magazine histories of him and other trash burned to a scroll, and nothing save fragments of his poems were extant, and a few remarks of some critics contemporary with him upon his genius were all that reached to distant posterity, it is very likely that a long headed wisacre of that

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generation, would split his lordship into two halves—one whereof, to be Lord Byron, son of such a one—and the other, Byron a poet, of whose birth nothing was known.

Such a one might write a very plausible sentence or two, after this fashion. "One of the most celebrated poets of his day, was Byron. His works would appear to have been numerous and excellent, but of them few remnants now survive, and such as I have seen, are so mutilated and imperfect, that it is impossible to say anything definitive upon their merits or defects. It has been alleged by some, but without any foundation in truth, that Byron was of noble extraction; and others have gone so far as to say, he really was titled, than which nothing can be more ridiculous. True, there was a Lord Byron coeval with him, but I find no clue whatever in the history of these times that can lead me to suppose they were one and the same person. Had they been so, such a circumstance would never have been overlooked by the historian. I therefore hold those who cling to this opinion as fools." And who would dare to beard or contradict so authoritative a wise one?

What is now assumed with regard to Byron, has happened to Sempill. Surely there is nothing ridiculous in supposing, that a Nobleman might write poems as well as a Squire of low degree. And yet it is with the ridiculousness of this supposition Dr. Irving is at odds. He may know, or at least he ought to do, that with a very few exceptions, none save Noblemen, Courtiers, and Clerical dignitaries, were the poets, philosophers, historians, and literary factotums of that age. Education then was not, as is the case now, diffused through every rank and condition of society, but confined exclusively to the higher classes or professional orders. Without one having some real or pretended claim to genteel, if not noble birth, it is questioned if they then would even have been admitted to any terms of familiarity with the great, whatever their talents were or labours had been. Feudalism, to be sure, was in that age shaken to its base, but its ramparts were not cast to the ground; and where it appears in any formidable shape, a mortifying distance is always maintained between the magnates of the land and the other members of the body politic.

Although the poetry of Sempill cannot be eulogised to the extent which Dempster has done, neither can it be so far de-

preciated as Irving has attempted to do. He wrote in the spirit of the times ; and it is unfair to measure him by the standard of taste established now. We much suspect that the Dr. has but sparingly looked into them, and been in the main as much at fault while speaking of them, as he supposes Dempster to have been on a like occasion. This far we can safely say, namely, that they will bear comparison with similar productions of the same period, and not be greatly the loser by the experiment.

The poetic vein that began in Lord Sempill, was continued in the person of his cousin-german, Sir James Sempill of Belltrees, author of the "*Packman's Pater Noster*" and by him transmitted to Robert Sempill, the author of the celebrated "*Epitaph on Habbie Simpson*," Piper of Kilbarchan, until it terminated in the person of Francis Sempill, his son, author of these popular songs : "*Scho rase and loot me in*"—" *Maggy Lauder*,"—" *The blythsum Bridal*," &c., &c., and of a poem, entitled "*The Banishment of Poverty*," &c.

Anything more than this catalogue of names our limits forbid us to give. It is to be regretted, that the manuscripts of Francis Sempill are irretrievably lost. They fell into hands which knew not their value, and it is to be feared out of them they will never be recovered. Respecting the Sempills, considerable information will be found in two small periodical publications, entitled *The Paisley Repository and Annual Recreations*, printed in 1812. ' Bating some inaccuracies in the matter, and sundry inelegancies of style, the information contained in them will be useful to those desirous of knowing more about this distinguished family, more especially in regard to Francis Sempill, of whom several anecdotes were related, and who appears to have been rather of a *harum scarum* disposition.

There is a large cumbersome quarto, purporting to be a reprint of Crawford's History of Renfrewshire, and a continuation thereof to the present day, into which we have often dipped for information, in the course of writing this essay, expecting to find some notices respecting the history of the literature of the County, as well as of its pedigrees, parishes, and superficial contents in arable or unarable ground. But this mass of dullness gave no response, all therein was darkness, dreariness, and we may add, endless bewilderment. One might as well have gone to the *meikil stane o' Cloichodrick*

and searched for diamonds, as sought for a single hint in the big book alluded to. Speaking of this volume, it has always struck us with astonishment and sorrow, that a person in the County, a native of it, possessed of intelligence, and science, and literature, could not be found to execute it in the way it should have been done. A knowledge of pedigrees, land surveying, or manures, is not all that is necessary for such a work.

This digression, peradventure, is ill-timed and ungracious ! but it was written after having made a fruitless search for some account of Robert Crawford, a cadet of the Auchinames family, thinking the frigidity of the genealogist would have thawed and dissolved itself, as the fine songs of *Tweedside*, and *My Dearie an ye die*, rung in his ears. But we were mistaken, and must content ourselves with what the laborious and eccentric Ritson has already communicated of this Renfrewshire Poet.

Speaking of Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany* he observes that, "among the contributors to this collection which, except the musical publication at Aberdeen, is supposed to be the first that ever appeared of Scottish Songs, was a gentleman of the name of Crawford of the family of Auchinames, whom the pastoral beauties and elegant language of *Tweedside*, and the pathetic tenderness of *My Dearie an ye die*, will ever place in the first rank of lyric poets." This is a great deal from a critic so gruff as Mr. Ritson.

Of Mr. Crawford's life no particulars are known, except that he was in the army and unfortunately drowned, either in going to, or returning from France. The Mary of his song of *Tweedside*, is supposed, by Walter Scott, to have been Mary Lillias Scott, of the Harden family, oft-times, on account of her loveliness, styled *The Flower o' Yarrow*. Besides those songs alluded to above, *Daintie Davie* and *The Bush abune Traquair*, may also be mentioned as other two happy efforts of this gentleman's muse.

Another gentleman whom it behoves us not to omit in this sketch, is William Walkinshaw of that ilk, the author of *Willy was a Wanton Wag*, &c., an especial good song of its kind. Farther than mentioning his name we cannot go, as no other particulars connected with him have we been able to procure. The tome of solidity which we have had occasion to

make honourable mention of before, has been consulted on this subject, but as was to be anticipated, found wanting.

Again we enter upon debateable ground. Jean Adam, who was born at Cartadyke, probably about the beginning of last century, and died in the town's hospital of Glasgow, on the 3d April, 1755, disputes along with William Julius Mickle, translator of Camoen's *Lusiad*, the honour of writing the song, *There's nae Luck about the House*. Every particular in the life of this lady of any consequence at all, and the whole arguments for and against her claim to the song in question, are embodied in two well written papers of the *Visitor*, * to which we beg leave to refer. The writer concludes by giving it to Mickle, and pronouncing Jean Adam incapable of such a performance. His reasons, though, on the whole, strong and plausible, are not such as to produce entire conviction. What his argument mainly rests on against Jean Adam, is the tame and prosaic and religious description of her other poetical miscellanies, † so woefully contrasted, as they undoubtedly are, to the natural simplicity and beauty of this song;—her never having attempted to write anything else in the Scottish language,—and the age of the song itself, which, according to Burns, first began to be hawked through the streets in 1771 or 1772, which places it out of her day, or making it ten years older, would have to be written long after she had quitted her poetical labours. His argument for Mickle, hinges on that writer's genius—his having given a copy of the song to his wife, as one of his own productions—there being found in his papers an imperfect or rude sketch of it—its age as given above, which would fix its composition in his twenty-fifth or twenty-eighth year, and having written other songs wherein Scottish words occur, and one of which is written in the same measure.

We may remark, that it is often found all arguments tending to prove this or that song to have belonged to a particular author, when drawn from a knowledge of what he hath written, and the complexion and power of his genius, are very fre-

* *The Visitor, or Literary Miscellany*. Original and selected; printed for John Turner, Greenock, 1818. This little periodical contains more good stuff in its pages than is generally to be found in publications of a similar description.

† *Miscellany Poems*. By Mrs. Jane Adam in Crawfurdsdyke. Glasgow, 1734, 12mo.

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quently altogether nugatory and inept. The general strain of Mickle's poetry and bent of his genius seem to be as directly opposed to the nature of song as what Jean Adam's, from ought that appears, has been. All inferences therefore, drawn from this source on either side, we would deem unsound, and ought to be dismissed. For it frequently happens, that an indifferent writer in other respects, has, by changing his subject, and in a happy moment, produced something that shames, by its excellence, all that he hath written before or will write again. In the same way, an author celebrated for some great performance does not always succeed in every effort he makes, if that be somewhat out of the track he has been accustomed to tread, and a miscarriage and a blot on his genius is the consequence. It may be added, that a large portion of Scottish Song is neither the work of professed and celebrated poets, nor gentlemen, nor scholars, but owes its being to obscure rhymsters, humble individuals, and folks who have lived and died undistinguished by literary acquirements or general talent; and, excepting in one or two solitary instances, have never attempted to versify in the world. Many songs are floating about in the mouths of people, unknown beyond the parish in which they were composed, and many which have gained popularity are without a father, because they may have acquired fame without the author's knowledge; or if he was aware of that circumstance, prudence or modesty may have withheld him from reaping the honour by an avowal; or they may have risen into notice long after their author had ceased to be.

This song, therefore, may as well be considered the production of Mrs. Adam as of Mr. Mickle. It may have been composed in her youth; but the character of piety she had acquired amongst her patrons may have prevented her from being guilty of so much incongruity as publishing so hearty a lilt amongst the meek-faced children of her devotional muse. It is said she recited it in her life time as her own, and from her recitation a copy might have found its way to the streets. Mickle, a man of taste, either hearing it there, or procuring an imperfect copy, might have set to the correction of it. And as no one appeared to claim it, he, on the score of those very corrections and improvements, may have been induced to bring forward his own title of self-appropriation, imagining that in

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this case, as *materiam superabat opus*, he was fully authorised to do so. If, however, Mr. M.'s emendations were nothing more than a few orthographical ones, or occasionally the substitution of one phrase for another, few will be inclined to think that his conduct in this matter was either honourable or just. He had obtained enough of celebrity by other performances, without requiring to be indebted to the song of a poor and unassuming woman, composed in the joyous simplicity and fullness of her heart, for any portion of or addition to that fame which he already enjoyed through exertions altogether his own.

The great evidence of the song belonging to Jean Adam, is, however, derived from the song itself. There are many little indications of its being from a female hand: no man could think in the same way, or rattle over so volubly the contents of the wardrobe, or arrangements in the kitchen for the gudeman's home coming, as in the song. But the strongest of all arguments in Jean's favour is the local allusion contained in the song itself, which we imagine will sufficiently establish her claims to it, and at the same time prove to the world that our assertion of her right to do so, is neither fanciful nor unfounded. The local allusion that we mean occurs in these lines:

" Reach me my cloak, I'll to the *quay*
And see him come ashore."

Now, we submit that none except those who have been bred up in a seaport, would ever have thought of particularizing so minutely the very spot to which it will be necessary to go for the affectionate purpose of seeing the gudeman come ashore. Those educated in landward towns would have had no specialities whatever, but discoursed loosely in generalities, and talked of the beach or of the seaside, without condescending on any one particular place of it where the glad some meeting will take place. But the *quay* to those living in maritime towns is in fact the centre of all interest, and (pardon the pun) is in good verity the master *key* to many of their most pleasing associations, remembrances, tender affections, regrets or joys. Hence it becomes an object of no little moment in the mind's eye, and more and more assumes the character of a dominant and all-pervading idea—one ready to rise uppermost, and engross attention when

any of those agitating concerns of life connected with the happiness or wretchedness of the individual are about to happen. Cartadyke, or Crawforddyke, the place where Jean Adam was born, although now the eastern suburb of Greenock, has still its little quay and fleet of small craft, while its inhabitants are to this day more or less seafaring people. This one little circumstance, trivial as it may appear to many, is nevertheless in our opinion quite decisive of the question at issue, and will also appear so to every one who can rightly decipher the working of the human mind, and estimate the influence which habit, and those associations which grow up from peculiarities of local situations and modes of living, exert over its most intimate ideas, feelings, and opinions. In speaking thus, we do not arrogate to ourselves more discernment than what seems to be the portion of those who have maintained and ably defended a contrary opinion; they no doubt must have had good grounds to walk on before they advanced it; and we seek them not to relinquish it until they discard for a moment hearsay stories, of what this old woman said to t'other old woman about what another old one told to nobody knows whom—and throw aside blotted or corrected MSS. at least for a time—and calmly sit down to an investigation and comparison of the intellectual complexions of the two claimants, so far as these may be ascertained from their respective works, or guessed from their condition in life, sex, education, habits and local circumstances. And then let them say in the sincerity of their hearts which of the two is the likelier to be the author. It requires no prophetic powers to predict that a general acquiescence in the decision we have already pronounced must eventually follow.

With the earlier and the later poets of this County, we have now done. It only remains with us, before closing this essay, to notice those of our own day; they are not many, and will not detain us long. It might be more methodical to mention them in their chronological order as hitherto; but in so abbreviated and imperfect a sketch as is purposed to be given, this is a matter of indifference. Those who again take up the subject, and treat it at more length may, and it is proper and natural they should, do otherwise.

From the time of Jean Adam, to that in which we are made familiar with the names of Wilson and Tannahill, Renfrewshire

was without any song writers. It is true there were some songs written by inhabitants of Paisley, which are either forgotten, or if not so, are but seldom, if at all, sung by those who can say anything regarding their authors. There is one we have ourselves heard from John Wilson, late bar-officer of the Sheriff Court, and well known through the town by the title of the *Philosopher*, which should not be omitted. The subject was quite of a local cast, namely, the prohibition issued by the magistrates against the away-taking of peat, feal, and divot, from the town's moss. It was to the tune of the battle of Sheriffmuir, and was, withal, a thing of some humour. But perhaps it was much indebted to our philosopher for the animated way in which he was wont to sing it, for a blyther old man than he was not to be found in three counties. He died at the advanced age of 87, in April, 1818, and with him was buried the memory of many a good anecdote, and merry scrap of an old catch. According to him, it was a tape weaver and boon companion of his own who composed it. There is another song written, as we have heard, by one John Robertson, in 1793, which still keeps its ground amongst the musical amateurs of Paisley. It is styled the *Toom meal pock*, and though of a political cast, and homely enough both in sentiment and expression, it is not altogether destitute of point, and may be worth while printing were directions at same time given to the singer, when and how he should imitate the shaking of an empty bag.

After merely mentioning the names of Archibald Fyfe and James Scadlock, as versifiers of some little merit, our labours will be aptly terminated with those of Wilson and Tannahill. The poems of Fyfe, and some few critical essays, were published shortly after his death in 1806; those of Scadlock, in the present year. As both of these little volumes have short biographical sketches of their respective authors prefixed, to which access may easily be had, we shall pass them over without comment.

We ought in this place to have also noticed Ebenezer Picken, a native of Paisley, whose poems were published in Edinburgh, 1813, in two small octavo volumes. Of the author, some particulars will be found in the periodical work mentioned below,*

* *The Weavers' Magazine and Literary Companion*, Vol. II. No. XI. p. 109. Paisley, published and printed by J. Neilson.

to which it has been out of our power to make any addition. His poetical attempts are on the whole pretty tolerable, though not such as will ever render his name anywise popular, or the events of his life a matter of curiosity and regard to the literary anecdote-monger.

The brilliant era—the golden age of Renfrewshire song, now opens upon us in the persons of Wilson and Tannahill. Both have contributed not a little to our stock of native lyric poetry; and while our language lasts, and music hath any charm, their names will be remembered with enthusiasm, and transmitted to ages more remote with the accumulated applauses of time.

Alexander Wilson was born at Paisley on the 6th of July, 1766; he landed in America on the 14th of July, 1794; and died at Philadelphia, on the 23rd of August, 1813, while on the very eve of completing one of the most splendid undertakings that hath ever been projected, perhaps, by a single, solitary, friendless, poor, and almost destitute individual. The severe fatigues, both mental and corporeal which he underwent—the many disappointments which he was doomed to suffer—the unceasing labour and unwearied attention he had to bestow in forwarding this great work, were all instrumental in impairing and sapping his constitution, and in depressing, though they could never subdue, his energetic, inflexible, and persevering mind. Nothing could deter him from going on to place the apex on that pyramid, whose basis had been so deeply, broadly, and solidly executed by himself; but fate arrested his adventurous hand, and blasted the lofty thought—he, like the Egyptian Monarch perished upon, and was sepulchred in, the immense and glorious fabric himself had reared.

Of this celebrated character, almost every incident connected with his history, has long ere now been laid before the public with scrupulous minuteness. To the last volume of the *Ornithology of America* is prefixed a sketch of his life, by his friend Mr Ord; and the edition of his poems published at Paisley, in 1816; is likewise prefaced with a well written, though diffuse life of the author, interspersed with critical strictures on some of the pieces there inserted. It would be uncandid not to state that we have also seen some interesting

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details respecting him in a periodical work, to which we have had occasion to refer while speaking of Ebenezer Picken, written as we understand, by one who was on the closest terms of intimacy with him before his departure for America, and which, so far as we know to the contrary, are perfectly consonant to truth.

The education which Wilson received, though not profound, was far from being totally imperfect, or scanty. Though not what is termed either liberal or classical, it was, nevertheless, such as enabled him to widen its foundations, and improve its superstructure as leisure served, and occasion required. Moreover, few towns in Scotland can boast of its inferior classes being such a reading population as could his native place; and notwithstanding they generally evaporate their fine thoughts and literary acquisitions at the corner of some retired street, or drown them in the rattling of shuttles within the precincts of each particular erudite shop, still, the information thus circulated, and the studious and literary habits thus introduced, are not without benefit to the inquisitive and intelligent-minded youths who submit to listen, and suck in the nurture which ever and anon is yielded, while the elder gossips do discourse on the high matters of church and state, of science and literature. On an observant mind, no useful hint, however obscurely given, and no thought, if good, though ever so rudely and imperfectly expressed, are altogether lost. With such a one, no opportunity of improvement, be it trifling or otherwise, is let slip, without being turned to some account either now or afterwards. Wilson appears to have been a man of this stamp; his powers of observation were naturally strong, and practice gave them acuteness; his whole intellect was vigorous and active, and occasions were not at all wanting sufficient to call forth its strength and to assign it a sphere of action, which, though confined, was yet wide enough to afford scope at times for livelier sallies, and bolder conceptions.

Unhappily for our bard and naturalist, his lot in life was none of the most comfortable or fortunate. Poverty haunted his threshold, and his own desultory, rambling, and unsettled habits were not such as could prevent the frequent intrusion of that most unwelcome of all guests. He was restless and discontented, shifting from one pursuit to another, which was

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as soon abandoned for a third, and that again in its turn became as tasteless and unprofitable as any, and consequently as soon discarded. At one time we find him a weaver, at another time a pedlar, a third time qualifying himself to be a school-master, and then again resuming the shuttle. Political sentiments likewise had their share in adding to his unhappiness. Enthusiastic in his love of liberty at a time when all were somewhat fanatic on the same subject, the fervour of the poet's imagination distorted and magnified the visible shape of national events beyond their true and just proportions; giving them a hue they did not possess, and conjuring from the womb of futurity phantoms of utter nonentity, clothed, however, in the most uncouth and frightful habiliments with which fancy and excited feeling can invest their ideal offspring. These waking visions are the sources of many bitternesses and much uneasiness to those in whom they are engendered, and by whom they are fostered maugre their ultimate pernicious effects. So were they no doubt to Wilson. But we cannot think it was owing entirely to them that he first formed the resolution of quitting his country for ever and seeking an asylum in a foreign land. The real patriot, if he imagines the freedom of the constitution under which he was born and which he has been taught from his infancy to idolize is at stake, will not shrink from the coming storm, but abide its fury, and fall greatly amidst the wreck of the falling state. But there was a deeper wound festering in his heart which could not be healed, and which residence near the place where it was inflicted only tended to inflame worse. When a juvenile piece of satire, dictated it may be said, from no malicious motive, was extorted from his possession, and burned at the public market-place of his own town, enough is known of a poet's feelings to keep us from wondering if home then should not appear comfortless, a country cruel, and this mark of degradation and open contumely mortifying and insupportable, harsh and severe to the last degree.

Previous a considerable time to embarking for America, he had published diverse miscellaneous poems, of unequal merit to be sure, but all inheriting some marks of a mind removed from the whimpering and whiffling manufacturers of rhymes, who at that time flooded the printing offices in all parts of Scotland.

On these poems and some more, which he afterwards composed on the other side of the Atlantic, do his claims for poetical distinction rest. And securely may they so rest, since in them are found not only those beautiful descriptive passages which sometimes garnish the pages of the *Ornithology*, but likewise those pieces in which we conceive he mostly excels, namely, *Watty and Meg—Eppie and the Deil—Rab and Ringan—The Laurel disputed*, &c., all written in our vernacular tongue. These must ever be considered the corner-stones of his merit as a *Maker*: for his other pieces written in English without any admixture of Scottish idiomatic phrases and language are frequently cumbrous, tawdry, and tautological in their style, burying as it were in emptiness of sound or glisteningness of verbiage the thought to be expressed. It is true that he published ere his taste was sufficiently matured or his genius fully unfolded—an error which he often regretted, but could not remedy. For the faults which the sharp-eyed critic may discover in these poems of juvenility, limited observation, false embellishment, or depraved taste no excuse is proffered, because every ingenuous reader will be readily inclined to make every allowance the nature of the case may require. In the matter of song-writing, his townsman Tannahill has an evident superiority, but in other respects, is confessedly his inferior. Had he written nothing but *Watty and Meg*, he would have been honourably remembered. Without exception it is the very best thing of its kind ever written, delineated as it is with so much graphic effect, and coloured with so much fidelity. None but a Scotsman can truly relish it or fully appreciate the talent it displays. He will place it in company with *At Peblis to the play*, *Christis Kirk on the Grene*, and Burns' *Jolly Beggars*, and he may then challenge any nation on earth to cull so choice a garland of dainty and humorous devices from its native poetry. The tender passion Wilson seems never to have felt in any of its pleasing or distracting degrees of intensity. He sings of love because it was a fashionable thing with other poets to do so, and he sung therefore of its effects with coldness, indifference, and awkwardness. Had he been madly in love he would have been a powerful and overwhelming poet. That passion opens the sluices of the whole affections of the heart, and, as it is favoured or counteracted in its growth and progress, so do they glide on in

a tranquil and continuous stream of gentleness and joy or roll down in the fury and turbulence of the storm—in the one case, becoming the source of all that is beautiful and pleasing ; in the other, of all that is terrific and sublime.

Some have regretted our poet's departure from Scotland, and judging of what he might have latterly performed here by what he actually accomplished in America, lamented that he should thus be one of his country's lost stars in the hemisphere of letters. That he would have done something more than what he did, had he only remained, is, to be sure, likely enough ; but that he would have performed as much, or gained so great a reputation as he did elsewhere, is an opinion by no means of equal probability. The salvation of his name, its glory and very being, was his voyage to the new world. And, though the animosity and adverse circumstances that drove him hence every friend to injured and unprotected genius will join in execrating, at same time, every lover of science and natural history will have cause to rejoice at the happy fruits which resulted from otherwise so grieving an event. At home his adventurous and ambitious spirit had no scope to give vent to, or means left it of satisfying its boundless longings. It sickened in the little circle that narrowed its movements and, like a chilling spell, froze its aspirations. The depth, shade, and illimitable extent of the American forest, with its fair tenantry of winged inmates, were wanting for its width of range, and the unfoldment of and formation of its peculiar biases, and the invigoration of its grasping might. While he remained with us, he knew not what he was or wherefore he was born ; when he first set his foot in America, moneyless and unknown, he awakened to an adequate sense of his own powers and resources and intellectual dignity. He had one of those souls which but rise to the full measure of the stature assigned them by nature, owing to the multiform and harassing circumstances that gather round in an endless and perplexed maze, as if to confound and annihilate. His was a soul that smiled at difficulties, gloried in the midst of insuperable obstacles, and triumphed over every barrier that opposed its march or thwarted its desires. When we look to his brilliant, though short career, and think on what he suffered, and what he finally overcame to compass his stupendous work, he could neither have been accused of egotism nor

untruth, although he had himself uttered this emphatic saying, which we now do for him, *Veni, vidi, vici*.

The errings, waywardness, and misfortunes which seem to be the natural birthright and sad inheritance of men of genius, though in themselves to be reprobated and condemned, yet when viewed in relation to those by whom they were committed, or on whom they have fallen in the full measure of their manifold evils, do ever awaken the best sympathies of the heart, and with these, a corresponding and entire forgiveness. Let us have ever so determined a predisposition in our colder moments, and in the pride of our moral worth, to censure such derelictions from the paths of propriety and virtue, it is many chances to one but that kindlier and better feelings, and gentler remembrances will rush in upon us unawares, and ere the ungrateful labour is half begun, quite unnerve the sternness of our purpose. This is peculiarly the case with us at present while about to speak of Robert Tannahill. We are at all times inclined to look with a fearful shuddering on the man who closes the Book of Life on himself, and with his own hand expunges from that book the promises it gives him of eternal happiness; in a philosophic view of the matter, we, too, can find room to despise the dastardliness of soul which impels to self-destruction to avoid real or imaginary evils, rather than await their on-coming, and then manfully bear up against them with fortitude and abiding courage. In the instance before us, however, these sentiments of moral or religious feeling have but slender influence; for the recollection of the poet's amiable character, innocence of life, unassuming manners, and kindness of affections, rise up in such impressive and pleading guise before us, that the indignation of the moralist, or the severity of the critic, are alike soothed, modified, and rendered out of place.

The main incidents of his life, few and unvaried as they were, have already been detailed in different biographical sketches with abundant minuteness; to repeat them, therefore, were unnecessary, and while we mention the date of his birth on the 3rd of June, 1774, and that of his death on 17th May, 1810, we perhaps do all that is requisite in the way of registering the epochas of an uneventful and even-tenored existence. Indeed,

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with a retired and shrinking character, as he certainly was, it would be inconsistent to expect any marvellous or moving tale.

His heart was wedded to his own home, town, and kindred. Beyond that narrow sphere of humble enjoyment he seldom ventured. But even in regard to Tannahill, since his songs have given him a name in the lyric poetry of his country, it becomes a matter of curiosity to note every minute feature of his mind, and to record every outbreking of his genius. No person we know of was more capable of doing this well than his intimate and bosom friend, Mr. R. A. Smith, of Paisley. That gentleman frequently revised the best effusions of the poet and suggested emendations. Besides this, he gave them a music, to say the least of which, were they deprived of it, would be as it were withdrawing the sunshine from a landscape that was glorified in it. Possessed, too, of many facts relative to his compositions, and the companion of the poet's Saturday afternoon rambles, Mr. Smith certainly was qualified to furnish the world with more interesting notices respecting him during the latter years of his life, than any that have yet appeared. But if the poet was modest, so was the musician and the poet's friend. Diffidence is often the characteristic of true genius, and never was there a better illustration of this position than at present. Nor the one nor the other have preferred their claims on public attention with even that becoming firmness and consciousness of desert which are to be commended. In an arrogant and presumptive age like the present, a little charlatanship, (however despicable in all cases where circumstances do not imperiously require it,) is absolutely necessary. The man who has assurance enough to say, "I am possessed of genius," may be believed, and his claim thereto acknowledged; but he who waits till his neighbour perceive his merits, without bruiting them himself, or having a convenient friend to take that trouble off his shoulders, may wait a while, we fear, ere they shall be known and recognised as such by the popular herd.

We have seen some letters of the gentleman already mentioned, respecting Tannahill's private habits and literary compositions. Written as they are in the carelessness and confidence of friendship, and without any of the formality of authorship, we yet imagine some extracts from them will be of sufficient novelty to yield interest and afford pleasure. And

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though it would have been easy for us to have incorporated and interwoven Mr. Smith's observations in our own sketch, it gives us more satisfaction, and will do him and our readers, we believe, more justice, to present them in their original dress. Of that gentleman we must beg pardon for thus freely laying hold on what accident has placed in our power, and printing without permission, what he wrote with no such view.

Our extracts we give as they occur to our hand.

"My first introduction to Tannahill was in consequence of hearing his song, *Blythe was the time*, sung while it was yet in manuscript. I was so much struck with the beauty and natural simplicity of the language that I found means shortly afterwards of being introduced to its author. The acquaintance thus formed between us gradually ripened into a warm and steady friendship, that was never interrupted in a single instance till his lamented death. * * * *

"It was only from his compositions that a stranger could form any estimate of his talents—his appearance indicated no marks of genius—his manner was rather distant, and it was but in company with a few, with whom he was very intimate, that his conversation became animated; in a large assembly he appeared to great disadvantage, was quite uneasy, and seldom spoke except to the person nearest him, if he happened to be an acquaintance. * * * *

"For several years previous to his death, we commonly spent the Saturday afternoons together by a walk to the country; but, if the badness of the weather prevented us from enjoying this weekly recreation, the afternoon was passed in my room, reading and reviewing what pieces he had composed through the week, or if I had any new music I played or sung it over to him. * * * *

"He was particularly averse to enter the company of people above his own station of life; as an instance of this, I shall relate one little anecdote.

Miss _____ of _____ was particularly fond of the Scottish melody, *Lord Balgownie's favourite*, and had expressed a wish to see it united to good poetry. I accordingly applied to my friend, who produced his song, *Gloomy winter's now awa'*, in a few days. As soon as I had arranged the air, with symphonies and accompaniment for the pianoforte,

I waited on the lady, who was much delighted with the verses, and begged of me to invite the author to take a walk with me to the house at any leisure time. I knew that it would be almost impossible to prevail on Robert to allow himself to be introduced by *fair means*, so, for once, I made use of the only alternative in my power by beguiling him thither during our first Saturday's ramble, under the pretence of being obliged to call with some music I had with me for the ladies. This, however, could not be effected, till I had promised not to make him known, in case any of the family came to the door; but how great was his astonishment when Miss ——— came forward to invite him into the house by name. I shall never forget the awkwardness with which he accompanied us to the music room. He sat as it were quite petrified, till the magic of the music and the great affability of the ladies reconciled him to his situation. In a short time Mr. ——— came in, was introduced to his visitor in due form, and with that goodness of heart and simplicity of manner, for which he is so deservedly esteemed by all who have the pleasure of knowing him, chatted with his guest till near dinner time, when Robert again became terribly uneasy, as Mr. ——— insisted on our staying to dine with the family. Many a rueful look was cast to me, and many an excuse was made to get away, but, alas! there was no escaping with a good grace, and finding that I was little inclined to understand his signals, the kind request was at length reluctantly complied with.

* * *

After a cheerful glass or two, the restraint he was under gradually wore away, and he became tolerably communicative. I believe that, when we left the mansion, the poet entertained very different sentiments from those with which he had entered it. He had formed an opinion that nothing, save distant pride and cold formality, was to be met with from people in the higher walks of life, but on experiencing the very reverse of his imaginings, he was quite delighted, and when Mr. ———'s name happened to be mentioned in his hearing afterwards, it generally called forth expressions of respect and admiration. *Gloomy winter's now awa* became a very popular song, and was the reigning favourite in Edinburgh for a considerable time.

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"It has been noticed by a very able critic, that 'he seldom tried the pathetic,' yet some fine touches of nature are found in his works. I am sadly mistaken if the following lines will not excite a strong sensation of pity in every bosom capable of feeling their force.

'This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake !
I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,
Hope died wi' Jamie, and left it to break.

Cruel remembrance, ah ! why wilt thou wreck me,
Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown !
Cruel remembrance in pity forsake me,
Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown !'

"The music published with this song was originally composed for other words, but Tannahill took a fancy to the air, and immediately wrote *Despairing Mary* for it, which, being the better song, was adopted. The opening of the melody is too like the first part of *The flowers of the forest* to lay claim to great originality, but after it was composed I never could please myself with any alteration I attempted to make, so it remains as it was first sketched.

Perhaps the most popular of all his songs was *Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane*. Many a bonnie lass whose name chanced to be the same with that in the song has been in her time the supposititious heroine of it, and got the blame of having "*cuist the glamor o'er him*," though with little reason, for I do sincerely believe the poet had no particular fair one in his eye at the time, and that *Jessie* was quite an imaginary personage.

"The third stanza of this song was not written till several months after the others were finished, and, in my opinion, it would have been more to the author's credit had such an addition never been made. The language, I think, falls considerably below that of the two first verses. Surely the Promethean fire must have been burning but *lowly*, when such common-place ideas could be coolly written, after the song had been

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so finely wound up with the beautiful apostrophe to the Mavis,

‘ Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e’ning.’

“ When I had composed the music, Jessie was introduced to the world with this clog hanging at her foot, much against my inclination and advice ; however, I feel confident that every singer of taste will discard it as a useless appendage.

“ The music to *Thou bonnie wood of Craigielee* was composed by ‘ Blythe Jamie Barr frae St. Barchan’s town.’ It does its author great credit. It is a very pleasing and natural melody, and has become most deservedly a great favourite all over the *West Kintra side*. I think this little ballad possesses considerable merit; one of its stanzas strikes me as being particularly beautiful.

‘ While winter blaws in sleety showers,
Frae aff the norland hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonny bowers,
As laith to harm a flower in thee.’

* * * * *

“ The little Bacchanalian Rant you are so anxious to know the history of was written in commemoration of a very happy evening spent by the poet, with four of his MUSICAL FRIENDS. At that meeting he was in high spirits, and his conversation became more than usually animated ; many songs were sung, and we had some glee singing, but neither *fiddle* nor *flute* made its appearance in company, nor were any of us ‘nid, nid, nodding,’—we were ‘unco happy,’ and had just such a ‘drappie in our e’e’ as enabled us to bid defiance to care for the time being, but the poet thought proper to embellish his song with the old chorus, ‘We’re a’ nodding,’ and rather than throw aside a lucky thought he chose to depict his ain bardship, ‘as blind as an owl,’ but I assure you this was not the case ; his bardship had all his faculties ‘sitting lightly on him.’ As the merry rhymes in question were never intended for the public eye I hope you will not give a copy to any person.*

* We have ventured to disagree on this point with Mr. Smith, inasmuch as the courteous reader will find the song alluded to printed at full length in the Appendix.—*Editor*.

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"Songs possessing great poetical beauty do not always become favourites with the public.—*Keen blows the wind o'er the braes of Gleniffer* is perhaps Tannahill's best lyrical effusion, yet it does not appear to be much known, at least it is but seldom sung. It was written for the old Scottish melody, *Bonnie Dundee*, but Burns had occupied the same ground before him. Mr. Ross, of Aberdeen, composed a very pretty air for it, yet, to use the phrase of a certain favourite vocal performer, it did not *hit*. The language and imagery of this song appear to me beautiful and natural. There is an elegant simplicity in the couplet,

'The wild flowers of summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree,'

And the dreary appearance of the scenery in winter is strikingly portrayed in the second stanza,

'Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary;
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.'

Again,

'The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.'

The birds shaking 'the cauld drift frae their wings' is an idea not unworthy of Burns.

"One of Tannahill's most favourite walks was by the ruins of Stanley Castle, or over the Braes of Gleniffer. There he could recline on the brown heather, or sit on the side of a bracken-fringed rock, listen to the burn murmuring through the glen, and view the wild and varied scene around him with a 'Poet's eye,'

'Whene'er you roam by Stanley's mouldering walls,
Think of the lowly bard, who sweetly sung
Those scenes around thee—his unhappy fate,
Will claim the tribute of a generous sigh.'

* * * * *

"He was possessed of a correct ear, and had acquired as much knowledge of music as enabled him to learn any simple melody if written in an easy key for the German Flute; an old one, cracked in half a dozen places, and bound up with waxed cord, he always kept beside his loom, and latterly he could commit any air to paper which he had caught by ear—an earthen ink bottle usually hung on his loom post, and I believe that the greater number of his songs were composed whilst he was steadily occupied at his business. Unfortunately his celebrity as a song writer led many an idle person through vanity or curiosity to see him, which was too frequently effected by sending for him to an inn; and he has often lamented bitterly to me in private his want of fortitude to withstand those intrusions: such deviations from prudence always produced the most agonizing reflections, and I fear formed one of the causes which accelerated his unhappy fate; that this was the case is obvious from a letter which he wrote about this time to a friend in Glasgow, in which he says, 'That scribbling of rhymes hath positively half ruined me. It has led me into a wide circle of acquaintance, of course into an involuntary habit of being oftener in a public house than can be good for any body—although I go there as seldom as possible, yet how often have I sat till within my last shilling, and unlike some of our friends who are better circumstanced, had to return to my loom sick and feverish. This often makes me appear sullen in company, for if I indulge to the extent we have both seen in others, I am in — for two or three days afterwards.'—Other circumstances combined to depress his mind. Several of his printed poems had been censured pretty severely; he had published too prematurely. Of this he was pretty sensible, and to retrieve his character as a poet had prepared for the press a new edition much corrected, in which all his songs were carefully retouched, and many of his former pieces expunged, so that not a line was suffered to remain that could reasonably give offence. How to get it published was now the only remaining difficulty, for the native independence of his spirit could not brook the idea of publishing again by subscription. About this time I had been commissioned by a respectable bookseller in Greenock to treat with

him for the copyright, and I believe he sent his manuscripts, or at least a copy of the printed volume, with his corrections, to Mr. ——— for inspection, but from tardiness of reply in that quarter he sent the completed manuscript to Edinburgh, offering the copyright for a very small sum to Mr. Constable. Unhappily that gentleman was in London at the time, and when written to on the subject answered that he had more new works on hand than he could undertake that season ; accordingly the manuscript was returned.

“This disappointment preyed heavily on his spirits, and I observed a change of disposition gradually wear on him from that time ; a proneness to imagine his best friends were disposed to use him ill, and a certain jealous fear of his claims to genius being impugned. These imaginary grievances were frequently confided to me, and I found it impossible to convince him of his error.

“Two days before his death he showed me several poetical pieces of a most strange texture, and in the afternoon of the same day he called on me again, requesting me to return him a song that had been left for my perusal. I had laid it past in a music book and was unable to find it at the time. It was his last production and he seemed to be much disappointed when, after a long search, I could not procure it for him.* This was the last time I saw him. The anxiety he shewed to get back the manuscript appears to have proceeded from a determination to destroy every scrap of his poetry that he could possibly collect. Nothing could be found after his death but what pieces he had sent to different correspondents, which were collected, and the different variations submitted to the editor of his works published by Mr. Crichton.

“These few particulars are all I can recollect of the man I so highly esteemed, and I fear you will think them a great deal more than are worth relating.”

We also subjoin the following postscript to one of Mr. S.'s letters.

“You may expect the book I promised you a sight of in a few days. It contains the first verse of the major part of his Songs. Those of which the other verses are lost were chiefly imita-

* This piece is called *Why unite to banish Care*, and will be found in the Appendix—the last two stanzas are for the first time added.—*Editor*.

tions of old Scottish songs, written after a perusal of Johnson's *Musical Museum*, and I am inclined to think they would have added but little to the author's fame although he had preserved them.* He had collected their respective melodies, and I had promised to arrange them with an easy accompaniment for the pianoforte. I believe that Mr. Blaikie, of this town, had made an offer to engrave the whole for publication, but the idea of publishing in this form was soon abandoned as being too expensive."

After these copious extracts we have little to say. It is our opinion, however, that the genius of Tannahill could not, as one of his biographers would insinuate, be equally suited to other species of poetical composition besides those which his inclination at first led him to prefer, and habit at length had rendered easy. His strength lay in song-writing, and to it he, for the most part, judiciously confined himself. He once attempted dramatic composition, but without success. The piece to which we refer was published in the first edition of his poems, but omitted wisely in every subsequent one. In ballad-writing he also failed. His *Connel and Flora* is read without emotion, and never thought of again after perusal. This piece has none of that noble simplicity of diction and disregard of meretricious ornament which distinguish the ballad from every other kind of poetry, and give it all its peculiar charm. With the exception of one or two stanzas, *Connel and Flora* glisters in all the shewy and unmeaning garniture of wordiness and fullness of sounding epithet that disgusted us so much in the ballad-mongery lately in vogue, but now happily rooted out and despised, never, it is hoped, to be again cultivated or esteemed.

The *Hauntlet Wud* is a bonnie little poem, considered as such, but far from being anything like an imitation of John Barbour. After Chatterton, there have sprouted up many imitators of the language—not of the spirit of the ancient poets. That "marvellous boy," with all the holes the antiquarian may pick in his doublet, is still the matchless prince of literary impostors, and the closest imitator, if not in sentiment and style, at least in language, of the models of slumbering ages. Tannahill had neither leisure, education, nor means, to qualify

* The fragments here spoken of will be found in the Appendix—*Editor*.

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himself for the perusal of Barbour and other venerable *makers*, much less to imitate their productions. Yet, though he has been unsuccessful, we cannot help loving him for thus shewing that he was acquainted with the name, if not with the language of one of the oldest of our epic poets. How much better would it have been with him and many other of our bards had they been acquainted with the real orthography of their mother tongue, it is needless to mention. Nothing is a more palpable error than moulding the Scottish language into English forms of spelling, and nothing can be more absurd, since thereby its true pronunciation is inevitably lost. This corrupt mode of writing our language hath, however, got such a hold and footing in the literature of the day that to make any innovation now were to bring down the ridicule and neglect of the frivolous and ignorant multitude on the head of him whose hardihood led him to enterprize it. But it is needless to grumble at things for which there is no remeid. Scotland may part with her language, perhaps as tamely as she yielded up her parliament and surrendered others of her dearest rights. We must have done, however, with this dangerous topic, and remember the advice of the poet :

Periculosae plenum opus aleae
Tractas, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

The sensibility of Tannahill appears to have been greater than his genius and his heart more susceptible of tender than deep feeling. On the whole, we believe his poetical character to have been over-rated, and that sympathy for his fate has so associated itself in our minds with his many excellences that while we endeavour to estimate his merits as a poet our feelings have more to say in the matter than our judgment. Be this as it may, his name will long be remembered with no ordinary degree of emotion, and it will be a long day ere another like him shall in these western parts sweep the Scottish lyre with so delicate and so artless a touch. Assuredly the proudest tribute ever paid to his genius was the visit which the Ettrick Shepherd paid to him not long before his death. There was something romantic in this pilgrimage of the Mountain Bard, to feel and to see, to converse and to enjoy the fellowship of one

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whose heart, like his own, was gifted with the magic voice of song. They spent only one night in each others company.* Tannahill, Mr. Hogg informed us, convoyed him half way to Glasgow on the following morning, where they parted. It was a melancholy adieu Tannahill gave him. He grasped his hand, tears gathering in his eyes the while, and said, "Farewell, we shall never meet again—farewell, I shall never see you more." These prophetic words were, alas! too soon verified by the event of his death, which happened but a short time after this deeply affecting and tender parting.

Paisley has now given birth to two men of distinguished eminence, and both poets. They were her own children, and she acted the step-dame to them both. One lived to shame her ingratitude by raising a splendid trophy of his genius in a foreign land; the other withered in the shade and horrors of her neglect. Yes, we scruple not to avow it that one main cause of Tannahill's premature fate was the chilling aspect of his own town. He had vanity like every man of genius—a thirst for fame, as every noble spirit ought to have; but the first was mortified, and the last was disappointed and ungratified. True, he heard his songs chaunted with delight, and his praises whispered in distant parts, but then not even

* Our staunch and excellent friend, Mr A. B——, whose amiable eccentricities and talents have endeared him to every circle, was the means, we believe, of introducing the two poets to each other. The lover of reliques will in the workshop of Mr. B. find many things worthy of his attention. Our page will not contain a full inventory of them, but we shall mention a few for the edification of the curious. *Imprimis*, The complete head of the stone effigy which covered the remains of that subtle Magician, famous Wizard, and learned Clerk, Michael Scott—brought from Melrose Abbey.—*Item*. A plank of one of the Spanish Armada.—*Item*. Sundry beautiful chippings of Queen Mary's Yew.—*Item*. A rafter of Alloway's auld hauntit Kirk.—*Item*. A walking staff of the *Broom of the Cowden Knowes*, convertible likewise into a sweet pastoral whistle, when it listeth one to pipe melodiously in journeying through the classic dales of the southern shires as a pilgrim towards the noble ruins of Melrose and Dryburgh.—*Do.* of the *Bush above Traquair*.—*Do.* of the *Tryeting tree* on the Borders, &c. &c. Besides a stupendous harpsicord, an antique virginal, with fiddles, flutes, and violoncellos, great and small, innumerable, and a host of quaighs made of the Torwood and Ellerslie Oak, with as many cresslets and snuff boxes of the Yew Tree above noticed. The *Connoisseur* of Painting will also be delighted with some fine spirited sketches in black chalk that adorn the walls, some of which we understand are designed and executed by a very promising young artist of this town whose truly original conceptions have often excited our admiration. We were particularly pleased with "the twa Dogs" from Burns. The attitude of "the Gentleman and Scholar" is aptly chosen and admirably delineated.

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hinted at, in the place of his birth. Where was the countenance the higher ranks should have conferred on him?—Where the support the wealthy could have given him to prosecute his studies and improve in his darling avocation? Merit in the lower paths of life was akin to a miracle in the eyes of the richer class of his native community, and miracles having died with the apostles they were not now to be believed.

We have done with our sketch. Sensible as we are that this essay is very defective in many respects—that it is often abridged where it should have been full and particular, and diffuse where it should have been concise and general, nevertheless, despite these faults, it will serve its end of being a kind of rude chart, by which some able hand may direct his course while prosecuting under happier auspices the same subjects of which we have treated. The mistakes or omissions which the attentive reader may discover, as they were either involuntary on our part or originated from lack of better information, it is hoped will be forgiven or at least charitably construed. What has been written was from the worthy motive of giving to our countrymen a bead roll of names belonging to this district that deserve not to perish without some tribute being paid to their memory, however inadequate such may be to their deserts, or insufficient to secure them from the obliviousness which time throws over the most illustrious dead.

I see that makaris among the laif,
Playis heir thair padyanis, fyne gois to graif;
Spairit is nocht thair facultie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

QUOD DUNBAR.

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

The Geste of Schir Gormalyn And the Redd Woulff at the warldis end.

Lythe and listen feeris al,
In quhat manere thirlit in thralle,
 Wes ane swote May fair,
Be ane reid Woulff, ane ugsum fende,
Liggand nie the warldis end ;
Quhyll ane knicht breem did wend
 Thilk woulffis hert till tere.

Then this burde bricht to bring
Fra the Woulffis halde indigne,
 Did himsel boune ;
His aventuris, grit to tell,
Dois mi weake witt precell,
Quhairfor me rede you well,
 His laude to rounde.

* * *

Gude Gormalyn bene pricken onne,
Ane squyer be him ronne,
 Stalwarth and fre.
Ouir forthis, holtis, and how,
Quhyll thay prochen till a lowe,
Brennand bauld on ane knowe,
 Meruailous till see.

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"Quhar wounis thow knight,
In armour clere dicht?"

Spak furth ane man,
"I gang, quod Gormalyn,
Sum straunge aventur in,
Sua betide me hap and gyn,
Do quhat I can.

Quhat cace has happit the,
Sith sic dolore I see
Thorow this land gude?
Quhat bene this fyrie flare,
Trubland the mokie aire,
And sua moche of dispaire,
With teiris afflude?

"Welaway! mi hertis broken
Wi moche wae ywroken,"
Qued the villeine;
"Syne ane reid woulfis stown,
The swete May growan
Als lyk ane rois blowan,
And hir awa tane.

This woulff ben grit in bane,
Wi lang touzlit mane,
Hideous to see;
Eyne lyk beadis of fyr,
With ane reid selcouth lyre,
Paweis scharpenit ——
Abune al gre.

Dwelland at the warldis end,
Nocht pitie him kend,
Bot dois devore
Flokkis, Schepperdis, Wemen,
Maydis, bairnis, eild men,
Then slinkis to his den
In moche glore.

XLVII.

Malisounis on him licht,
 He swoppit ane May bricht,
 Sib to the king
 Of this royame braid ;
 And doomit to the deid,
 Scho is perdie Ileda,
 Sua sorrowis spryng.

Sith quhen the king heris
 Fra mi foirfleyit feeris
 Of this caae ;
 Certes, baith me and myne
 Schal dree moche pyne,
 Quhilk makis me dwyne
 And sike, alace."

Up stertit Gormalyn,
 Lyk ane suche of wynd,
 Fers and fellene,
 " Be him that bled on tre,
 This samen May schall I fre,
 And the grim woulff schall die
 Be mie yron."

Out syne he drawis his suerd ;
 And settis its poynt till the erd,
 Wittand to ken
 Quhat airt it mote fall,
 Quhilk fallow he schall,
 Quhyll he mote saif mell
 Wi the woulffis den.

Waffland till the west,
 Joukand till the east,
 Was sumdele the suerd,
 Southlandis it whiles did beck,
 Quhyll in fine north its neck
 Bendand bot ane cheque
 Daddit on erd.

* * * *

(Multa deerant)

XLVIII.

Furth prickit he throch the wud,
Lyk ane black clud,
In tide tempestive,
Calland loud and hie,
On the woulff ne to flee,
Quhan fleand sikarlie,
He was belive.

Alace ! in the woulffis mouth,
Borne was the mayd in trouth,
Shrikand delore,
Hir waist jimp and sma,
Crushit was atwixt his jaw,
And hir heid hong law,
Sad thoch decore.

Hir armis saft and lyte,
And halse ivorie quhyt
Sweepit the grund.
Quhyll hir gown in the wynd,
Trailand wes behind,
Alace ! sicht of sic kynd,
Niver was fund.

Wae wes Schir Gormalyn,
Syne neir he ne win,
Albe he straive ;
Efteune his horss coupit
Ouir ane roche knoupit,
To erd Gormalyn loupit,
Deliver and braive.

On feet he swyth ran
Manie ane myl of land,
Nicht and day.
Thorow day he ay saw
Hir sklendir waist in woulffis jaw,
And thorow nicht a mane law,
For mercie alwaie.

XLIX.

" O for ane egillis wing !
O for ane vyperis sting !"
 Quod Gormalyn.
" O for ane lyounis pawe,
That this woulf mote I drawe,
Lith and limb assinder sma,
 And slay in fine.

Mi hert ben sair yamote,
Be this mayis wordis swote,
 Tendir and sad,
That it bene molten clene,
Fulfilland mi tua eyne,
With manie saut tene,
 Of dolor and drad.

O woulff let the Ladie fre,
And ye schall haif kye thre,
 Soncie and sweet.
Ilk yere as manie moe,
Scheip wi yong to throw
Schall until ye eith goe,
 Trewlie I weest.

Bot hard wes the Woulfis hert,
Lyk heid of ane steel dert,
 Lyte reckett hee
Of Schir Gormalyn gude,
Rampagand fell and wud,
And scuddand lyk simmer clud,
 In welkin blee.

Schakand his salvage pow,
Wi bludie eyne on low,
 And ane lang gowl,
Up muntanis he speelis,
Donn braes he reelis,
Wingis weren at his heelis,
 Deth in his gowl.

L.

Evir the mayd he schuke,
Wi ane feidfon leuk,
 Girnand and yamfand.
And quhyl he dois hir dasch,
His teith stikis in hir flesch,
Makand ane deip gasch,
 With felloun champand.

Mervailous it was to heir
Amangis hillis and heuchis dreir,
 The maydis mane.
It seemit waneirdlie sound,
Suchand in aire around,
Calculated to astound,
 Wi fricht and pain,

Chewaund his lippis wi yre,
Gormalyn fers as fyr,
 Shoutand persewit,
Bot the Woulff unfoirfairn,
Bure aff the bonnie bairn,
Fleet lyk ane schot stern,
 Far frae his bruit.

Doun on the garas grene,
Fawis stout Schir Gormalyn,
 In desperaunce ;
Forfauchten foirgane,
He list him mak mane,
That the May awa was tane,
 In hour wanchance.

Alace ! nouthir Tristram,
Nor bauld Schir Gawan,
 Launcelot du Lak,
Nor anie perle of hardiment,
Of Chivalrie culd schent,
This woulff quha owre the bent,
 Schupeth his trak.

LI.

“ Rise up stalwarth schir,”
 Spak sune his gude Squier,
 As him lay,
 “ Rise up run and rive,
 Lang as ye bene on live,
 This woulf, and reprive,
 The dulce May.

Here is ane strang drinck,
 Famosse for hard swynck,
 Richt blyth of chere,
 Gif it be al dronck,
 Thou schall be nevir sonck,
 In desperaunce donck,
 For ane hail yere.

Airt quhairswaeir thow list,
 Natheles will it assist
 Thee to run
 Owir everilk holt hoar,
 Fers as the wud boar,
 Lustand annone to gore ;
 Or lyk the sun,
 Rydand in blew skyis,
 Throw cluddis of purpour griss.
 Swift for to see,”—
 * * *

(Cætera desunt.)

Very little more of the manuscript from which the above is transcribed can be at all legible. Several stanzas seem to relate to the ingredients which composed the sovereign beverage administered to Schir Gormalyn by his Squyer, who, we are elsewhere informed, is “cunnand and lerit in al erbis of erd.” From ought that can be perceived, this cordial was of a much more invigorating and wholesome description than that which the lank-jawed knight of La Mancha swallowed after the rib roasting he received from the Yanguesian carriers ; for the pursuit after this wolf is continued with fresh ardour, and as might be expected becomes of no ordinary length, being inter-

LII.

rupted by various causes, such as tourneyis, joustis, and like divertisements met with by the way, in which our Knight hath always to participate.

The description of the Warldis end is perhaps the best part of this curious little romance. Our original is, however, so very much destroyed in this place, that we have deferred till another time giving any part or specimen of it.

This legend has a very tragical catastrophe, which is not generally the case in others of a like nature. It appears that the adventurous knight, having by some means or other succeeded in delivering the damsel from her *thirldom dern*, in a cave belonging to the Reid Woulff at the

Warldis allutermalst methē,
Fornontis the well of dule and dethe,

proceeds in quest of further perils, accompanied by his fair prize, and the worthy Squyer aforesaid. After infinite travel they come into a strange country of a very unpromising aspect, and in which they have not advanced far till they are attacked by a discourteous "Geaunt grit as tre," who, captivated by the

Ladysis mervallous phisnomie
Of beutie rare and courtisie

bethinks him to make a seizure, without much ado. In this his Giantship is miserably deceived, for Schir Gormalyn being a genuine imp of Chivalrie, is not to be subdued or terrified by menace or blow, and accordingly a very furious duel is fought betwixt them. After various "felloun strakis" given and received on both sides, the giant is brought to the ground with a tremendous shock. But strange to tell, while in the act of falling he catches hold of the knight's steed by some of its furniture, and horse and man and all together tumble to the ground. In the affray, the head of the Reid Woulff, which it seems has been suspended somewhere about the horse's neck, becomes disengaged and falls beside the recumbent giant, who, though weak and exhausted by his late exertion seizes the fatal skull and hurls it right in the face of the knight. It unfortunately hits him on the cheek, and the ventale of his helmet being up, one of the Wolf's teeth—"lang, crukit, and of yellow hue on grene," makes a deep incision, and the same being suffused with a mortal poison, which the wolf had been accustomed to imbibe from the black waters of the well of "Dule and Deid," the wound proves fatal, for the knight shortly afterwards dies in the arms of the

maid he had rescued; and who having fallen in love with him for his courage, good services, and noble demeanour, becomes distracted at his loss—composes a *Lai Mortel*, and at last, in a fine heroical style, expires by his side. And with this, the whole in a great measure concludes.

More particulars respecting this metrical Romance, with some conjectures, touching its age and author, and as many more of its verses as can be deciphered, will appear in the "*Ghespenen of guidlie Conceits, or Ragment of Mosie Mondellis and pleasant meteris,*" to be published in the beginning of next year.

Here follows ane littill sang clepit
 "Com hider, com hider, & let us woo."

Twa gentil birdis sat on ane tre,
 Twa bonnie burdis as e'er culd be,
 And as thay sat for ay thay sang,
 Quhyl wuddis and rochis wi echois rang.

Com hider, com hider, mi bonnie dow,
 Wi honeyit halse and dew dabbit mou,
 And ay the ane sang to the uthir—
 Com hither, bot nae delay come hither,
 Com hider, com hider, & let us woo.

The sun rase hie in the purpour east,
 And flichterit down in the glumie west,
 And nicht cam on befor thair dune,
 In singand of this gentil crame.

Com hider, com hider, &c.

Syne gaed thir birdis sua traist and free,
 Be nichtfal to thair herbourie,
 In suth to say, thair hertis wer licht,
 Sithens they sang thorow the nicht.

Com hider, come hider, &c.

An account of this old song will be found in the publication referred to, in the note to the foregoing. In the meantime, we think it is one of the songs mentioned by Gawin Douglass, in his "*Prolouge to the XII. Booke Eneados.*" Edin. 1700, p. 404.

ANE EPISTLE DIRECTED FROM THE HOLY HEREMITE OF
ALLAREIT, TO HIS BRETHREN THE GRAYE FRERS.

I, Thomas, hermite of Lareit,
 Sanct Frances ordour hartely greit;
 Beseiking you, with ferme intent,
 To be wakryif and diligent.
 For thir Lutherana, rissen of new,
 Our ordour dayly dois persew.
 Thir amaikis do set their haill intent
 To read the Inglisch New Testament;
 And sayis we have thame clein disceypit,
 Therefore in hast they mon be stoppit.
 Our Stait hypocrisie they pryiss,
 And us blasphemis on this wyiss :
 Sayand that we are heretykes,
 And fals loud lying mastif tykes ;
 Cummerars and quellers of Christis kirk,
 Sweir swyngeours that will not wirk,
 But idelie our living wynniss,
 Devouring woilfis into sheepe skinniss ;
 Hurkland with huidis into our nek,
 With Judas mind to jouke and bek ;
 Seikand Christis people to devoir,
 The doun-thringers of Goddis gloir ;
 Professors of hypocrisie,
 And Doctouris in idolatrie ;
 Stout fischeiris with the feyndis net,
 The upclosers of hevins yett ;
 Cancart corruptars of the creede,
 Humlock sawers amang gude seede ;
 To trow in trators that men do tyist,
 The hye way kennand them fra Chryist.
 Monsters with the beistis marke,
 Dogges that never stintes to barke ;
 Kirkmen that are to Christ unkend,
 A sect that Sathanis selfe has send ;

Lurkand in hoils lyke trator toddis,
 Maintainers of idolles and false goddis ;
 Fantastike fuiles, and fenyete fleichers,
 To turn fra trueth the verray teachers.
 For to declair their hail sentence,
 Wald mekill cumber your conscience :
 To say your faith it is sa stark ;
 Your cord and lousie cote and sark ;
 Ye lippin may bring you to salvatioun,
 And quyte excludis Chrystis passioun.
 I dread this doctrine, and it last,
 Sall outhir gar us wirke or fast.
 Thairfore with speede we menn provide,
 And not our profit ovirslide.
 I schaip myselfe, within short quhile,
 To course our Ladie in Argyle.
 And thair on craftie wyse to wirk,
 Till that we biggit haif ane kirk.
 Syne miracles mak be your advice.
 The kitterills, though they haif bot lyce,
 The twa part to us they will bring.
 But orderlie to dresse this thing,
 A Gaist I purpose to gar gang,
 Be counsayll of frear Walter Lang ;
 Quhilk sall make certaine demonstrations
 To help us in our procurations,
 Your hailie order to decoir.
 That practick he proved anis befor,
 Betwixt Kircaldie and Kinghorne ;
 But lymmaris made therat sic skorne ;
 And to his fame made sic degression,
 Synsyne he hard not Kingis confession.
 Thouch at that time he cam no speide,
 I pray you tak gude will as deide ;
 And so me amang you ressave,
 As ane worth mony of the lave.
 Quhat I obtaine may, throuch his airt,
 Reason wald ye had your pairt.
 Your order handillis na monie ;
 But for other casualtie,

LVI.

As beefe, meale, butter, and cheese,
Or quhat we haif, or that ye please,
To send your brethren & habete.

As now nocht ellis but *valete*,
Be Thomas your bruther at command,
A culrunne kythit through mony a land.

Alex. Cunninghame, Earl of Glencairn.

THE SOLSEQUIUM ;

OR, THE LOVER COMPAIRING HIMSELF TO A SUN-FLOWER.

Lyk as the dum Solsequium with cair owrecum
Dois sorrow, quhen the sun gois out of sight,
Hings doun his heid, and droupis as deid, and will not spreid,
But lukis his levis throw langour all the nicht,
Til fulisch Phaeton aryse with quhip in hand
To purge the christal skyis, and licht the land.
Birds in thair bower wait on that hour,
And to thair King ane glade gude-morrow gives,
Frae than that flowir lists not to lour,
But laughs on Phebus lowsing on his levis.

Swa stands with me, except I be quhair I may se
My lamp of licht, my lady and my luve,
Frae scho depairts, a thousand dairts in sindrie airts
Thirle thruch my heavy heart, bot rest or ruve.
My countenance declairs my inward grief,
And houp almaist dispairs to find relief.
I die, I dwyne, play dois me pyne,
I loth on every thing I luke, allace !
Till Titan myne upon me schyne,
That I revive thruch favour of hir face.

Frae scho appeir into hir sphere, begins to cleir
The dawing of my lang desyrit day.
Then courage cryis on houp to ryse quhen he espyis
The noysum nicht of absens went away ;
No noyis, frae I awalke, can me impesche,
But on my staitly stalk I flurische fresche,
I spring, I sprout, my levis ly out,
My collour changis in ane hairtsum hew ;

LVII.

Na mair I lout, but stand up stout,
As glad of hir for quhome I only grew.

O happy day, go not away, Apollo stay
Thy chair frae going down unto the west,
Of me thou mak thy Zodiac, that I may tak
My plesour to behald quhome I love best.
Thy presens me restoris to lyfe from deth,
Thy absens lykways schoris to cut my breth.
I wiss in vain, thee to remain.
Sen *primum mobile* says me always nay,
At leist thy wane bring sune again,
Fareweil with patiens per foras till day.

Alex. Montgomerie.

THE SEGE
OF THE
CASTEL OF EDINBURGH.

Buschment of Benuik, mak zow for the gait,
To ring zour drumis, & rank zour men of weir ;
Addres zour armour round zou for debait,
With sound of trumpet mak zour steids to steir,
Sen ze ar freikis that weil dar fecht but feir :
As, for exampill, we haue sene zow ellis,
Lyk as the last tym, that your camp come heir,
Lend vs ane borrouing of zour auld blak bellis.

Zour camp connoytit but cumer throw the land,
In gude array, and rewlit by thair rank,
Reddie to pas, as plesit vs command,
Throw all our bounds, to the west sey bank ;
Thocht sum men say ze serue bot lytill thank,
Suppose occatioun cum first of thame sellis,
As thay haue brouin that bargane, sa thay drank,
And rewis that tyme that euer they saw zour bellis.

* * * * *

LVIII.

The walis wes heich, we culd not weil pursaw thame ;
 Bot quhen we gat thame doun, full deir thay bocht it :
 Be syde the woll, at sundrie tymes, we slew thame :
 That euer they saw vs, sum of thame forthocht it,
 Ane poysonit woll to drink, quhat docht it ?
 Infekit watter sowllit thame, cheik and chin :
 Persauing that sorrow, mair they socht it,
 Bot keppit standfulis at the sklatis thair in.

The castel segit, and all beset about
 With fowseyis wyde inuironit be slycht,
 Montanis and myndis, leit neuer man luik out ;
 For ordinance thay dang at day and nycht,
 By weirlyk volyis ; thocht the wallis wes wycht,
 Zit dowball battrie brak thame all in inschis :
 Of Daueis toure, in all the toune menis sycht,
 Thay riggan stanes come tumland ouir the trinschis.

The vehement schot zeid in at either syde,
 By threttie cannonis plasit at partis seuin ;
 Quhill thay thair in mycht not thair heidis hyde,
 For pot gun pellettis falland from the heuin :
 The bumbard stanis directit fell sa euin,
 That in to dykes by dint it deidly dang thame ;
 Quhill all the houssis in the place wes ruin,
 The bullatis brak sa in to bladis amang thame.

* * * * *

Lord Sempill.

THE PACK-MAN'S PATER-NOSTER.

* * * * *

Pack-man. But good Sir John, where learn'd our Lady her
 Latins ?

For in her days were neither mass nor matins,
 Nor yet one Priest that Latin then did speak,
 For holy words were then all Hebrew and Greek.
 She never was at Rome, nor kiss'd Pope's toe :
 How came she by the mass, then I would know ?

LIX.

Priest. Pack-man, if thou believe the Legendary,
The mass is elder far than Christ or Mary:
For all the Patriarcha, both more and less,
And great Melchisedeck himself said mass.

Pack-man. But, good Sir John, spake all these fathers Latin?
And said they mass in surplices and satin?
Could they speak Latin, long ere Latin grew?
And without Latin no mass can be true.
And as for heretics that now translate it,
False miscreants, they shame the mass, and alight it.

Priest. Well, Pack-man, faith thou art too curious,
Thy purblind zeal, fervent, but furious,
I'd rather teach a whole convent of monks,
Than such a Pack-man with his Puritan spunks.

* * * *

Sir James Sempill.

EPITAPH ON HABBIE SIMPSON.

Kilbarchan now may say alace!
For scho hes lost hir game and grace,
Bayth Trixie and the Maidin-trace,
Bot quhat remeid!
For na man can supply his place;
Hab Simpson's deid.

Now quha shall play, *The day it davis,*
Or, *Hunt up*, quhen the cock he crawis;
Or quha can, for owr kirk-townis caus,
Stand us in steid?
On bag-pypis now na body blawis,
Sen Habbie's deid.

Or, quha will caus our scheirers scheir?
Quha will bang up the bragis of weir,
Bring in the bellis, or gude play meir,
In time of need?
Hab Simpson cou'd. Quhat neid ye speir?
But now he's deid.

LX.

Sae kyndly to his nichbouris neist,
 At Beltane and Sanct Barchan's feast,
 He blew, and then hald up his briest
 As he war weid;
 But now we neid na him arreist,
 For Habbie's deid.

At fairis he playit befor the speir-men,
 All gaillie graithit in thair geir, quhen
 Steill bonetis, jakis, and swordis sa cleir then,
 Lyke ony beid;
 Now quha shall play befor sic weir-men
 Sen Habbie's deid ?

At Clark-playis, quhen he wont to cum,
 His pype playit trimlie to the drum;
 Lyke bykes of beis he gart it bum
 An tuneit his reid;
 Bot now our pypes may a' sing dum,
 Sen Habbie's deid.

And at hors racis mony a day,
 Befor the blak, the brown, and gray;
 He gart his pypis quhan he did play,
 Bayth skirl and screid;
 Now al sic pastymis quyte away,
 Sen Habbie's deid.

He countit was ane weild wicht man,
 And feralie at fute-ball he ran:
 At everie game the gre he wan
 For pith and speid;
 The lyke of Habbie was na then;
 But now he's deid.

And then besyde his valyiant actis,
 At bridalis he wan mony plackis;
 He bobbit aye behind fowks bakis,
 And schuke his heid;
 Now we want mony merrie crackis
 Sen Habbie's deid.

LXI.

Hee was convoyer o' the bryde,
 Wi' Kittock hingand at his syde ;
 About the kirk he thocht a pryde
 The ring to leid ;
 Now we maun gae but ony guyde,
 For Habbie's deid.

Sa weill's he keipit his decorum,
 And all the stotis of *Quhip-Meg-Morum* ;
 He slew a man, and waes me for him,
 And bure the feid ;
 And yet the man wan hame befor him,
 And wasna deid.

Aye quhan he playit, the lassie leuch
 To sie him toothless, auld, and teuch ;
 He wan his pypis beside Bar-cleuch,
 Withoutein dreid ;
 Quhilk efter wan hym gear eneuch,
 But now he's deid.

Aye quhan he playit the gaitlings gedderit,
 And quhan he spak, the carll bladderit ;
 On Sabbath-dayis his cape was fedderit,
 A seimlie weid ;
 In the Kirk-yeird his meir stude tedderit,
 Quhar he lyes deid.

Alace ! for him my heart is sair,
 For of his spryngis I gat a skair,
 At everie play, race, feist, and fair,
 But gyle or greid ;
 We need not look for pyping mair
 Sen Habbie's deid.*

Robert Sempill.

* We refer to the *Visitor*, published at Greenock, for Notes, explanatory of this Epitaph, and also to the *Paisley Repository*.—*Editor*.

LXII.

THE BLYTHSUM BRIDAL.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin' there ;
 For Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gouden hair.
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
 And bannocks of barley meal,
 And there will be good saut herring,
 To relish a cog of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be liltin' there,
For Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gouden hair.

And there will be Sandie the autor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou ;
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 Wi' Andrew the tinkler, I trow ;
 And there will be bow'd-legged Robbie,
 Wi' thumbless Kattie's goodman ;
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dobbie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us a', &c.

And there will be sow-libber Pattie,
 And ploukie-fac'd Wat in the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie
 That wins in the how of the hill ;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in wi' black Bessie did mool,
 Wi' snivelling Lilly, and Tibby—
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.
Fy let us a', &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him grey breeks to his a—c,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd na warse :

LXIII.

And there will be geed Geordy Jannera,
 And Kirah wi' the lily-white leg,
 Who gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in Mona-meg,
Fy let us a', &c.

And there will be Geordie M'Cowrie,
 And blinking daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flae-lugged sharny-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.
 And there will be happier-a—'d Nansy,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us a', &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
 Wi' his glakit wife, Jenny Bell,
 And misle-chinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlings
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On sybowa, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us a', &c.

And there will be fadges and brachen,
 With fowth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Powsowdie, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate;
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whytins and speldens enew,
 Wi' sing'd sheep-heads, and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us a', &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,
 Wi' swats, and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps.

LXIV.

And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
And skink to sup till ye rive ;
And roasts to roast on a brander
Of flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us a', &c.

Scrap haddock, wilks, dulse, and tangle,
And a mill of good sneeshing to prie ;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,

For there will be liltin' there ;

*For Jackie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
The lass with the gowden hair.*

Francis Sempill.

TWEEDSIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose ?
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?

LXV.

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare ;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

Robert Crawford.

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DIE.

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fixed on thee ;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me ;
Without thee I shall never live,
My dearie, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray ?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs, the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see ;
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage,
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.

LXVI.

'Twas this, that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me ;
And when its destined day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share ;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair ;
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me ;
Oh ! never rob me from those arms ;
I'm lost if Peggy die.

Robert Crawford.

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

Willy was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried aye the gree awa :
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow ! but Willy he was braw,
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw ;
And aye whatever Willy said,
It was still hauden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag ;
When he went to the wapinschaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fient a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy weel worth gowd ?
He wan the love of great and sma' ;
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lassies hale-sale a' :

LXVII.

Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And wassa Willy a great loun,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring:
But, shame licht on his souple snout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, weel's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing, Willy's shanks are sair,
And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll aye be lag,
Unless like Willy ye advance;
(O ! Willy has a wanton leg:)
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost aye bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

William Walkinshaw.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are you sure the news is true ?
And are you sure he's weel ?
Is this a time to talk of wark ?
Mak haste, lay by your wheel !

LXVIII.

Is this the time to spin a thread
When Colin's at the door?
Reach me my cloak, I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.

*For there's nae luck about the house,
There is nae luck awa;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa.*

And gie to me my bigonet
My bishop-satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose of pearl blue;
Its a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

For there's nae, &c.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pot,
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw,
Its a' to pleasure my gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.

For there's nae, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa.

Ah! there's nae, &c.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth's his speech
His breath like caller air,

LXIX.

His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair !
And shall I see his face again,
And shall I hear him speak !
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae, &c.

If Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave—
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And shall I see his face again,
And shall I hear him speak !
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae, &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by,—I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part :
But why should I of parting talk ?
It may be far awa ;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

For there's nae, &c.

Jean Adam.

THE TOOM MEAL POCK.

Preserve us a' ! what shall we do,
Thir dark unhallowed times ?
We're surely dreeing penance now
For some most awfu' crimes.
Sedition daurna now appear,
In reality or joke,
For ilka chiel maun mourn wi' me,
O' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me !

LXX.

When lasses braw gae'd out at e'en,
 For sport and pastime free,
 I seem'd like ane in paradise,
 The moments quick did flee.
 Like Venuses they a' appeared,
 Weel pouthered was their locks,
 'Twas easy dune, when at their hames,
 Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.
 And sing, Oh waes me !

How happy past my former days,
 Wi' merry heartsome glee,
 When smiling fortune held the cup,
 And peace sat on my knee ;
 Nae wants had I but were supplied,
 My heart wi' joy did knock,
 When in the neuk I smiling saw
 A gaucie weel fill'd pock.
 And sing, Oh waes me !

Speak no ae word about reform,
 Nor petition Parliament,
 A wiser scheme I'll now propone,
 I'm sure ye'll gie consent—
 Send up a chiel or twa like me,
 As a sample o' the flock,
 Whase hollow cheeks will be sure proof,
 O' a hinging toom meal pock.
 And sing, Oh waes me !

And should a sicht sae ghastly like,
 Wi' rags, and banes, and akin,
 Hae nae impression on yon folks,
 But tell ye'll stand ahin.
 O what a contrast will ye shaw,
 To the glowrin Lunnun folk,
 When in St. James' ye tak' your stand,
 Wi' a hinging toom meal pock,
 And sing, Oh waes me !

LXXI.

Then rear your hand, and glour, and stare,
 Before yon hills o' beef,
 Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
 For Scotia's relief;
 Tell them ye are the vera best
 Wal'd frae the fattest flock,
 Then raise your arms, and O ! display
 A hinging toom meal pock.
 And sing, Oh waes me !

Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain
 That hauds the State thegither,
 For Scotland wishes just to tak'
 Gude nicht wi' ane anither.
 We canna thole, we canna bide
 This hard unwieldy yoke,
 For wark and want but ill agree,
 Wi' a hinging toom meal pock.
 And sing, Oh waes me ! *

John Robertson.

BLYTH ARE WE SET WI' ITHHER.

Blyth are we set wi' ithher;
 Fling Care ayont the moon;
 Nae sae aft we meet thegither;
 Wha wad think o' parting soon ?
 Tho' snaw bends down the forest trees,
 And burn and river cease to flow:
 Tho' Nature's tide hae shor'd to freeze,
 And winter nithers a' below.
 Blyth are we, &c.

* We are not very certain to what tune this song is sung.—We believe it is an old one, but those who may be inquisitive on this topic may apply to our worthy friend Mr. G. M—— of Paisley, who sings it himself *ad vivam* and shakes the *toom meal pock* to the admiration of all.

LXXII.

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,
 We'll scog the blast and dread nae harm;
 Wi' jaws o' toddy, reeking hot,
 We'll keep the genial current warm.
 The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,
 Shall cheat the happy hours awa',
 Gar pleasure reign the e'ening lang,
 And laugh at biting frost and snaw.
 Blyth are we, &c.

The cares that cluster round the heart,
 And gar the bosom stound wi' pain,
 Shall get a fright afore we part,
 Will gar them fear to come again.
 Then, fill about, my winsome chiels,
 The sparkling glass will banish pine:
 Nae pain the happy bosom feels,
 Sae free o' care as yours and mine.
 Blyth are we, &c.

The above song is given from the two volumes of miscellaneous poetry published by Picken, previous to his death. Some particulars regarding him have been handed to us by a friend, which were, however, too late for insertion in the proper place. That friend has also given us the name of another versifier, by name James Caldwell, of whom we were ignorant. *Caldwell*, it seems, was the author of several loyal songs, published anonymously, which were sung on His Majesty's birth-day at the annual processions of the weavers of Paisley. These were mostly composed during the period that Wilkes' faction was at its height. He died at an advanced period of life in 1787.

Ebenezer Picken was bred to the church, but desisted from prosecuting his theological studies for the purpose of enjoying more leisure to cultivate the muses. How much he may have sacrificed for their sakes is not perhaps exactly known; but certain it is that these coy nymphs adventured but little for him. He was of a social and joyous disposition, fond of company, and intimate with most of the minor constellations in the hemisphere of Scottish poetry. He was the friend of Alexander Wil-

LXXXIII.

son, and like him, delivered a poetic oration in the Pantheon at Edinburgh. Having embarked in some commercial speculations which failed—Picken, after enjoying comparative affluence and comfort for some time, was reduced to indigence and distress. He died in 1815 or 1816.

We owe our thanks to the gentleman who furnished us with the substance of the above notices, and are only sorry that it is incompatible with our limits to insert the judicious reflections with which they were accompanied. Better use of them will be made hereafter.

THE FIVE FRIENDS.

A famous Scotch Sang.

TUNE—We're a' noddin.

Weel wha's in the bouroch, and what is your cheer?
The best that ye'll find in a thousand year.

*And we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a' noddin fou at e'en.*

There's our ain Jamie Clark frae the hall o' Argyle,
Wi' his Jeal Scotch heart, and his kind open smile.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is Will the gude fallow, wha kills a' our care,
Wi' his sang and his joke, and a mutchkin mair.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is blythe Jamie Barr frae St. Barchan's town,
When wit gets a kingdom, he's sure o' the crown.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is Rab frae the south, wi' his fiddle and his flute,
I could list to his sangs till the starns fa' out.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

Apollo, for our comfort, has furnish'd the bowl,
And here is my bardship, as blind as an owl.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

Robert Tannahill.

WHY UNITE TO BANISH CARE.

Air—Let us taste the sparkling wine.

Why unite to banish Care ?
 Let him come our joys to share ;
 Doubly blest our cup shall flow,
 When it soothes a brother's woe ;
 'Twas for this the Pow'r's divine
 Crown'd our board with generous wine.

Far be hence the sordid elf
 Who'd claim enjoyment for himself ;
 Come, the hardy seaman, lame,
 The gallant soldier, robb'd of fame,
 Welcome all who bear the woes
 Of various kind that merit knows.

Patriot heroes, doom'd to sigh,
 Idle 'neath corruption's eye ;
 Honest tradesmen, credit worn,
 Pining under fortune's scorn ;
 Wanting wealth, or lacking fame,
 Welcome all that worth can claim.

Come, the hoary-headed sage,
 Suff'ring more from want than age ;
 Come, the proud, tho' needy bard,
 Starving 'midst a world's regard :
 Welcome, welcome, one and all,
 That feel on this unfeeling ball.

Robert Tunnahill.

The following are those Fragments mentioned in pages 40 and 41 of the Essay

THE LASSIE O' MERRY EIGHTEEN.

My father wad hae me to marry the miller,
 My mither wad hae me to marry the laird,
 But brawly I ken it's the love o' the siller,
 That heightens their fancy to ony regard ;

LXXV.

The miller is crooket, the miller is crabbet,
The laird, tho' he's wealthy, is lyart and lean,
He's auld and he's cauld, and he's blin' and he's bald,
And he's no for a lassie o' merry eighteen.

O LADDIE, CAN YE LEAVE ME.

O laddie, can ye leave me !
Alas, 'twill break this constant heart,
There's nought on earth can grieve me
Like this, that we must part.
Think on the tender vow you made
Beneath the secret birken shade,
And can ye now deceive me !
Is a' your love but art ?

COME HAME TO YOUR LINGALS.

Come hame to your lingals, ye ne'er-do-weel loon,
Ye're the king o' the dyvors, the tauk o' the town;
As often's the Munoday morning comes in,
Your wearifu' daedling again maun begin.
Gudewife, ye're a skillet, your tongue's just a bell,
To the peace o' gude fellows, it rings the death-knell.
But clack till ye deafen auld Barnaby's mill,
The souter shall aye hae his Munoday's yill.

BRAVE LEWIE ROY WAS THE FLOW'R, &c.

Brave Lewie Roy was the flow'r of our highlandmen,
Tall as the oak on the lofty Benvoirlich,
Fleet as the light-bounding tenants of Fillan-glen,
Dearer than life to his lovely Neen-voich ;
Lone was his biding, the cave of his hiding,
When forc'd to retire with our gallant Prince Charlie,
Tho' manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless,
Away from the lady he aye lov'd so dearly.

I'LL LAY ME ON THE WINTRY LEE.

I'll lay me on the wintry lee,
And sleep amidst the wind and weet,
And ere another's bride I be,
O bring to me my winding sheet !

LXXVI.

What can a hapless lassie do,
When ilka friend wad prove her foe,
Wad gar her break her dearest vow,
To wed wi' ane she canna' lo'e ?

FAITHLESS NANNIE

Full eighteen summers up life's brae,
I speeded on fu' canny, O,
Till alecky love threw in my way,
Young, bonnie fair-hair'd Nannie O.
I wou'd her soon, I wan her syne,
Our vows o' love were mony O,
And, O what happy days were mine,
Wi' bonnie fair-hair'd Nannie O.

AND WAR YE AT DUNTOCHER BURN.

And war ye at Duntocher burn,
And did ye see them a', man !
And how's my wife and the bairns ?
I ha'e been lang awa, man.
This hedger wark's a weary trade,
It doesna suit ava, man,
Wi' lanely house, and lanely bed,
My comforts are but sma, man.

THOU CAULD GLOOMY FEBERWAR.

Thou cauld gloomy Feberwar,
O gin thou wert awa',
I'm wae to hear thy sighing winds,
I'm wae to see thy snaw,
For my bonnie brave young Highlander,
The lad I lo'e sae dear,
Has vow'd to come and see me,
In the spring o' the year.

O HOW COULD YE GANG SAE TO GRIEVE ME.

O how can ye gang, lassie, how can ye gang,
O how can ye gang sae to grieve me ?
Wi' your beauty and your art, ye hae broken my heart,
For I never, never dreamt ye wad leave me !

LXXVII.

MEG O' THE GLEN.

Meg o' the glen set aff to the fair,
Wi' ruffles and ribbons, and meikle prepare,
Her heart it was heavy, her head it was licht,
For a' the lang way for a wooer she sicht ;
She spak' to the lads, but the lads slippet by,
She spak' to the lassies, the lassies were shy,
She thought she might do, but she didna weel ken,
For nane seemed to care for poor Meg o' the glen.

NOW MARION DRY YOUR TEARFU' E'E.

Now Marion dry your tearfu' e'e,
Gae break your rock in twa,
For soon your gallant sons ye'll see,
Returned in safety a'.
O wow, gudeman, my heart is fain !
And shall I see my bairns again ?
A' seated round our ain hearthstane,
Nae mair to gang awa ?

DAVIE TULLOCH'S BONNIE KATY.

Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katy,
Davie's bonnie blythsome Katy,
Tam the laird cam' down yestreen,
He socht her love, but gat her pity.

Wi' trembling grip he squeez'd her hand,
While his auld heart gae'd pitty-patty,
Aye he thought his gear and land
Wad win the love o' bonnie Katy ;

Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katy,
Davie's bonnie blythsome Katy,
Aye she smil'd as Davie wil'd,
Her smile was scorn, yet mixt wi' pity.

KISSED YESTREEN.

The lassies a' leugh, and the carlin flete,
But Maggie was sitten fu' owrie and blate,
The auld silly gawky, she couldna contain
How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen,

LXXVIII.

Kiss'd yestreen, kiss'd yestreen,
How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen,
She blether'd it round to her fae and her friend,
How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen.

HEY DONALD, HOW DONALD.

Tho' simmer smiles on bank and brae,
And nature bids the heart be gay,
Yet a' the joys o' flow'ry May,
Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.
Hey Donald, how Donald !
Think upon your vow, Donald—
Mind the heather knowe, Donald,
Whare ye vow'd to love me.

KITTY O'CARROL.

Ye may boast of your charms, and be proud to be sure,
As if there was never such beauty before,
But, ere I got wedded to old Thady More,
I had dozens of wooers each night at my door,
With their, Och dear ! O will you marry me,
Kitty O'Carrol, the joy of my soul !

MY DAYS HAE FLOWN WI' GLEESOME SPEED.

My days hae flown wi' gleesome speed,
Grief ne'er sat heavy on my mind,
Sae happy in my rural reed,
I lilted every care behind ;
I've whiles been vext, and sair perplext,
When friends prov'd false, or beauty shy.
But, like gude John O'Badenyon,
I crun'd my lilt, and car'd na by.

THE BANKS OF SPEY.

Scenes of my childhood, your wanderer hails you,
Wing'd with rude storms, tho' the winter assails you,
Bleak and dreary as ye are, ye yet hae charms to cheer me,
For here amidst my native hills, my bonnie lassie's near me;
'Tis sad to see the withered lea, the drumly flooded fountain,
The angrystorm in awful form, that sweeps the moor and mountain;
But frae the surly swelling blast, dear lassie, I'll defend her,
And frae the bonnie banks of Spey I never more shall wander.





THE
Marp of Kentfrewshire.



I.

GLEN-ORRA.



THE gale is high, the bark is light,
Swiftly it glides the dark sea over,
Why bear, ye waves, so base a freight,
Why waft, ye winds, a vagrant lover.
Wake, artless maid, thy dream is o'er,
No bright'ning hope can gild the morrow,
Thy lover hails a distant shore,
Nor thinks of thee far in Glen-Orra.

The moon is up, the maiden's gone,
Where flower and tree the night dews cover,
To weep by mountain streamlet lone,
O'er perjur'd vows of faithless lover.

Turn, faithless wretch, seek Orra's wild,
 To rapture raise the maiden's sorrow,
 Ah ! see where love so lately smil'd,
 Cold, cold, she sinks in dark Glen-Orra.

The moon hangs pale o'er Orra's steep,
 And lists a hapless maiden sighing,
 The sullen night-winds, cavern'd sleep,
 As loath to rave o'er maiden dying.
 The hue of death has blench'd the lip,
 The rosy cheek is pale with sorrow,
 Ere morn, death's chilly hand shall nip
 The loveliest flower in green Glen-Orra.



II.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

AIR—"Cadil gu lo."



O slumber, my darling, thy sire is a knight,
 Thy mother a lady so lovely and bright,
 The hills and the dales from the tow'rs which we see,
 They all shall belong, my dear infant, to thee.
 O rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day,
 O rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

O fear not the bugle, tho' loudly it blows,
 It calls but the wardens that guard thy repose,
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the foot of a foeman drew near to thy bed.

Then rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day,
 Then rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

O slumber, my darling, the time it may come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum,
 Then hush thee, dear baby, take rest will you may,
 For strife comes with manhood as light comes with day,
 O rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day,
 O rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.



III.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.*

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

* We have not been able to obtain any information who it was that wrote this poetical elegy, nor are there any traces which afford room for conjecture. It appeared at first in several of the public newspapers, from whence it was copied into *Blackwood's Magazine* for the month of June, 1817. The affair, however, to which it refers, and the distinguished person whom it so justly

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moon-beams' misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheets nor in shrouds we bound him,
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we stedfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

commemorates, are subjects too well known to require from us any circumstantial detail. They stand high on the roll of national distinction and achievements. Their importance and their renown have both been warmly recognized by the celebrations and the reverence of the public in general. The illustrious commander, in particular, who fell a victim in the contest, lies entombed in the recollections of his generous countrymen, and his memory, no doubt, will descend with undiminished lustre for the admiration and the example of ages to come.

Lieutenant General Sir John Moore was son to the celebrated Dr. Moore of Glasgow, and was born there in the month of November, 1761. He attached himself early to the profession of arms, and the whole course of his superior distinguished career showed how happy he had been in the choice which he had made. In the active discharge of his military duty, he visited the West Indies, Corsica, Holland, Ireland, and Egypt, and when the expedition to Spain was first meditated, his extensive and very eminent services recommended him as the fittest person to command in the undertaking. Here it was, on the 16th of January, 1809, while engaged at Corunna, and with victory hovering around his standard, that he fell by a shot from the enemy's batteries. With a bravery worthy the most romantic heroism, he sustained his hard but honourable fate, and shortly after, with-

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lowly pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread on his head,
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
 But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock told the hour for retiring,
 And we heard by the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was suddenly firing.

out a struggle, he breathed his last, having been previously assured of the defeat of the French, and expressing his great happiness at the advantage which his men had so gallantly obtained.

An occurrence so solemn, so mournful, and so eventful, the very recital of which thrills the soul with the most varied emotions, was a theme in every view highly respectable, and worthy to awaken the feelings and song of the bard. The tribute of poetical celebration and applause has ever been courted by men of eminence in every department, but the illustrious in war have always preferred particular claims to the enviable distinction, and to them, accordingly, in all ages, it has been most liberally expressed.

In no unmeaning or trifling references, however, which too frequently pervade productions of a similar kind, does the piece before us in the least indulge. It is dedicated solely to that concluding but painful scene which finishes for ever all the active duties of the living to the dead. With a tenderness and simplicity properly suited to the occasion, it describes the time and manner of entombment, while the sensations and the fears are pathetically unfolded, which occupied the minds of the sorrowful attendants, "as they bitterly thought on the morrow." Nor can we forbear remarking how happily and how energetically the author concludes. With impressions solemnized by the importance of the moment, when the earth was

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory,
 We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
 But we left him alone in his glory.



IV.

THOU ART NOT FALSE.



Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,
 To those thyself so fondly sought ;
 The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
 Are doubly bitter from that thought ;
 'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
 Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
 And spurns deceiver and deceit ;

to receive and for ever conceal the sacred remains of the illustrious chief, our poet movingly expresses the sorrow of the troops, as displayed even in the very act of consignment, "Slowly and sadly they laid him down." He adverts, in a highly descriptive strain, to the martial state in which the hero was buried, "From the field of his fame fresh and gory," and by a single but comprehensively significant line, he describes him as "Left alone in his glory." [Of course the authorship of these verses is now known to every one. They give poetical immortality to the name of Wolfe.—*Editor*, 1872.]

But she who not a thought disguises,
 Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
 When she can change who loved so truly,
 It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
 Is doomed to all who love or live ;
 And if, when conscious on the morrow,
 We scarce our fancy can forgive,
 That cheated us in slumber only,
 To leave the waking soul more lonely.

What must they feel whom no false vision,
 But truest, tenderest passion warmed ?
 Sincere, but swift in sad transition,
 As if a dream alone had charmed ?
 Ah ! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
 And all thy change can be but dreaming ?



v.

TWINE WHEEL THE PLAIDEN.



Oh ! I hae lost my silken snood,
 That tied my hair sae yellow ;

I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loe'd,
 He was a gallant fellow.
 Then twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it well, the plaiden ;
 The lassie lost her silken snood
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
 Sae lily white my skin, O ;
 And syne he prie'd my bonny mou',
 And sware it was nae sin, O.
 Then twine it weel, &c.

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood,
 I lost amang the bracken.
 Then twine it weel, &c.



VI.

SONG TO MARGARET.



In summer when nature her mantle displays,
 Of the richest and loveliest hue,
 How pleasant, at evening, on Cartha's green banks,
 To wander, dear Margaret, with you.

How sweet 'tis to look at the red blushing cloud,
 And smile of the azure blue sky,
 But sweeter, far sweeter, the blush on thy cheek,
 And sweeter the smile of thine eye.

And when in the bosom of ocean the sun
 Has sunk for a time from the view,
 Still lovely the scene, when by moonlight beheld,
 Of a soft and a silvery hue.

But what are the richest and loveliest scenes,
 That nature or art can display,
 If wanting my Margaret, nor art can excel,
 Nor summer itself can look gay.

VII.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale !
 Oh ! sure my looks must pity wake,—
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy ;
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And now I am an Orphan Boy.

Poor foolish child ! how pleased was I
 When news of Nelson's vict'ry came,
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 And see the lighted windows flame !
 To force me home my mother sought ;
 She could not bear to see my joy ;
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,
 And made me a poor Orphan Boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud ;
 My mother, shuddering, stopp'd her ears ;
 " Rejoice ! Rejoice ! " still cried the crowd.
 My mother answered with her tears.
 " Why are you crying thus," said I,
 " While others laugh and shout with joy ? "
 She kissed me—and, with such a sigh !
 She called me her poor Orphan Boy.

" What is an orphan boy ? " I cried,
 As in her face I look'd and smil'd ;
 My mother through her tears replied,
 " You'll know too soon, ill-fated child ! "
 And now they've toll'd my mother's knell,
 And I'm no more a parent's joy.
 O Lady—I have learn'd too well
 What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy.

Oh ! were I by your bounty fed !
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide,—

Trust me, I wish to earn my bread ;
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 Lady, you weep !—ha !—this to me ?
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ !—
 Look down, dear parents ! look and see
 Your happy, happy Orphan Boy.



VIII.

THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.*

AIR.—“ Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.”



Beyond Busaco's mountains dun,
 When far had roll'd the sultry sun,
 And night her pall of gloom had thrown,
 O'er nature's still convexity ;
 High on the heath our tents were spread,
 The cold turf was our cheerless bed,
 And o'er the hero's dew-chill'd head,
 The banners flapp'd incessantly.

* We are not prepared at present with certainty to affirm who may have been the author of this excellent song. Were we, however, to hazard a conjecture, we would ascribe it to the pen of Mr. J. Hogg, more generally known by the familiar appellation of “The Ettrick Shepherd.” To this we are induced both from the internal evidence which the piece itself exhibits, and by its appearance first of all in the *Spy*, a periodical work published in Edinburgh, of which Mr. Hogg was himself the Editor.

The loud war trumpet woke the morn,
 The quivering drum, the pealing horn,
 From rank to rank the cry is borne,
 Arouse for death or victory ;
 The orb of day in crimson dye,
 Began to mount the morning sky,
 Then what a scene for warrior's eye,
 Hung on the bold declivity.

The serried bay'nets glittering stood,
 Like icicles on hills of blood,
 An aerial stream, a silver wood,
 Reel'd in the flickering canopy.
 Like waves of ocean rolling fast,
 Or thunder cloud before the blast,
 Massena's legions, stern and vast,
 Rush'd to the dreadful revelry.

Whoever may have been the author, *The Battle of Busaco* is a song of considerable merit, and undoubtedly the production of a master in poetry. It is evidently done in the style of Mr. Campbell's *Hohenlinden*, and though the imitation must be acknowledged to be in some respects inferior to the model, yet still it possesses particular, nay even distinguished, excellence in its kind. By a variety of bold picturesque allusions, expressed by terms most appropriate and impressive, the poet introduces, describes, and concludes the interesting scenes of action, of contest, and of death. With a concern which it is utterly impossible to suppress, we hear the awfully comprehensive signal to engage, "Arouse for death or victory." In harsh grating sounds, which enter the very soul, we are informed of legions "Rushing to the dreadful revelry," while the poet in a manner highly significant, personifies "Red Ruin riding triumphantly." The whole, in fact, is a highly finished effusion, eminently calculated to commemorate the affair to which it refers, and by its impulse to rouse the undaunted and heroic to the boldest "Feats of chivalry."

The pause is o'er, the fatal shock,
 A thousand thousand thunders woke,
 The air grows sick, the mountains rock,
 Red ruin rides triumphantly ;
 Light boil'd the war cloud to the sky,
 In phantom towers and columns high,
 But dark and dense their bases lie,
 Prone on the battle's boundary.

The thistle wav'd her bonnet blue,
 The harp her wildest war notes threw,
 The red rose gain'd a fresher hue,
 Busaco, in thy heraldry ;
 Hail, gallant brothers ! woe befall
 The foe that braves thy triple wall,
 Thy sons, O wretched Portugal,
 Rous'd at their feats of chivalry.



IX.

ELIZA.



How still is the night, and how death-like the gloom,
 Which earth's lonely bounds now enshrouds,
 No star sparkles bright, and retir'd is the moon
 From her sentinel-watch in the clouds.

Where now are the flowers that embroider'd the vale,
 And the hills which yon hamlet enclos'd,
 And where are the wild woods that wav'd in the gale,
 On whose tops the dark ravens repos'd ?

For a moment they're hid, but soon shall the veil
 Which o'er shadows them vanish away !
 With the dawning of morn their return I shall hail,
 And their beauty again I'll survey.

But where are the thoughts that once gladden'd my heart,
 And the hopes I so fondly have cherish'd ;
 And where are the visions which blissful did start ?
 Alas ! they for ever are perish'd.

Yes, for ever !—no more shall Eliza's bright eye,
 The sun of my soul, shed its light ;
 Its heaven-born lustre has fled in a sigh,
 And left my sad bosom in night.

X.

LINES,

In imitation of the Italian.

Love under friendship's vesture white,
 Laughs, his little limbs concealing,—
 And oft in sport and oft in spite,
 Like Pity meets the dazzled sight,
 Smiles through his tears revealing.
 But now as Rage the god appears !
 He frowns, and tempests shake his frame !
 Frowning, or smiling, or in tears,
 'Tis Love—and love is still the same.

XI.

THE WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
 A willowy brook that turns a mill
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest—
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew,
 And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage-vows were giv'n,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heav'n.



XII.

AN ITALIAN SONG.



Dear is my little native vale ;
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs there ;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,

I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my loved lute's romantic sound ;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day—
 The ballet danc'd in twilight glade—
 The canzonet and roundelay
 Sung in the silent green-wood shade.
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.



XIII.

A FAREWELL.



Once more, enchanting girl, adieu !
 I must begone while yet I may,
 Oft shall I weep to think of you!
 But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,
 For ever changing, yet the same,
 Ah no ! I dare not turn to trace,
 It melts my soul, it fires my frame!

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,
 One little lock of these so blest,
 That lend your cheek a warmer glow,
 And on your white neck love to rest.

Say, when to kindle soft delight,
 That hand has chanced with mine to meet,
 How could its thrilling touch excite
 A sigh so short, and yet so sweet?

O say—but no, it must not be—
 Adieu ! a long, a long adieu!—
 Yet still, methinks, you frown on me,
 Or never could I fly from you.



XIV.

ON A TEAR.*



Oh! that the chemist's magic art
 Could crystallize this secret treasure !
 Long should it glitter near my heart,
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

* This beautiful little song, and likewise the four which immediately precede it, are taken from the compositions of Samuel Rogers, Esq., Banker, London. Besides these, and several others of a similar nature, he is the

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
 Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye ;
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
 The spring of sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !
 In thee the rays of virtue shine ;
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.

author of the *Voyage of Columbus*, and of the well known production entitled the *Pleasures of Memory*. These are all exceedingly interesting and beautiful in their kind, being calculated to improve while they amuse and delight. They exhibit to us, in a very eminent degree, that power of invention and refinement of feeling, seconded by a certain felicity of expression, which, whatever may be his subject, form the necessary and distinctive qualifications of the poetic character.

Of all the performances of Mr. R. the first place is certainly due to his *Pleasures of Memory*. It is, perhaps, the only exhibition of its kind, whose intrinsic excellence, without suffering any perceptible deterioration, can sustain a critical comparison with the *Pleasures of Hope*. Both poets indeed appear to have been peculiarly happy in the choice of their subject, as each has distinguished himself with unrivalled success. They have depicted in a truly poetical style, scenes which, though equally remote from the present, are not, on that account, less interesting or important. Abstracting us for the moment from the particular periods of life at which we may have arrived,—from the peculiar situations in which we may for the time be placed, and from the varied emotions which these necessarily inspire, they both most forcibly direct our attention to the days and to the enjoyments of other years. With all the glowing sensibility of fancy and of hope, the one hurries us forward through the regions both of probability and of wish, while the other, with a fascinating but persuasive sweetness, makes us re-act and re-feel what we may have long ago entirely forgot. The one in the spirit of a fondly fostered child, delights to recollect and to dwell upon the carresses it has formerly enjoyed ; the other still throbbing, and full of the injuries of his past life, gladly escapes into uncertain futurity, anxiously soliciting amelioration and redress. In short, both poets, pregnant with the

Benign restorer of the soul !
 Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
 When first we feel the rude controul
 Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sages' and the poet's theme,
 In every clime, in every age;
 Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream—
 In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law * which moulds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source,
 That source preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

theme of their song—properly alive to its importance and to its influence, and highly qualified for the execution of the design, have so feelingly collected, arranged, and embellished their respective subjects, that there is little chance left for any future successful competition.

* The law of gravitation.

XV.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

*The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow ;
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow.*

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
As gude as e'er did grow ;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

The weary pund, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low ;
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stowrie tow.

The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow !
She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
She brak it owre my pow.

The weary pund o' tow, &c.

At last her feet, I sang to see't,
 Gaed foremost owre the knowe;
 And or I wed anither jade,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary pund o' tow, &c.

XVI.

MORNA.

Her hair was like the Cromla mist,
 When evening sun beams from the west,
 Bright was the eye of Morna.
 When beauty wept the warrior's fall,
 Then lone and dark was Fingal's hall,
 Sad was the lovely Morna.

O lovely were the blue-ey'd maids,
 That sung peace to the warrior's shade,
 But none so fair as Morna.
 Her hallow'd tears bedew'd the brake,
 That wav'd beside dark Orma's lake,
 Where wander'd lovely Morna.

Sad was the hoary minstrel's song,
 That died the rustling heath among,
 Where sat the lovely Morna.

It slumber'd on the placid wave,
 It echo'd thro' the warrior's cave,
 And sigh'd again to Morna.

The hero's plumes were lowly laid ;
 In Fingal's hall each blue-ey'd maid
 Sung peace and rest to Morna.
 The harp's wild strain was past and gone,
 No more it whisper'd to the moan
 Of lovely dying Morna.



XVII.

LASS WI' A LUMP OF LAND.



Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump o' land,
 And we for life shall gang thegither,
 Tho' daft or wise I'll ne'er demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blude alane is no worth a shilling,
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump o' land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on who likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate wi' poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
 They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion ;
 But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Hae tint the art of gaining affection ;
 Love tips his arrows wi' woods and parks,
 And castles and rigs, and moors and meadows,
 And naething can catch our modern sparks
 But weel tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

XVIII.

LOUD ROAR'D THE TEMPEST.

AIR. — "The moon was a-waning."

Loud roar'd the tempest, the night was descending,
 Alone to the beach was the fair maiden wending,
 She eyed the dark wave thro' its light foaming cover,
 And chill grew her heart as she thought on her lover.

Long has she wander'd, her maiden heart fearing;
 Wild rolls her eye but no bark is appearing,
 No kind star of light thro' the dark sky is beaming,
 And far is the cliff where the beacon is gleaming.

In vain for thy love the beacon flame's burning,
 And vain is thy gaze to descry him returning ;
 No longer he strives 'gainst the billows' rude motion,
 For heavy they roll o'er his bed of the ocean.

" Ah ! where is my child gone, long does she tarry."
 Fond mother, forbear, thou'rt not heard by thy Mary,
 For sound is her sleep on the dark weedy pillow—
 Her bed the cold sand, and her sheet the rude billow.

XIX.

SONG OF A HINDUSTANNI GIRL.*

'Tis thy will, and I must leave thee,
 O then, best-belov'd, farewell !
 I forbear, lest I should grieve thee,
 Half my heartfelt pangs to tell.
 Soon a British fair will charm thee,
 Thou her smiles wilt fondly woo ;
 But though she to rapture warm thee,
 Don't forget thy POOR HINDOO.

* The following circumstance, we understand, gave occasion to this singularly interesting production. Among the other inmates of a British residence in India, was a Hindustanni girl, distinguished both for her refinement and sensibility, and who had conceived for her master a very tender affection. Notwithstanding her particular attachment and attention, however, her *best-beloved*, it seems, had courted and was about to marry a lady belonging to his own country. Amid many other necessary arrangements for the reception of his intended and elegant bride, the gentleman judged it proper now to get rid of his *poor Hindoo*, and accordingly sent her a considerable way up into the country.

As they were in the act of removing her from the only object of her sincere regard, she was observed to indulge her agonized feelings by singing a plaintive but most harmonious strain, which she had evidently composed for the mournful occasion. Some time afterwards, this melody was communicated to the celebrated Mrs. Opie, for the purpose of suiting it with appropriate words. How well she has succeeded may easily be inferred, even from a cursory perusal of the preceding song, which we may safely affirm cannot fail to interest every reader who possesses the least spark of sensibility

Well I know this happy beauty,
 Soon thine envied bride will shine ;
 But will she by anxious duty
 Prove a passion warm as mine ?
 If to rule be her ambition,
 And her own desires pursue,
 Thou'lt recal my fond submission,
 And regret thy POOR HINDOO.

Born herself to rank and splendour,
 Will she deign to wait on thee,
 And those soft attentions render,
 Thou so oft has praised in me ?
 Yet, why doubt her care to please thee ?
 Thou must every heart subdue ;
 I am sure each maid that sees thee
 Loves thee like thy POOR HINDOO.

No, ah ! no !—though from thee parted,
 Other maids will peace obtain ;
 But thy Lola, broken-hearted,
 Ne'er, oh ! ne'er, will smile again.
 O how fast from thee they tear me !
 Faster still shall death pursue :
 But 'tis well—death will endear me,
 And thou'lt mourn thy POOR HINDOO.

XX.

SONG TO LOVE.

Sweet was yon note to fancy's ear,
That died upon the gale,
Yet sweeter far, in grove remote,
To breathe the am'rous tale.

The maid, in blushes, owns the truth
She labours to conceal,
The panting breast, the averted eye—
What more can she reveal—

Then spare, fond youth, in pity spare,
Nor urge your suit again,
Why need her lips that *word* declare,
Which looks have made so plain.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

When first I came to be a man
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know ;
In best attire I stepp'd abroad,
With spirits briak and gay,
And here and there and every where
Was like a morn in May ;
No care I had nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town ;
I still was pleased where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd mysel'
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
A mistress I must find,
For love, I heard, gave one an air,
And even improv'd the mind.
On Phillis fair, above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,

Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice ;
 To Cupid now, with hearty prayer,
 I offered many a vow,
 And danc'd and sang, and sigh'd and swore,
 As other lovers do ;
 But when at last I breath'd my flame,
 I found her cold as stone ;
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd
 With foolish hopes and vain,
 To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
 And laugh'd at lover's pain ;
 A friend I got, by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine ;
 And now, whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply.
 A strait soon came—my friend I try'd ;
 He heard, and spurn'd my moan ;
 I hied me home, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next,
 And would a patriot turn,

Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
 And cry up parson Horne;
 Their manly spirit I admir'd,
 And prais'd their noble zeal,
 Who had, with flaming tongue and pen,
 Maintain'd the public weal ;
 But ere a month or two had past,
 I found myself betray'd,
 'Twas self and party after all,
 For all the stir they made.
 At last I saw the factious knaves
 Insult the very throne,
 I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd awhile,
 Still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch'd on books for company,
 And gravely tried to read :
 I bought and borrow'd every where,.
 And studied night and day,
 Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote
 That happen'd in my way.
 Philosophy I now esteem'd
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully, through many a page,
 I hunted after truth.
 A thousand various schemes I tried,
 And yet was pleas'd with none,
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters every where,
 That wish to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor fondly hope,
 For happiness below ;
 What you may fancy pleasure here,
 Is but an empty name,
 And girls, and friends, and books, and so,
 You'll find them all the same.
 Then be advis'd and warning take
 From such a man as me ;
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal
 Nor one of high degree ;
 You'll meet displeasure every where ;
 Then do as I have done,
 Even tune your pipe, and please yourselves,
 With John o' Badenyon.



XXII.

MARY OF BUTTERMERE.*



In Buttermere's woods and wilds among,
 A floweret blossom'd, and fair it grew ;
 'Twas pure as the brook that rippl'd along,
 Or the pearly drops of the morning dew.

* This song refers to the unfortunate Mary Robinson, better known by the name of Mary of Buttermere.

It sweetly smil'd in its native bower,
 But a cold blast came like the wintry air,
 Which nipt this sweet and enchanting flower,
 The lovely Mary of Buttermere.

O ! sweet was the hour, that like morning clear,
 Rose on this gem so pure and bright,
 But saw it steep'd in deep sorrow's tear,
 To wither amid the shades of night.
 Hope fled from the cheek of roseate hue,
 And the lily pale now languish'd there,
 And dim look'd the eye, of heavenly blue,
 Of the lovely Mary of Buttermere.

For there was a charm, and a witching spell,
 That stole her guileless heart away ;
 She lov'd, but, alas ! she lov'd too well,
 And felt a flame that could ne'er decay.
 Now wandering the wild, unseen, unknown,
 Her sigh is the sigh of sad despair,—
 Like the blighted flower in its bower alone,
 Is the lovely Mary of Buttermere.

XXIII.

SONG.

AIR.. "What ails this heart o' mine."

Her kiss was soft and sweet,
Her smiles were free and fain,
And beaming bright the witching glance
Of her I thought my ain.

That kiss has poison'd peace,
Her smiles have rous'd despair,
For kindly tho' her glances be
They beam on me nae mair.

Now lonely's every haunt
That I once trode with joy,
And dull and dear the sacred grove
Where we were wont to toy.

The rose can please nae mair,
The lily seems to fade,
And waefu' seems the blackbird's sang
That used to cheer the glade.

This bosom once was gay,
But now a brow of gloom
Pourtrays, in characters of care,
That it is pleasure's tomb.

Yet none shall hear the sigh
That struggles to be free,
No tear shall trace this sallow cheek,
No murmur burst from me.

Tho' silent be my woe,
'Tis not the less severe—
Forlorn I brood on former joys
To love and mem'ry dear.

She minds na o' the vows
That seal'd our youthful love,
But heaven has records that will last,
My faith and truth to prove.

XXIV.

DIRGE OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF,*

Who was executed after the Rebellion.

Son of the mighty and the free,
 Lov'd leader of the faithful brave,
 Was it for high-rank'd chief like thee
 To fill a nameless grave ?
 Oh ! hadst thou slumbered with the slain ;
 Had glory's death-bed been thy lot,
 E'en though on red Culloden's plain,
 We then had mourn'd thee not.

But darkly clos'd thy morn of fame,
 That morn whose sun-beams rose so fair,
 Revenge alone may breathe thy name,
 The watch-word of despair ;
 Yet oh ! if gallant spirit's power,
 Has e'er ennobled death like thine,
 Then glory mark'd thy parting hour,
 Last of a mighty line.

* This feeling and pathetic dirge was composed by a young gentleman on reading, immediately after its first appearance, the well-known work entitled *Waverley*. It was then forwarded to the supposed author, requesting, if he should approve, and, under his correction, that it might be inserted in the future editions of that celebrated novel. The individual, however, to whom it was addressed, being wholly unconnected with the work referred to, and having no influence to obtain a place for it there, it was judged proper,

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,
 But cannot cheer their lonely gloom,
 Those beams that gild thy native walls
 Are sleeping on thy tomb.
 Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,
 Thy green woods wave in vernal air,
 But the lov'd scenes may vainly smile,
 Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle sound
 Is mingled with the torrent's roar,
 Unmark'd the red deer sport around—
 Thou lead'st the chase no more.
 Thy gates are clos'd, thy halls are still—
 Those halls where swell'd the choral strain—
 They hear the wild waves murmuring shrill,
 And all is hush'd again.

Thy Bard his pealing harp has broke ;
 His fire—his joy of song is past ;—
 One lay to mourn thy fate he woke,
 His saddest and his last.
 No other theme to him is dear
 Than lofty deeds of thine ;
 Hush'd be the strain thou can'st not hear,
 Last of a mighty line.

both to preserve the song itself from oblivion, and that the real author of *Waverley* might be aware of the honour which was thus intended him, to send it for publication to the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. From that work we have taken the liberty now to extract it, convinced that our readers will derive that pleasure from its perusal which we conceive it so well calculated to afford.

XXV.

MONIMIA.

The bell had toll'd the midnight hour,—
Monimia sought the shade,—
The cheerless yew tree marked the spot
Where Leontine was laid.

With soft and trembling steps, the maid
Approach'd the drear abode,
A tear-drop glisten'd on her cheek,
And dew'd her lover's sod.

Cold blew the blast, the yew tree shook,
And sigh'd with hollow moan ;
The wand'ring moon had sunk to rest,
And faint the twilight shone.

Monimia's cheek grew deadly pale,
Dew'd with the tear of sorrow,
While oft she press'd her lover's grave,
Nor wak'd with dawn of morrow.

XXVI.

AND MAUN I STILL ON MENIE DOAT.

AIR.—"Jockey's gray breeks."

Again rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
*And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be!*

In vain to me the cownlips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

And maun I still, &c.

The merry plowboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of aye that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shrill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on flitting wings,
 A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature is all sad like me.

And maun I still, &c.

XXVII.

THE MINSTREL.

A Fragment.

Silent and sad the minstrel sat,
And thought on the days of yore ;
He was old, yet he lov'd his native land,
Tho' his harp could charm no more.

The winds of heaven died away,
And the moon in the valley slept,
The minstrel lean'd on his olden harp,
And o'er its strains he wept.

In youth he had stood by the Wallace side,
And sung in King Robert's hall,
When Edward vow'd with his English host
Scotland to hold in thrall.

But the Wallace wight was dead and gone,
And Robert was on his death-bed,
And dark was the hall where the minstrel sung
Of chiefs that for Scotia bled.

But oft, as twilight stole o'er the steep,
 And the woods of his native vale,
 Would the minstrel wake his harp to weep,
 And sigh to the mountain gale.



XXVIII

ANNA.

AIR.—“Ye banks and bras,” &c.



O fare thee weel, fair Cartha's side,
 For ever, ever fare thee weel !
 Upon thy banks I've oft enjoy'd
 What virtuous love alone can feel.
 With Anna as I fondly stray'd,
 And mark'd the gowan's hamely mien,
 The vi'let blue, the primrose gay,
 Enrich'd the joyful fairy scene.

The sun had set, the western clouds
 Began to lose their radiance bright,
 The mavis' tuneful note was hush'd,
 And all proclaim'd approaching night ;

Then was the time I fondly pour'd
 In Anna's ear my ardent tale,
 She blush'd, and oft I fondly thought
 That love like mine would soon prevail.

She spoke, she look'd as if she lov'd,
 Yet, ah ! how false was Anna's heart!
 Tho' heavenly fair her angel form—
 How fraught with guile, how full of art!
 Now far from Anna, far from home,
 By Lugar's stream I sadly mourn ;
 I think on scenes I still must love,
 On scenes that never can return.

O fare ye weel, fair Cartha's banks,
 And Anna—O !—a long fareweel!
 Nor ever may that pang be thine,
 Which my sad heart so soft doth feel ;
 But happy, happy may'st thou be,
 By fairy scenes on Cartha's side,
 And may a better far than me,
 Thro' life be thy true love and guide.

XXIX.

MAID OF ORANSAY.

Let high Benledi rear its tap,
 Crown'd wi' a diadem o' snaw ;
 Or, at its feet, let hazels drap
 Their diamonds in the leafy shaw ;
 Let storms owre wild Benlomond blaw,
 And chill the lambs on glen and brae,
 The storm blows sweetly, far awa',
 Among the braes of Oransay.

When tempests lash the foaming waves,
 And a' around is wild and drear,
 And the wee petterel trembling braves
 The howling blast, while death is near ;
 A stranger will I be to fear,
 Tho' Corryvekans* round me play,
 I'll drap the last, the loneliest tear
 For the sweet Maid of Oransay.

O Oransay's a lovely isle,
 It is a paradise to me,
 For there the wildest beauties smile,
 To warm the soul or glad the e'e ;

* A famous whirlpool not far from Oransay.

Pure is the rapture yet to be,
 When Peggy gilds my darkening day,
 And mony a bonny sun I'll see,
 Glint owre the bents of Oransay.

The dark Atlantic wave may roar
 Around my Isle in noisy pride—
 The mountain surge may sweep the shore,
 And send its thunders far and wide—
 But when I'm nestled by the side
 Of her whom a' my thoughts obey,
 I'll smile at storms, and clasp my bride,
 The lovely Maid of Oransay.



XXX.

TIBBY, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.



*O Tibby, I hae seen the day,
 Ye would na been sae shy;
 For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I care na by.*

Yestreen I met ye on the moor,
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I!
O Tibby, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibby, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibby, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibby, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he for sense or lear
 Be better than the kye.

O Tibby, I hae, &c.

But, Tibby, lass, tak my advice:
 Your daddy's gear maks you sae nice,
 The de'il a ane wad speir your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibby, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I wad na gie her in her sark
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand merk—
 Ye need na look sae high.

O Tibby, I hae, &c.

XXXI.

O CEASE, YE HOWLING WINDS, TO BLOW.

O cease, ye howling winds, to blow,
 In measur'd bounds let ocean flow,
 For as the billows wildly roll,
 Anguish most keen o'erwhelms my soul;
 Go, fell Despair, I seek not thee,
 Who paints so black things that may be.

Thro' silent midnight's solemn hour,
 In horrid dreams I feel thy power,
 When Terror 'wakening Fancy's rave,
 I hear the boisterous roaring wave ;
 My lover's bark, engulph'd I see,
 And starting, sigh, such things may be.

Come, gentle Hope, assume thy reign,
 With heavenly smile to cheer me, deign,
 Then awful visions quick shall fly,
 And brighter scenes their place supply,
 Whilst I adoring, trusting thee,
 Enraptur'd cry, might such things be.



xxxii.

TO LAURA.



Maid of the cold suspicious heart,
 Oh ! wherefore doubt thy Henry's love ?
 Imputing thus to practised art
 The signs that real passion prove.

While through the sleepless night I sigh,
 And jealous fears and anguish own,
 At morn in restless slumbers lie,
 Then, languid, rise to muse alone.

While harmony my soul disdains,
 And beauties vainly round me shine,
 Save when I hear thy favourite strains,
 Or beauties see resembling thine :

While I in fix'd attention gaze,
 If e'er thou breathe thy plaintive lay,
 And while, though others loudly praise,
 I deeply sigh and nothing say :

While I reject thy offer'd hand,
 And shun the touch which others seek,
 Alone with thee in silence stand,
 Nor dare, though chance befriend me, speak—

Ah ! Laura, while I thus impart
 The ardent love in which I pine,
 While all these symptoms speak *my* heart,
 Say, why should doubt inhabit *thine* ?



XXXIII.

MAISUNA.*



The russet suit of camel's hair,
 With spirits light, and eye serene,
 Is dearer to my bosom far
 Than all the trappings of a queen.

* Maisuna was a daughter of the tribe of Calab, and was married whilst very young to the Khaliph Mowiah. This exalted situation, however, by no

The humble tent, and murmuring breeze
 That whistles thro' its fluttering walls,
 My unaspiring fancy please
 Better than towers and splendid halls.

The attendant colts that bounding fly,
 And frolic by the litter's side,
 Are dearer in Maisuna's eye,
 Than gorgeous mules in all their pride.

The watch-dog's voice that bays, whene'er
 A stranger seeks his master's cot,
 Sounds sweeter in Maisuna's ear,
 Than yonder trumpet's long-drawn note.

The rustic youth, unspoil'd by art,
 Son of my kindred, poor but free,
 Will ever to Maisuna's heart
 Be dearer, pamper'd fool, than thee.

means suited the disposition of Maisuna ; and, amidst all the pomp and splendour of Damascus, she languished for the simple pleasures of her native desert.

These feelings gave birth to the preceding simple stanzas, which she took delight in singing, whenever she could find an opportunity to indulge her melancholy in private.—She was overheard one day by Mowiah, who, as a punishment, ordered her to retire from court.—Maisuna immediately obeyed, and taking her infant son, Yezid, with her, returned to Yeman, her native place, to enjoy what “ was dearer to her bosom, far, than all the trappings of a queen.”

XXXIV.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

AIR.—“Domhnall.”

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of Time,
 And waste its bloom away, Mary !
 Yet still thy features wore that light
 Which fleets not with the breath ;
 And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary !

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 With modest murmurs glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide, Mary !
 So, veil'd beneath a simple guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that which charmed all other eyes,
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary !

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere ;
 Or, could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !
 Tho' many a gifted mind we meet,
 Tho' fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee, Mary !

XXXV.

PROVE FALSE TO THEE.

AIR.—“ I saw thy form.”

Prove false to thee, my love !—ah ! no,
 It never shall be said
 A heart so spotless, pure as thine,
 Was e'er by me betray'd, Mary.
 One richer choose than thee, dear maid !—
 No, ne'er at splendour's shrine,
 For wealth of world's would I forego
 The right to call thee mine, Mary.

Nor e'er shall beauty, save thine own,
 A moment o'er me sway,
 For thou, with every earthly charm,
 Hast those will ne'er decay, Mary.
 Then from thy breast chase every fear,
 For thou art all to me ;
 And nought, and less than nought, this world
 Would seem, if wanting thee, Mary.

XXXVI.

THE SUMMER GLOAMIN.*

AIR.—" Alexander Donn's Strathspey."

The midges dance aboon the burn,
 The dew begins to fa',
 The pairtricks, down the rushy howm,
 Set up their e'ening ca' ;
 Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
 Rings through the briery shaw,
 While, fleeting gay, the swallows play
 Around the castle wa'.

* This song, though not generally known, our readers will be gratified to learn, is the production of the late R. Tannahill.

Beneath the gowden gloaming sky
 The mavis mends his lay,
 The redbreast pours its sweetest strains,
 To charm the lingering day ;
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail
 Their little nestlings torn,
 The merry wren, frae den to den,
 Gae jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
 The foxglove shuts its bell,
 The honey-suckle and the birk,
 Spread fragrance through the dell.
 Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that nature yields
 Are dearer far to me.

XXXVII.

O SLEEP NOT, MOSCA.

A Lapland Song.

O sleep not, Mosca, but wait for thy love,
 Tho' the night be cold and drear,
 I fear not the blast, or the mountain steep,
 But speed with my swift Reindeer.

While cheer'd, my love, by those bright eyes of thine,
 And warm'd with thy bosom's glow,
 I heed not tho' far and dreary the way,
 But swift with my Reindeer go.

O hide not, pale moon, thy beams of the night,
 O hide not thy light from me ;
 My love she has sigh'd, and look'd for thy smile,
 And will bless the night and thee.

My Mosca I see on yon hill of snow,
 O speed, O speed, my Reindeer ;
 How canst thou linger, and not speed thy flight,
 When my Mosca's voice I hear.



XXXVIII.

FAIR DREAM OF MY SLUMBER.



Fair dream of my slumber, sad thoughts of my waking,
 Sweet—why should the world e'er disserve us more !
 No home can I find but with her I'm forsaking,
 Even life wants the charm that endear'd it before.

Thy image all ties, all affections expelling,
 Here lures me to fix my immutable dome,
 Thy bosom's the spot where my soul would be dwelling,
 And exile—dark exile, awaits me at home.

Oh ! when but of friendship the welfare is spoken,
 And press'd is the hand which we cannot retain,
 We seem as the threads of existence were broken,
 And happiness fled ne'er to spin them again.
 Then think to how piercing a grief we are fated,
 When the being we love, is the friend we adore,
 When the void in our hearts must be ever unsated,
 When the web we have burst can be woven no more !



XXXIX.

HOW ARDENTLY MY BOSOM GLOWS.

AIR.—“ My Nannic, O.”



How ardently my bosom glows
 Wi' love to thee, my dearie, O,
 My panting heart its passion shows,
 Whenever thou art near me, O.

The sweetness o' thy artless smile,
 Thy sparkling e'e's resistless wile,
 Gars sober reason back recoil,
 Wi' love turn'd tapsalteerie, O.

Thy lips, sure seats o' sweet delight,
 Wha e'er may hafpins see them, O,
 Maun be a cauldribe, lifeless wight,
 Should he no try to pree them, O.
 To me thou ever shalt be dear,
 Thy image in my heart I'll wear,
 Contentment's sun my day shall cheer,
 As lang's thou'lt be my dearie, O.

Nae will-o'-wisp's delusive blaze,
 Through fortune's fen sae drearie, O,
 Nor wealth, nor fame's attractive rays,
 Shall lure me frae my dearie, O;
 But through the rural shady grove,
 O'er flow'ry lea wi' thee I'll rove;
 My cot shall be the seat o' love
 While life remains, my dearie, O.

The pleasing scenes of nature gay,
 May charm the heart that's sairy, O;
 Yet even such scenes to me add wae,
 When absent frae my dearie, O.
 Remembrance broods still on the hour,
 When first within yon lonely bower,
 I felt the love-enslaving power
 Of thy sweet charms, my dearie, O.

THE MAID OF TRALEE.

Young Connel was gallant, young Ellen was fair,
 He gaz'd, and she blush'd, no one whisper'd—beware;
 Young Ellen was fair, and young Connel was brave,
 He swore to her beauty his heart was a slave;
 He pip'd, and he danc'd, and he sang full of glee,
 And his song was of love, and the maid of Tralee.
 Fair Ellen, sweet Ellen, fair Ellen O'Reilly,
 Fair Ellen, the maid of Tralee.

O say, can the tongue a soft language impart,
 Persuasive and sweet, yet unknown to the heart?
 Can true love so soon with possession grow cold?
 Or, say, did he sigh after glory or gold?
 For high wav'd the banner, he went o'er the sea,
 And left to her sorrow the maid of Tralee.
 Fair Ellen, sweet Ellen, fair Ellen O'Reilly,
 Fair Ellen, the maid of Tralee.

That cheek where the roses and lilies were spread,
 Now boasts but the lily—the roses are fled;
 That eye, whose bright glance the heart's raptures reveal'd,
 Now dim with a tear, no more lustre shall yield;

And broken with sighs, now for ever must be
 The once tuneful voice of the maid of Tralee.
 Fair Ellen, sweet Ellen, fair Ellen O'Reilly,
 Fair Ellen, the maid of Tralee.



XLI.

I COME IN THE MORN.*

Flora's Song.



I come in the morn, I come in the hour
 When the blossoms of beauty rise ;
 I gather the fairest and richest flower,
 Where heaven's dew purest lies.
 Then rest thee, Bride,
 In thy beauty's pride—
 Thou wilt rest to-night by Flora's side.

* For the better understanding of this song, it may be necessary to remark that the Western Islanders entertain a tradition that, previous to the death of any young and remarkably beautiful bride among them, an apparition, resembling a mermaid, is always observed. This phantom they distinguish by the name of Flora, or the spirit of the Green Isle, and concur in affirming that it made its appearance immediately before the death of the late much-lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales. Whatever credit may be due to the assertion, or even to the fancy on which it is founded, the song itself possesses considerable merit, and is not unworthy the mournful occasion which

The eye I touch must be soft and blue
 As the sky where the stars are gleaming,—
 And the breast must be fair as the fleecy clouds
 Where the angels of bliss lie dreaming,—
 And the spirit within as pure and bright
 As the stream that leaps among tufts of roses,
 And sparkles along all life and light,
 Then calm in its open bed reposes.
 Ah! rest thee, Bride,
 By thy true love's side,—
 To-morrow a shroud his hope shall hide.

it is meant to commemorate. The following stanzas, which we have placed under the note, are, in the original, prefixed to the song, and serve very properly as a useful introduction, by solemnizing our minds for the mournful dirge.

A voice said from the silver sea,
 "Woe to thee, Green Isle!—woe to thee!"
 The Warden from his watch-tow'r bent,
 But land, and wave, and firmament
 So calmly slept, he might have heard
 The swift wing of the mountain bird—
 Nor breeze nor breath his beacon stirr'd;
 Yet from th' unfathom'd caves below,
 Thrice came that drear, death-boding word,
 And the long echoes answer'd, "WOE!"

The Warden from his tow'r looks round,
 And now he hears the slow waves bringing,
 Each to the shore a silver sound,—
 The spirit of the Isle is singing
 In depths which man hath never found.
 When she sits in the pomp of her ocean-bed,
 With her scarf of light around her spread,
 The mariner thinks on the misty tide,
 He sees the moon's soft rainbow glide:
 Her song in the noon of night he hears,
 And trembles while his bark he steers.

I saw them wreathing a crown for thee,
 With riches of empire in it,
 And thy bridal robe was a winding sheet,
 And the Loves that crown'd thee sat to spin it.
 They heap'd with garlands thy purple bed,
 And every flower on earth they found thee,
 But every flower in the wreath shall fade,
 Save those thy bounty scatter'd round thee,
 Yet sweetly sleep,
 While my hour I keep,
 For angels, to-night, shall watch and weep.

O, Green Isle !—woe to thy hope and pride !
 To-day thy rose was bright and glowing;
 The bud was full, the root was wide,
 And the streams of love around it flowing;—
 To-morrow thy tower shall stand alone,
 Thy hoary oak shall live and flourish;
 But the dove from its branches shall be gone—
 The rose that deck'd its stem shall perish.

XLII.

ON PARTING.



The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams,
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest,
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale,
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart, no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And silent ache for thee.



XLIII.

IN SUMMER, WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.



In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
 And corn waved green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel',
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will ;
 Out spak a dame in wrinkl'd eil',
 O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

'Tis ye hae woovers mony a ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young ye ken,
 Then wait a wee, and canny wale
 A routhie but, a routhie ben :
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 'Tis plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen
 I dinna care a single flee ;
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae love to spare for me :
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
 The canniest gate the strife is sair ;
 But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
 A hungry care's an unco care :
 But some will spend and some will spare,
 And wilfu' fouk maun hae their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye,
 But the tender heart o' leesome love,
 The gowd and siller canna buy.
 We may be poor, Robie and I ;
 Light is the burden love lays on :
 Content and love brings peace and joy ;
 What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

XLIV.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR.—"Miss Molly."

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone !

Oh ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
 Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone !

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm of our night ;—
 Give me back, give me back the mild freshness of morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

O who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first wak'd a new life through his frame,
 And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
 Gave out all his sweets to love's exquisite flame !

XLV.

BONNY PEGGY, O.

AIR.—“Bonny lassie, O.”

O we aft hae met at e'en, bonny Peggy, O,
On the banks of Cart sae green, bonny Peggy, O,
Where the waters smoothly rin,
Far aneath the roaring linn,
Far frae busy strife and din, bonny Peggy, O.

When the lately crimson west, bonny Peggy, O,
In her darker robe was drest, bonny Peggy, O,
And the sky of azure blue,
Deck'd with stars of golden hue,
Rose majestic to the view, bonny Peggy, O.

When the sound of flute or horn, bonny Peggy, O,
On the gale of evening borne, bonny Peggy, O,
We have heard in echoes die,
While the wave that rippl'd by,
Sung a soft and sweet reply, bonny Peggy, O.

Then how happy would we rove, bonny Peggy, O,
 Whilst thou blushing own'd thy love, bonny Peggy, O,
 Whilst thy quickly throbbing breast
 To my beating heart I press'd,
 Ne'er was mortal half so blest, bonny Peggy, O.

Now, alas ! these scenes are o'er, bonny Peggy, O.
 Now, alas ! we meet no more, bonny Peggy, O.
 No—oh ! ne'er again, I ween,
 Will we meet at summer e'en,
 On the banks of Cart sae green, bonny Peggy, O.

Yet hadst thou been true to me, bonny Peggy, O,
 As I still hae been to thee, bonny Peggy, O,
 Then with bosom, O how light,
 Had I hail'd the coming night,
 And yon evening-star so bright, bonny Peggy, O.

XLVI.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

Here's to thy health, my bonnie lass,
Gude night and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee;
I vow and swear I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me,
Thou hast nae mind to marry,
I'll be as free informing thee,
Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means,
Frae wedlock to delay thee,
Depending on some higher chance,
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me;
For I'm as free as any he,
Sma' siller will relieve me,

I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it ;
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
 As lang's I get employment.

But far aff fowls hae feathers fair,
 And aye until ye try them ;
 Though they seem fair still have a care,
 They may prove poor as I am.
 Yet still, this night, by clear moonlight,
 My dear, I'll come and see thee,
 For the lad that lo'es his lassie weel
 Nae travel makes him weary.

 XLVII.

 I'VE NO SHEEP ON THE MOUNTAINS.

I've no sheep on the mountains, nor boat on the lake,
 Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake ;
 Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree,
 Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Softly tapping, at eve, to her window I came,
And loud bay'd the watch-dog, loud scolded the dame,
For shame, silly Light-foot, what is it to thee,
Though the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat and my hosen are torn ;
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee,
When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
And the clerk, at the ale-house, still claims the great chair,
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blythe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as a matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as the lady of noblest degree,
Is the maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

LVIII.

MY HEART'S MY AIN.

'Tis no very lang sinsyne,
 That I had a lad o' my ain;
 But now he's awa' to anither,
 And left me a' my lane.
 The lass he is courting has siller,
 And I hae nane at a',
 And 'tis nought but the love o' the tocher
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blythe that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Until that I meet wi' a lad
 Wha has sense to wale a good wife.
 For though I say't mysel',
 That should nae say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang aye fu' clean and fu' tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell,
 Though I've seldom a gown on my back,
 But sic as I spin mysel';

And when I'm clad in my curtesy,
 I think mysel' as braw
 As Susie, wi' a' her pearling,
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled thegither,
 And may they live happy for life ;
 Though Willie now slights me, and's left me,
 The chiel he deserves a gude wife.
 But, O ! I am blythe that I miss'd him,
 As blythe as I weel can be ;
 For ane that's sae keen o' the siller,
 Would never agree wi' me.

But the truth is, I am aye hearty,
 I hate to be scrimpit or scant ;
 The wee thing I hae I'll mak use o't,
 And there's nane about me shall want :
 For I'm a gude guide o' the warld,
 I ken when to haud and to gi'e ;
 But whinging and cringing for siller
 Would never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
 And he wha has that, has enough ;
 The master is seldom sae happy
 As Robin that drives the plough.
 But if a young lad wad cast up,
 To make me his partner for life,
 If the chiel has the sense to be happy,
 He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

XLIX.

DIRGE OF ISHMAEL,

A Bedouin Chief.*

Our father's brow was cold, his eye
 Gaz'd on his warriors heavily ;
 Pangs thick and deep his bosom wrung,
 Silence was on the noble tongue ;
 Then writh'd the lip the final throe
 That free'd the struggling soul below.

*The manuscript journal of a late traveller in Egypt furnished this short but expressive dirge, accompanied with the following very interesting remarks.

"The current was against us; and, as we approached the city Cairo, the wind was lulled almost into a complete calm. Whilst we were busy at the oar, we were suddenly surprized with the noise of some unusual sounds from the river's side, on hearing of which our watermen immediately threw themselves on their faces and began a prayer. A few moments after, a procession was discovered advancing from a grove of date trees, which grew only at a short distance from the bank. It was a band of Bedouins, who, in one of their few adventures into the half civilised world of Lower Egypt, for the purpose of trade, had lost their chief by sickness. The whole of the train were mounted, and the body was borne along, in the middle of the foremost troop, in a kind of palanquin, rude, but ornamented with that strange mixture of savageness and magnificence which we find not unfrequent among the nobler barbarians of the east and south. The body was covered with a lion's skin, a green and golden embroidered flag waved over it, and some remarkably rich ostrich feathers on the lances formed the capitals and pillars of this Arab hearse.

"Though the procession moved close to the shore, none of the tribe appeared to observe our boat, their faces being stedfastly directed to the setting sun, which was then touching the horizon, in full grandeur, with an immense canopy of gorgeous clouds closing around him in a beautiful state of deepening purple. The air was remarkably still, and their song, in which the

He died !—Upon the desert gale
 Shoot up his eagle shafts to sail;
 He died !—Upon the desert plain
 Fling loose his camel's golden rein;
 He died !—No other voice shall guide
 O'er stream or sand its step of pride.

Whose is the hand that now shall rear,
 Terror of man, the Sheik's red spear ?
 Lives there the warrior on whose brow
 His turban's vulture plumes shall glow ?
 He's gone, and with our father fell
 The sun of glory—Ishmael!



L.

PARTING TOKENS.



This pledge of affection, dear Ellen, receive,
 From a youth who's devoted to thee;
 And when on the relic you look, love, believe,
 Thy Edward still constant will be;

whole train joined at intervals, sounded most sweet. Their voices were deep and regular ; and as the long procession moved slowly away into the desert with their diminishing forms and fading chorus, they gave us the idea of a train solemnly passing into the shades of eternity. The present translation of their song or hymn was collected from one of our boatmen, who had paid particular attention to it."

The gift thou hast woven, I'll wear near my heart,
 And oft the dear token will prove
 A charm, to dispel every gloom, and impart
 A joyful remembrance of love.

Nay, weep not, sweet maid, though thy sailor, awhile,
 Must roam o'er the boisterous main,
 Fond hope kindly whispers that fortune will smile,
 And we shall meet happy again ;
 One embrace ere we part—see, the vessel's unmoor'd,
 The signal floats high in our view ;
 The last boat yet lingers to waft me on board,
 Adieu, dearest Ellen, adieu.



LI.

I SAW THEE WEEP.



I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue ;
 And then methought it did appear,
 A violet dropping dew.

I saw the smile—the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceas'd to shine;
 I could not watch the living rays
 That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky,
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart.



LII.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

AIR.—“The hopeless lover.”



Now Spring has clad the grove in green,
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
 The furrowed, waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers;

While ilka thing in nature join,
 Their sorrows to forego,
 O why thus, all alone, are mine
 The weary steps of woe !

The trout within yon wimpling burn,
 Glides swift—a silver dart,
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art :
 My life was ance that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I,
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorched my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine, till love has o'er me passed,
 And blighted a' my bloom ;
 And now, beneath the withering blast,
 My youth and joy consume.

The wakened laverock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye ;
 As little recked I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

O, had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known !
 The wretch whase doom is, " Hope nae mair !"
 What tongue his woes can tell ?
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

~~~~~

LIII.

NAE MAIR WE'LL MEET, &c.

AIR.—" We'll meet beside the dusky glen."

~~~~~

Nae mair we'll meet again, my love, by yon burn side,
 Nae mair we'll wander through the grove, by yon burn side,
 Ne'er again the mavis' lay
 Will we hail at close o' day,
 For we ne'er again will stray, down by yon burn side.

Yet mem'ry oft will fondly brood, on yon burn side,
 O'er haunts which we sae aft hae trod, by yon burn side,
 Still the walk wi' me thou'lt share,
 Though thy foot can never mair
 Bend to earth the gowan fair, down by yon burn side.

Now far remov'd from every care, 'boon yon burn side,
 Thou bloom'st, my love, an angel fair, 'boon yon burn side ;
 And if angels pity know,
 Sure the tear for me will flow,
 Who must linger here below, down by yon burn side.

LIII.

WHERE DOST THOU BIDE.

Where dost thou bide, bless'd soul of my love ?
 Is ether thy dwelling ? O, whisper me where !
 Wrapt in remembrance, while lonely I rove,
 I gaze on bright clouds, and I fancy thee there.

Or to thy bower, while musing I go,
 I think 'tis thy voice that I hear in the breeze ;
 Softly it seems to speak peace to my woe,
 And life once again for a moment can please.

Can this be frenzy ? if so, 'tis so dear,
 That long may the pleasing delusion be nigh ;
 Still Ellen's voice in the breeze may I hear,
 Still see in bright clouds the kind beams of her eye.

LIV.

O CHERUB, CONTENT.

O cherub, Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
 I'd all the gay hopes of my bosom resign,
 I'd part with ambition, thy vot'ry to be,
 And breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.

I'd part with ambition, &c.

But thy presence appears from my wishes to fly,
 Like the gold-colour'd cloud on the verge of the sky ;
 No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree,
 Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.

No lustre that hangs, &c.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care,
 That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share,
 The noon of my youth, slow-departing, I see,
 But its years, as they pass, bring no tidings of thee.

The noon of my youth, &c.

O cherub, Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine,
 I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine ;
 Could I call her my own, whom enraptur'd I see,
 I would breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.

Could I call her my own, &c.

A COGIE O' ALE AND A PICKLE AIT MEAL.

A cogie o' ale and a pickle ait meal,
 And a dainty wee drappy o' whisky,
 Was our forefathers' dose to sweel down their brose,
 And mak' them blythe, cheery, and frisky.

*Then hey for the cogie, and hey for the ale,
 And hey for the whisky, and hey for the meal;
 When mix'd a' thegither they do unco weel
 To mak a chiel cheery and brisk aye.*

As I view our Scots lads, in their kilts and cockades,
 A' blooming and fresh as a rose, man,
 I think, wi' mysel', o' the meal and the ale,
 And the fruits of our Scottiah kail brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie, &c.

When our brave Highland blades, wi' their claymores and
 plaids,

In the field drive, like sheep, a' our foes, man;
 Their courage and power spring frae this, to be sure,
 They're the noble effects of the brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie, &c.

But your spindle-shank'd sparks, wha but ill set their sarks,
 And your pale visag'd milk-sops, and beaux, man,
 I think, when I see them, 'twere kindness to gi'e them
 A cogie of ale and of brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie, &c.

LVI.

VALE OF THE CROSS.*

Vale of the Cross, the shepherds tell,
 'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell ;
 For there are sainted shadows seen,
 That frequent haunt thy dewy green :
 In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
 The convent bell by spirits rung,
 And matin hymns and vesper prayer,
 Break softly on the tranquil air.

Vale of the Cross, the shepherds tell,
 'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell ;
 For peace hath there her spotless throne,
 And pleasures to the world unknown ;

* The beautiful little vale which is here referred to is situated near the town of Llangollen. The ruins of a church that was built in the form of a cross, and the remains of an abbey, shaded by hanging woods, contribute greatly to its romantic appearance.

The murmur of the distant rills,
 The Sabbath silence of the hills,
 And all the quiet God hath given,
 Without the golden gates of heaven.



LVII.

MAID OF ALDERNEY.



O stop na', bonny bird, that strain,
 Frae hopeless love itself it flows;
 Sweet bird, O warble it again,
 Thou'st touch'd the string o' a' my woes;
 O! lull me with it to repose,
 I'll dream of her who's far away,
 And fancy, as my eyelids close,
 Will meet the maid of Alderney.

Couldst thou but learn frae me my grief,
 Sweet bird, thou'dst leave thy native grove,
 And fly, to bring my soul relief,
 To where my warmest wishes rove;
 Soft as the cooings of the dove,
 Thou'lt sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
 And melt to pity and to love,
 The bonny maid of Alderney.

Well may I sigh and sairly weep;
 Thy songs sad recollections bring;
 O! fly across the roaring deep,
 And to my maiden sweetly sing;
 'Twill to her faithless bosom fling
 Remembrance of a sacred day;
 But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
 And far's the isle of Alderney.

Then, bonny bird, wi' mony a tear,
 I'll mourn beneath this hoary thorn,
 And thou wilt find me sitting here,
 Ere thou canst hail the dawn o' morn.
 Then, high on airy pinions borne,
 Thou'lt chaunt a sang o' love and wae,
 And soothe me weeping at the scorn
 O' the sweet maid of Alderney.

And when around my wearied head,
 Soft pillow'd where my fathers lie,
 Death shall eternal poppies spread,
 And close for aye my tearfu' eye,
 Perch'd on some bonny branch on high,
 Thou'lt sing thy sweetest roundelay,
 And soothe my spirit passing by,
 To meet the maid of Alderney.

LVIII.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

NEW SET.

AIR.—“The flowers of the forest.”

On the dark forest side an old minstrel sat playing,
 White wav'd his thin locks and sad was his lay ;
 He sang the bright laurels of Scotia decaying,
 And flowers of the forest all wedded away.

I weep for the wrongs on my country inflicted,
 I weep for your fate who lie cold in the clay ;
 Your struggle, though hopeless, true valour depicted,
 Your mem'ry, brave heroes, lives, ne'er to decay.

For thee, my lov'd chieftain, in honour grown hoary,
 Thy evening was bright as unclouded thy day ;
 For ever thou'lt shine in the annals of glory,
 Thy laurels unsullied shall ne'er fade away.

I've seen on the green, blooming maidens unfeigning,
 With love their eye smiling most cheerful and gay,
 The lone mountain echoes now return their complaining,
 Fond hope's brightest prospects are all wed away.

To the contest behold the proud foes fierce returning,
 What tears must be shed at the fate of the day !
 While the bards of old Scotia their harps tune to mourning,
 The flowers of the forest are all wed away.

LIX.

THOU'RT GANE AWA.*

Thou'rt gane awa, thou'rt gane awa,
 Thou'rt gane awa frae me, Mary,
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
 Thou'rt cheated them and me, Mary.

* Two very different accounts have been given of the particular incident which gave birth to the composition of this well-known song. We shall state both, exactly as we received them, leaving our readers to judge for themselves.

A London Magazine for the month of August, 1770, contains the following minute detail :—"A young gentleman in Ireland, on the point of marrying a lady there, to whom he had been for some time most tenderly attached, happened to receive an unexpected visit from the son of one of his father's first friends. The visitor was welcomed with every imaginable mark of kindness ; and, in order to pay him the higher compliment, the intended bride was given to him by her unsuspecting lover for a partner at a ball that early succeeded his arrival. They danced together the whole evening, and the next morning, in violation of the laws of hospitality on the one part, and of every moral tie on the other, they took themselves off secretly to Scotland, where they were married.

Sorry I am (continues the editor) to add the consequences of this affair. Where a woman can be guilty of so atrocious a breach of faith, she but ill

Until this hour I never thought
 That ought could alter thee, Mary,
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
 Think what thou wilt of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,
 Wha stole that heart o' thine, Mary,
 True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,
 Nor nae sic love as mine, Mary.
 I spake sincere, ne'er flatter'd much,
 Had no unworthy thought, Mary,
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such—
 No, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

merits the regret of a worthy mind ; nevertheless this truly valuable and highly injured young gentleman sank under the double weight of ingratitude and *ill-requited love* ; and in an hour of melancholy having written these lines, the generosity of which is almost unexampled, he died in a deep decline, to the affliction of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The other account contrives to fix the scene nearer home. According to it, the author was a gentleman of extensive property in the West of Scotland, and the Mary whom the song so feelingly bewails, his beloved and beautiful wife. After having been for several years married, and notwithstanding all the allurements of her situation, this lady, it is said, disgraced herself, and involved her family in the deepest distress by her dishonourable conduct. Insensible to the attractions of rank and affluence—unworthy of the affection of her amiable husband, and lost to the solemnity of those obligations which are necessarily connected with the matrimonial state, she for some time indulged in criminal intercourse, and afterwards eloped with her own footman.

A treatment at once so unmerited and so unexpected overwhelmed the gentleman with inexpressible anguish. He remained for some time in that state of mute but painful agitation which never fails to attend any great and sudden adversity, and which is only increased to more acute agony, by reviewing with

Though you've been false, yet while I live,
 No other maid I'll woo, Mary ;
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
 So then, farewell ! Of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary,
 For all the world I'd not endure
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.



LX.

THE PEET-CADGER'S LAMENT.

(In the Cumberland dialect.)

AIR.—Burn's "Farewell to Jean ;" or, "Hey tuttle, tuttle."



My bonny black meer's deed!
 The thought's e'en leyke to turn my head!
 She led the peets, and gat me bread;
 But what wull I dui now ?

composure the extent of the evil, and by the renewed recollection of former enjoyments "departed never to return." As soon, however, as his mind regained that tranquillity necessary to express its feelings with coherence and energy, he gave vent to his grief by composing this simple but sententious address to the deluded object of his suffering and disgrace.

She was bworn when Jwohn was bworn,
 Just nineteen years last Thuirsdai mworn ;
 Puir beast ! had she got locks o'cworn,
 She'd been alive, I trow !

When young, just leyke a deil she ran ;
 The car-geer at Durdar she wan ;
 That day saw me a happy man,
 Now tears gush frae my e'e.
 For she's geane, my weyfe's geane,
 Jwohn's a swodger,—I ha'e neane !
 Brokken ! deyl'd ! left my leane,
 I've nin to comfort me !

When wheyles I mounted on my yaud,
 I niver reade leyke yen stark mad ;
 We toddled on, and beath were glad,
 To see our sonsie deame :
 The weyfe, the neybors, weel she knew,
 And aw the deyke-backs where gurse grew ;
 Then when she'd pang'd her belly fou,
 How tow'rtly she cam heame !

Nae pamper'd beasts e'er heeded we ;
 Nae win or weet e'er dreeded we ;
 I niver cried woah, hop, or jee,
 She kent—aye, iv'ry turn !

And wheyles I gat her teates o' hay,
 And gev her watter tweyce a-day.
 She's deed ! she's deed, I'm wae to say ;
 Then how can I but mourn ?

Frae Tindle-Fell twelve pecks she'd bring—
 She was a yaud, fit for a king !
 I niver strack her, silly thing ?
 'Twas hard we twea sud part !
 I's auld, and feal'd, and ragg'd, and peer,
 And cannot raise anither meer ;
 But cannot leeve anither year !
 The loss will break my heart.

~~~~~

LXI.

NANCY.

AIR.—“The Legacy.”

—

Now the ruddy sun is setting,  
 Now the clouds with crimson glow,  
 Evening's dew my bower is wetting,  
 Fresh again my sorrows flow.  
 O'er these scenes my sportive fancy  
 Oft has roam'd with raptur'd joy ;  
 Now their charms have fled with Nancy,  
 Saddening thoughts my soul employ.

Lonely in the deep glen straying,  
 Lonely on the woody hill,  
 Wildly to the rude blast playing,  
 Softly to the weeping rill.  
 On my hapless fate I ponder,  
 Whilst thy name on fav'rite tree,  
 Grav'd, where once we us'd to wander,  
 Turns my thoughts, false nymph, to thee.

Tho' the love was false that bound thee,  
 Could I harm thee, Nancy ?— No ;  
 Should I wish remorse might wound thee,  
 'Tis too late to soothe my woe.  
 Now my dreams of bliss are over,  
 And my heart feels anguish sore ;  
 Still, fair Nancy, with thy lover,  
 Be thou blest when I'm no more.

---

LXII.

MARY.

---

Now, Mary, now the struggle's o'er,  
 The war of pride and love,  
 And, Mary, now we meet no more,  
 Unless we meet above.

Too well thou know'st how much I lov'd,  
 Thou knew'st my hopes—how fair !  
 But all those hopes are blasted now,  
 They point but to despair.

Thus doom'd to ceaseless, hopeless love,  
 I haste to India's shore ;  
 For, here, how can I longer stay,  
 And call thee mine no more ?

Now, Mary, now the struggle's o'er,  
 And though I still must love,  
 Yet, Mary, here we meet no more,  
 O, may we meet above !



LXIII.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.



Robin is my only jo,  
 Robin has the art to lo'e,  
 So to his suit I mean to bow,  
 Because I ken he lo'es me.  
 Happy, happy was the shower,  
 That led me to his birken bower,  
 Where first of love I felt the power,  
 And kent that Robin lo'ed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,  
 Speak of gloves and kissing strings,  
 And name a thousand bonny things,  
     And ca' them signs he lo'es me;  
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,  
 Sporting on the velvet fog,  
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,  
     Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,  
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me,  
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,  
     Because my Robin lo'es me.  
 My titty, Mary, said to me,  
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
 And I, or lang, be made to see,  
     That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,  
 Me and my honest Rob between,  
 And in his wooing, O sae keen,  
     Kind Robin is that lo'es me.  
 Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,  
 And hasten on the happy day,  
 When, "Join your hands," Mess John shall say,  
     And mak him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let every chance unite,  
 To weigh our love, and fix delight,  
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,  
     Who doubt that Robin lo'es me.



O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
 Kind Robin lo'es me.



## LXIV.

## HELEN, THE PRIDE OF MONTROSE.

AIR.—"The flower of Dunblane."



While some seek the mountain, and some seek the valley,  
 Give me the lone walks where the Esk proudly flows;  
 For there I meet Helen a-wand'ring so gaily,  
 Young Helen, sweet Helen, the pride of Montrose.  
 Her form has been moulded by love and the graces,  
 And nature's perfection bewitchingly shows,  
 The eye hangs delighted as fondly it traces,  
 The beauty of Helen, the pride of Montrose.

'Tis charming to stray by the clear winding river,  
 Where thro' the tall arches it pleasantly flows;  
 While love's gentle wishes I pause to discover,  
 To Helen, sweet Helen, the pride of Montrose.

Though mine were the wealth of the eastern mountains,  
 Where Ganges broad, rolling o'er golden bed, flows,  
 I'd pine like the Arab in search of his fountains,  
 And sigh for sweet Helen, the pride of Montrose.

'Tis long since she held her empire in my bosom,  
 As time wears apace still the dearer she grows ;  
 All nature may languish, and spring cease to blossom,  
 But still I'll love Helen, the pride of Montrose.  
 Then come, ye sweet moments, when hymeneal blisses,  
 My hopes and my fears with enjoyment shall close,  
 When I live but to love the sweet soul of my wishes,  
 Young Helen, sweet Helen, the pride of Montrose.



## LXV.

## MY SOUL IS DARK.



My soul is dark—oh ! quickly string  
 The harp I yet can brook to hear ;  
 And let thy gentle fingers fling  
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.  
 If in this heart a hope be dear,  
 That sound shall charm it forth again ;  
 If in these eyes there lurks a tear,  
 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first :  
 I tell thee, Minstrel, I must weep,  
 Or else this heavy heart will burst ;  
 For it hath been by sorrow nursed,  
 And ach'd in sleepless silence long ;  
 And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst,  
 And break at once—or yield to song.



## LULLABY.

AIR.—“Bonny woods o' Craigielea.”



*Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee,  
 Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee,  
 And cry na sae to fill wi' wae  
 The heart that only beats for thee.*

Thou hast, my babe, nae father now,  
 To care for thee when I am gone ;  
 And I hae ne'er a friend sae true  
 As would my bonny baby own.

*Rest, lovely babe, &c.*

O! ance, and I could little think  
 A lot sae hard would e'er be thine,  
 As thus a mother's tears to drink!  
 For, baby, thou hast drunk o' mine.  
*Rest, lovely babe, &c.*

O smile, my babe! for sic a smile  
 Thy father aye put on to me;  
 O smile, my babe, and look the while,  
 For thou look'st wi' thy father's e'e.  
*Rest, lovely babe, &c.*

O that this widow'd heart would beat  
 Till thou in years hadst upward grown,  
 That I might learn thy future fate,  
 Nor leave thee in the world alone.  
*Rest, lovely babe, &c.*



## LXVII.

O MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE O' MY BEAUTY.



O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,  
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin,  
 But little thinks my love I ken brawlie  
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

'Tis a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,  
 'Tis a' for the hinney he'll cherish the bee;  
 My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,  
 He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airt-penny,  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
 But gin ye be crafty, I'm cunning,  
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.



# LXVIII.

## THE WOWING OF JOK AND JYNNY.\*

Robeyns Jok come to wow our Jynny,  
 On our feist-evin quhen we were fow;  
 Scho brankit fast, and maid hir bony,  
 And said, Jok, come ye for to wow ?

---

\* This well known poem, by frequent publication, has been much corrupted, almost every publisher having taken the liberty of introducing such alterations as his fancy suggested. The present, however, may be received, with-

Scho burneist hir baith breist and brow,  
 And maid hir cleir as ony klok ;  
 Than spak hir deme, and said, I trow,  
 Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

Jok said, forsuth I yern full fane,  
 To luk my heid, and sit down by yow :  
 Than spak hir modir, and said agane,  
 My bairne hes tocher-gud to ge yow.  
 Te he, quoth Jynny, keik, keik, I se yow ;  
 Muder, yone man maks yow a mok ;  
 I schro the lyar, full leis me yow,  
 I come to wow your Jynny, quoth Jok.

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,  
 Ane guss, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,  
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane fute-braid sawin,  
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken,

out hesitation as a faithful copy, and exhibits to us a very ludicrous picture of the *Curtia Supellex* of the Scottish Commons in the 16th century. Instead of affixing a minute glossary of all the wretched goods and chattels of the bride and bridegroom, we shall select a list of those articles only which might be dubious or unintelligible to the majority of our readers :—

|                          |                                               |                     |                                   |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Almry</i>             | Cupboard                                      | <i>Jak</i>          | A piece of warlike dress          |
| <i>Art</i>               | Corn-chest                                    | <i>Laid Saddill</i> | Load saddle                       |
| <i>Blasnit-ledder</i>    | Tanned leather                                | <i>Maskene fall</i> | A vessel to boil malt in          |
| <i>Brochis</i>           | Clasps                                        | <i>Nok</i>          | Button of a spindle               |
| <i>Dublaris</i>          | Dishes with covers                            | <i>Polk</i>         | A bag                             |
| <i>Fetterit lok</i>      | Fetter-lock                                   | <i>Spounge</i>      | Purse                             |
| <i>Fidder</i>            | 128 cwt                                       | <i>Spartill</i>     | Flat iron for turn-cakes          |
| <i>Flaik</i>             | Hurdle                                        | <i>Thraw-cruk</i>   | Instrument for twisting hay ropes |
| <i>Fute braid sawing</i> | Corn sufficient to sow a foot breadth of land | <i>Trene</i>        | Spout                             |
| <i>Gryce</i>             | A pig                                         | <i>Trunchounr</i>   | Platter                           |
| <i>Hobbil schone</i>     | Clouted shoes.                                |                     |                                   |

Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,  
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,  
 Dischis and dublaris nyne or ten :  
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,  
 Ane schule, ane scheit, and ane lang flail,  
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidills twa,  
 Ane milk-syth, with ane swyne taill,  
 Ane rowsty quhittill to scheir the kaill,  
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knock,  
 Ane coig, and caird wantand ane nail ;  
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,  
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,  
 Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil-sek,  
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.  
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,  
 And cryd, ane feist; and slew ane cok,  
 And maid a brydell up alland;  
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quoth Jok?

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mareit;  
 Suppois ye mak it nevir sa tuche,  
 I latt you wit schois nocht miskarrit,  
 It is weill kend I haif anuch:  
 Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch,  
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane sok,  
 Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche  
 To gang togiddir Jynny and Jok.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,  
 Ane coird, ane creill, and als ane cradill,  
 Fyfe fiddler of raggis to stuff ane jak,  
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,  
 Ane peper-polk maid of a padell,  
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,  
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill,  
 To gang togiddir Jynny and Jok.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne  
 Weill buklit with a brydill renye,  
 Ane sark maid of the linkome twyne,  
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenyne;  
 And yit for mister I will nocht fenyne,  
 Fyve hundirth fleis now in a flok,  
 Call ye nocht tham and joly menyne,  
 To gang togiddir Jynny and Jok.

Ane trene, truncheour, ane ramehorne sponne,  
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,  
 All graith that gains to hobbill schone,  
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,  
 Ane brydill, ane grith, and ane swyne bledder,  
 Ane maskene-fatt, ane fetterit lok,  
 Ane scheip weill kepit frae ill wedder,  
 To gang togiddir Jynny and Jok.

Tak thair for my parte of the feist;  
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin ;



Ye may nocht say my parte is leist,  
 The wyfe said, speid, the kaill ar suddin.  
 And als the laverok is fust and loddin ;  
 When ye haif done, tak hame the brok ;  
 The rost wes tuche, sa wer thay bodin ;  
 Syn gaid togiddir bayth Jynny and Jok.



## LXIX.

## AND ART THOU GONE.



And art thou gone, for ever gone,  
 Frae friends, and love, and me !  
 And will nae mair the witching glance  
 Beam frae thy bonny e'e ?

And is thy heart for ever cauld,  
 And can it feel nae mair !  
 Nae mair be glad at ither's joys,  
 In ither's sorrows share ?

Alas ! 'tis cauld, for ever cauld—  
 And why does life warm mine !  
 Oh ! that it too had ceas'd to beat,  
 And lay in death wi' thine.

But soon, ay soon, my wish will come,  
 To thee I'm hastening fast ;  
 My first, my fondest thought was thine,  
 And thine will be my last.



LXX.

# COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR.—"Cuislilic ma chree."



Come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden ! with me,  
 Mine thro' sunshine, storm and snows !  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.  
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part not ;  
 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not !

Then come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden ! with me,  
 Come wherever the wild winds blow ;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Is not the sea  
 Made for the free,  
 Land for courts and chains alone ?  
 Here we are slaves ;  
 But on the waves,  
 Love and Liberty's all our own !  
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,  
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us !

Then come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden ! with me,  
 Come wherever the wild winds blow ;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

~~~~~

LXXI.

EMMA.

Weep no more by shading tree,
 Weep no more by hallow'd stream ;
 Wend thee to yon cloistered wall,
 Lighted by the taper's beam.

Make thy couch the lonely brake,
 Shun the lover's rosy bower,
 Ne'er wilt thou with Knight thou lov'dst,
 Pass the noon or twilight hour.

Far from bow'rs of bliss and thee,
 Far in wild and desert land,
 Deep he lies the turf below,
 Fallen by a heathen hand.

Dance no more in gilded hall,
 When the light of day is done,
 Thine is now the lonely cell
 Deck'd in weeds of cloister'd nun.

Sweet the tale fond love had told,
 Well that tale thou lov'dst to hear;
 Silent is the voice for aye,
 Never more to charm thy ear.

Soft she sang her vesper hymn,
 At the close of curfew bell,
 Weeping, sought her lover's bower,
 In the hollow winding dell.

Fancy told full many a tale,
 Visions of an ancient day,
 Like the phantom of the night,
 Quickly, quickly fled away.

Soft as was the breath of night,
 Soft was Emma's slumbering sigh;
 All she lov'd on earth was fled,
 All she wish'd was then to die.



LXXII.

SAY NOT THE BARD HAS TURNED OLD. *



Tho' the winter of age wreathes her snow on his head,
 And the blooming effulgence of summer is fled,
 Tho' the voice that was sweet, as the harp's softest string,
 Be trem'lous, and low as the zephyrs of spring,
 Yet say not the Bard has turned old.

Tho' the casket that holds the rich jewel we prize,
 Attracts not the gaze of inquisitive eyes;
 Yet the gem that's within may be lovely and bright,
 As the smiles of the morn or the stars of the night,
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

* We feel the greatest pleasure in being authorised to place this poem among the number of our originals. It is a production which does honour to the author, and we are only sorry to say that his delicacy has prevented him, at least for the present, from receiving this honour by the concealment of his name.

When the tapers burn clear, and the goblet shines bright,
 In the hall of his chief on a festival night,
 I have smiled at the glance of his rapturous eye,
 While the brim of the goblet laugh'd back in reply ;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

When he sings of the valorous deeds that were done,
 By his Clan or his Chief in the days that are gone,
 His strains then are various—now rapid—now slow,
 As he mourns for the dead or exults o'er the foe ;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

When summer, in gaudy profusion is dress'd, ●
 And the dew-drop hangs clear on the violet's breast,
 I list with delight to his rapturous strain,
 While the borrowing echo returns it again ;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

But not summer's profusion alone can inspire
 His soul in the song, or his hand on the lyre,
 But rapid his numbers, and wilder they flow,
 When the wintry winds rave o'er his mountains of snow ;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

The poem is in general beautifully descriptive of that native fire and those tender sensibilities which eminently belong to the poet's character, and which are apt to be awakened by every singular and striking occurrence. What appears, however, to have operated most upon the mind of our author, and suggested the hint for the present production is that light airiness of disposition which is so peculiar to some poets, and which exhibits all the energies of youthful imagination amid the growing infirmities of declining years.

I have seen him elate when the black clouds were riven,
 Terrific and wild by the thunder of heaven,
 And smile at the billows that angrily rave,
 Incessant and deep o'er the mariner's grave ;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

When the eye that expresses the warmth of his heart,
 Shall fail the benevolent wish to impart,—
 When his blood shall be cold as the wint'ry wave,
 And silent his harp as the gloom of the grave,—
 Then say that the Bard has turned old.



LXXIII.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.



She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;

A superficial or fastidious critic may perhaps smile at the author for affirming that "The Bard has not turned old," while at the same time he admits that his head is covered with the gray hairs of age. This seeming inconsistency, however, is explained sufficiently, and we think most happily, in the beginning of the second stanza, by the introduction of the simile :

Though the casket that holds the rich jewel we prize,
 Attract not the gaze of inquisitive eyes,
 Yet the gem that's within may be lovely and bright,
 As the smiles of the morn or the stars of the night ;
 Then say not the Bard has turned old.

She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,
 But woman is only warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lassie gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind.
 O woman, lovely woman, fair !
 And angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair—
 I mean an angel mind.

LXXIV.

I HAVE KNOWN WHAT IT WAS TO BE HAPPY
 AND GAY.

AIR.—"Soldier's dream."

I have known what it was to be happy and gay,
 And have cherish'd both virtue and friendship sincere,
 I have dream'd upon hope till my fancy gave way,
 Till the dream and the dreamer were lost in despair.

I have tasted of joys unassisted by art,
 And lavish'd my all with a prodigal waste ;
 One passion alone held the sway o'er my heart,
 But the joy that it gave was too poignant to last.

I ne'er lov'd but one, and she seem'd to unite
 All we dream of above, or adore upon earth ;
 I gaz'd on her charms with distracting delight,
 And a bosom o'ercharg'd with a sense of her worth !
 Let none love like me, if they value their peace,
 For torture lies hid 'neath the fondness of bliss,
 Nor barter for ever the comforts of ease,
 For the charms of a smile, or the joys of a kiss.

~~~~~  
 LXXV.

### MARY, THE MAID OF MONTROSE.

AIR.—“ O tell me the way for to woo.”

~~~~~  
 O sweet is the calm dewy evening
 When nature is wooing repair,
 And sweet are the low notes o' echo
 When dying away on the ear :

And lovely, thrice lovely, when o'er the blue ocean,
 The broad moon arising in majesty glows ;
 And I breathing over ilk tender emotion,
 Wi' my lovely Mary, the maid o' Montrose.

The fopling sae fine and sae airy,
 Sae fondly in love wi' himsel',
 Is proud wi' ilk new female conquest
 To shine at the walk and the ball.
 But gie me, oh gie me, the dear calm o' nature,
 By some bush or brae-side, where naebody goes,
 And ae bonny lassie to lean on my bosom,
 My ain lovely Mary, the maid o' Montrose.

O what is the wale o' the warld,
 Gin nane o' its pleasures we prove?
 And where can we prove o' its pleasures
 Gin no wi' the lassie we love?
 O sweet are the smiles and the dimples o' beauty,
 Where lurking the loves and the graces repose,
 And sweet is the dark o' the e'e saftly rolling,
 But sweeter is Mary, the maid o' Montrose.

O Mary, 'tis no for thy beauty,
 Though few are sae bonny as thee;
 O Mary, 'tis no for thy person,
 Though handsome as woman can be:
 Thy fair flowing form is the fair vernal flow'ret,
 The bloom o' thy cheek is the bloom o' the rose,
 But the charms o' her mind are the ties sae endearing,
 That bind me to Mary, the maid o' Montrose.

LXXVI.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY. *

AIR.—"Highlander's lament."

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strade he on the plain;
 But now he's banished far away,
 I'll never see him back again.

O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen,
 I set me down and greet my fill,
 And aye I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O! were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain,
 Then might I see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.

* This song is the composition of Burns. It is said that he obtained the chorus from the recitation of an old woman who resided in Dunblane.

LXXVII.

PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.*

(By Dr. Dwight, a Native Poet.)

Columbia ! Columbia ! to glory arise,
 Thou Queen of the World, and thou child of the skies,
 Thy Genius commands thee, with raptures behold,
 While ages on ages thy splendours unfold.
 Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of Time,
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;
 Let the crimes of the East ne'er incrimson thy name,
 Be Freedom and Science, and Virtue, thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter, let Europe aspire,
 Whelm nations in blood, wrap cities in fire,
 Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
 And triumph pursue them, and glory attend ;
 A World is thy realm ; for a world be thy laws,
 Enlarg'd as thy empire and just as thy cause,
 On Freedom's broad basis that Empire shall rise ;
 Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

* National honour, independence, and prosperity, form a pleasing theme both for the attention and celebration of the bard. They are not only exceedingly fertile, and thus present most ample scope for the exercise of his invention ; they are also recommended by every consideration which can warm the heart or elevate the affections. Among the various productions which have been dedicated to this purpose, the present, though short, is

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
 And the East see thy Morn hide the beams of her star;
 New Bards and new Sages unrivall'd shall soar,
 By Fame still distinguish'd when time is no more.
 To thee the last refuge of Virtue's design'd,
 Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind,
 There, grateful to Heav'n, with transport shall bring
 Their incense more fragrant than odours of Spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to Glory ascend,
 And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;
 Their graces of form shall wake pure desire,
 And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire:
 Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
 And Virtue's bright image instamped on the mind,
 With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow,
 And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

nevertheless conspicuous. It displays, in a very impressive manner, the sincere wishes and anticipations of the Patriot, expressed with all the fervour and enthusiasm of the Poet.

The particular circumstance respecting the poem, to which we would direct the attention of our readers, is, that it was composed for the express purpose of vindicating the honour of a nation. A considerable number of years ago a paragraph appeared in a periodical paper belonging to this country, which contained some hints that America either had not, or could not produce a native poet. These insinuations were, however, soon after disproved by the exertions of a Mr. Dwight, who published this poem, and designed himself, as we have done, in the title, "A native poet." Of this gentleman, however, we have not been able to obtain any particular information, nor have we, at least as far as is known to us, been favoured with any other displays of his poetical talents.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
 The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
 Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
 And the East and the South yield their spices and gold ;
 As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendours shall flow,
 And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow ;
 While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
 Hush Anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, 'mid the poplar's soft shade,
 From the din of the city, I pensively strayed—
 The gloom from the face of fair Heav'n retired,
 The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired ;
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung :
 Columbia ! Columbia ! to glory arise,
 Thou Queen of the World, and thou child of the skies.



LXXVIII.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.



Sleep on, and dream of heaven awhile,
 Though shut so close thy laughing eyes ;
 Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
 And move and breathe delicious sighs.

Ah ! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
 And mantle to her neck of snow !
 Ah ! now she murmurs, now she speaks,
 What most I wish, yet fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps !
 Her fair hands folded on her breast,
 And now, how like a saint she sleeps,
 A seraph in the realms of rest !
 Sleep on, secure, above control,
 Thy thoughts belong to heaven and thee,
 And may the secrets of thy soul
 Be held in reverence by me.



LXXIX.

O POORTITH CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE.

AIR.—“ I had a horse,” &c.



O poortith cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye ;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 And 'twere na for my Jeanie,

*O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on fortune's shining.*

This warld's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't ;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.
O why should fate, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue, betray
 How she repays my passion ;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks o' rank and fashion.
O why should fate, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him ?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am ?
O why should fate, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate !
 He wooes his simple dearie ;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make him eerie.
O why should fate, &c.

WHERE IS MY OWEN ?

Where is my Owen, where is my true love ?
O saw ye the shepherd that's dearest to me ?
Where art thou wandering ? come, haste to my view, love !
O art thou not eager thy Mary to see ?
Long, long does he tarry, ah ! surely some new love
Detains o'er the mountains my Owen from me,
But, swains, do not grieve me, still kindly deceive me,
And answer thy Owen is constant to thee.

Fain would I think so—sad when we parted
Appear'd the dear shepherd with tears in his eyes ;
Pale was his cheek, too, but many have smarted
From treachery hidden in true love's disguise.
For men 'tis most certain were ever false-hearted,
And those who adore them, alas, they despise !
But, oh ! do not grieve me, still kindly deceive me,
And tell me that Owen for Mary still sighs.

Heavens, who comes yonder ? ah ! 'tis my Owen,
And smiling he hastens his Mary to greet !
His tender impatience each eager step shewing,
To which my fond heart gives an answering beat,

Now, foolish tears, wherefore, why thus are ye flowing,
 My Owen will fancy I grieve when we meet,
 No, he'll never leave me, no never deceive me,
 O! heaven, those kind glances! my joy is complete.

~~~~~

LXXXI.

A TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY. \*

—

Merrily every bosom boundeth,  
 Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!  
 Where the song of Freedom soundeth,  
 Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!  
 There the warrior's arms  
 Shed more splendour,  
 There the maiden's charms  
 Shine more tender,  
 Every joy the land surroundeth,  
 Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

\* This song is adapted to the Tyrolese national air, the words by Thomas Moore, Esq.

Wearily every bosom pineth,  
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!  
Where the bond of slavery twineth,  
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!  
There the warrior's dart  
Hath no fleetness,  
There the maiden's heart  
Hath no sweetness,  
Every flower of life declineth,  
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,  
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!  
Like your native fountains sally,  
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!  
If a glorious death  
Won by bravery,  
Sweeter be than breath  
Sigh'd in slavery,  
Round the flag of freedom rally,  
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

## LXXXII.

## WHY SO SAD IS MY HEART?

AIR.—“My native Caledonia.”

---

Why so sad is my heart, thus to leave thee alane?  
 Kind heaven will thee guard when I'm far frae thee gane,  
 And will bring me safely back ne'er again to gang awa  
 Frae my love, and my native Caledonia.

Then, think na, dear maid, tho' the sea between us be,  
 That I e'er can forget what I aft hae vow'd to thee,  
 No, as constant as ever will I still be, tho' awa,  
 To my love, and my native Caledonia.

And tho' fair be the scenes of old Erin's green Iale,  
 And tho' fair are her daughters, tho' winning their smile,  
 They never, no, never, will my heart e'er wile awa  
 Frae my love, and my native Caledonia.

Dearest maid, then, shouldst thou be as constant to me,  
 As thy lover has vow'd he will aye be to thee,  
 Wi' what joy will I return, when I've been a while awa,  
 To my love and my native Caledonia.

## LXXXIII.

## WILLIAM AND MARGARET.\*

---

When hope lay hush'd in silent night,  
 And woe was rapt in sleep,  
 In glided Margaret's pale-ey'd ghost,  
 And stood at William's feet,

\* We would call the attention of our readers to this Ballad, not only on account of its beautiful simplicity, but also because of the frequent disputes which it has occasioned among critics. It is one of those singularly happy productions which recommend themselves to the capacity and to the feelings of all. The subject of which it treats, and the characters whom it introduces, are calculated to excite the most lively interest, and it is composed in such pathetic and truly melting strains, as cannot fail to make the deepest impression on every one who peruses it with the slightest reflexion.

It appeared at first in a periodical paper, entitled *The Plain Dealer*, so early as the year 1724. The copy indeed which was published there differed considerably from that which we have now adopted, yet still it possessed uncommon excellence, and was accordingly honoured with the highest praise. Readers in general were disposed to regard it with unqualified approbation, while the pen of criticism itself was employed in enumerating its beauties, rather than in attempting to point out any of its defects.

The copy of the Ballad here alluded to, had been communicated to the editor of the paper to which we have now referred without any signature, so that it was impossible to ascertain the name of the author. No sooner, however, were its merits thus generally recognised, and the greatest reputation secured to the composer, than it was immediately claimed by a young man of the name of Mallet, who was a native of

Her face was like an April sky,  
 Dimm'd by a scattering cloud,  
 Her clay-cold lily hand, knee high,  
 Held up her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
 When youthful years are flown,  
 Such the last robe that kings must wear,  
 When death has reft their crown.

Scotland, and who owed to this circumstance his first introduction to public notice.

Mallet's claims, however, did not long escape suspicion. Their validity was questioned by many who entertained the highest opinion of the piece itself, and who even grounded their doubts respecting the authenticity on its very excellence. To them it appeared almost impossible that a young man, in his first appeal to public favour, could produce a composition in all respects so highly finished, and thus, at once, attain that eminence in poetical distinction to which *William and Margaret* so justly exalted its author. Others who attempted to advocate Mallet's pretensions, were inclined to adopt a very different view of the matter. They were equally, if not more forward than the others, to allow the intrinsic excellence of the poem, and that, considering the years and experience of the author, it was much beyond what could either have been anticipated or expected, but they regarded this rather as a decisive proof of superior genius, which could not fail afterwards to develop itself by still higher undertakings.

Such were the views that prevailed at first on this subject, nor have the opinions of after critics been more satisfactorily reconciled. Some have still continued to insist that Mallet's claims should be implicitly acknowledged, and that in justice to his veracity, he ought to be considered as the original author; while others as strenuously urge that the whole must be regarded as downright plagiarism, having been only a transcript of some more ancient poem which Mallet had accidentally met with, but which at that time was only very partially known, if not totally forgot.

Her bloom was like the morning flower,  
 That sips the silver dew ;  
 The rose had budded on her cheek,  
 Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like a canker worm,  
 Consum'd her tender prime ;  
 The rose of beauty pal'd and pin'd,  
 And died before its time.

Were we to hazard our opinion on this point of dispute, we would readily agree with those who ascribe the ballad to some other author than Mallet. To us it appears sufficiently clear that it must have been the production of some superior and much more ancient bard. It carries us back to those periods in the history of our poets when their effusions were marked by a particular glow of feeling, and when artless simplicity formed their principal distinguishing characteristic. The whole tenor of the piece is remarkably expressive, easy, and unaffected, and it may, we think, without offering the least violence to probability, be placed to the account of the sixteenth century.

Even, at the first, Mallet himself condescended to acknowledge that he took the hint for the composition of his poem from a stanza which he met with in Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Knight of the Burning Pestle*." Nay, he goes farther, and confesses that this stanza appeared to him (as indeed it must to every one who considers it attentively) to be only a fragment of some more lengthened ballad, which was familiarly known at the time when they wrote. Might not the one before us have been this same original which Mallet may have obtained either from recitation or otherwise, and published as his own ?

Besides, the poem in question does not agree with any of the rest of Mallet's productions. Even his *Edwin and Emma*, the only piece in his works that can at all be compared to *William and Margaret*, and which he wrote when he was farther advanced in life, falls infinitely short of it in many respects. Is it not, however, reasonable to suppose, had his pretensions been genuine, that, as this was the first thing which brought him into notice,

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls,  
 Come from her midnight grave;  
 Late let thy pity mourn a wretch  
 Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dark and fearful hour  
 When injur'd ghosts complain;  
 And lovers' tombs give up their dead,  
 To haunt the faithless swain.

and which indeed procured him so much reputation, he would have attempted many more imitations of the old English Lyre? May we not rather suspect that he had not the good fortune to meet with any more orphan pieces, or obsolete originals, which he could appropriate as his own?

Our opinion that Mallet was not the genuine author of *William and Margaret* is corroborated, and we think sufficiently confirmed, by the account which he himself gives of the particular circumstances which suggested the composition. In a letter which he addressed to the editor of *The Plain Dealer*, he informs him that the poem was actually founded on a fact which had recently occurred under his observation. A young lady (he adds) of an agreeable person, and possessed of many intellectual accomplishments was courted and seduced by a vain, presuming, unprincipled young man, whom her unsuspecting heart had too credulously trusted. When she could no longer conceal her imprudence and dishonour, her father, formerly unacquainted with her situation, now applied to the deceitful lover, and generously offered him the half of his fortune, provided he would marry his daughter. This offer the perfidious wretch indignantly rejected, notwithstanding the entreaties and tears by which it was urged, and even proceeded so far as to accuse, with the most injurious and public indecency, the innocence of her whom he had thus villainously betrayed. The news of this treatment so deeply affected the young lady, that a fever ensued, which, bringing on premature labour, quickly put an end to her life and sufferings, when both she and her child were buried in one grave.



“ Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
 Thy pledge of broken truth,  
 See the sad lesson thou has taught  
 To unsuspecting youth.

“ Why did you first o’erprize my charms,  
 Yet all those charms forsake !  
 Why sigh’d you for my virgin heart,  
 Then left it thus to break !

Such are the general outlines of the case, as stated by Mallet to have furnished him with materials for the composition of *William and Margaret*, and we could scarcely suppose any more complicated and melancholy. They present up with an example of insidious unrelenting treachery, practiced on the credulity of unsuspecting innocence, aggravated by the prostitution of feeling and honour, and productive of sufferings inconceivably severe. The question is, how far do the poem and the narration coincide?—what correspondence is there between the several important points contained in this detail, and those to which the poet directs our attention in the production before us?

And here the discrepancy is obvious and striking. In *William and Margaret* we have only the two lovers brought forward to view, without any reference to the father.—The general affair of courtship is simply alluded to, without even a hint respecting unwarrantable intercourse. Margaret only blames William for having forsaken her, contrary to his tender and solemn engagements, but never makes the most distant allusion to any unkind or abusive insinuations. She never reminds him of the infamy which had been indelibly stamped on her name by his artifice and infidelity—of the grief and shame which were thereby entailed on her aged parent, and, above all, of the cruel sacrifice which his unmerited treatment had wantonly made of his own child.

These are the principal points in which the poem and the narration now before us evidently differ, and this difference necessarily obliges us to adopt one of the following conclusions. We must either acknowledge that Mallet’s claims are altogether spurious and unfounded, or that he has acquitted

" Why did you *present* pledge such vows,  
 And none in *absence* keep ?  
 Why said you that my eyes were bright,  
 Yet taught them thus to weep ?

" Why did you praise my blushing lips,  
 Yet make their scarlet pale !  
 And why, alas, did I, fond maid,  
 Believe the flattering tale ?

himself in a very superficial and defective manner, considering the scope which the story presented. The account which he has transmitted is in all respects so exceedingly striking, and involves such an accumulation of incident, that we will scarcely find one more fertile or better calculated for the display of genius, yet the principal topics are so totally overlooked in the poem which we are considering that we cannot suppose them to have been known to the original author. There is, indeed, so little obvious correspondence between the two, that it is utterly impossible to believe that the one could be composed with the slightest view to commemorate the other.

We are well aware that it may be objected to this mode of reasoning, that a poet is not expected implicitly to adhere to all the particular incidents contained in his story. To this we readily and fully subscribe. The contrary, indeed, would be both injudicious and unwarrantable. It would impose a restraint on every power and activity of the mind, which all the efforts of genius could neither supply nor overcome. Accordingly we find that poets have always claimed, and are universally allowed an unbounded licence, extending even to the regions of improbability and fiction. We would, however, think meanly of that author, and of his performance, though excellent in its kind, which, instead of exhausting or even answering up to the spirit of the subject, had only introduced a few of the more trifling occurrences, without so much as hinting at those which afforded the freest scope both for conception and expression. From the whole, we think we may safely affirm that he who possessed ability to compose *William and Margaret* had he been acquainted with the story which Mallet records, and attempted to perpetuate it,

“ But now my face no more is fair,  
 My lips retain no red ;  
 Fix'd are my eyes in Death's still glare,  
 And love's vain hope is fled.

“ The hungry worm my partner is,  
 The winding sheet my dress ;  
 A long and weary night must pass  
 Ere heaven allow redress,

“ But hark ! 'tis day ; the darkness flies,  
 Take one long last adieu ;  
 Come see, false man, how low she lies  
 Who died for loving you.

The birds sang out, the morning smil'd,  
 And streak'd the sky with red,  
 Pale William shook in every limb,  
 And started from his bed.

Weeping he sought the fatal place  
 Where Margaret's body lay,  
 And stretch'd him o'er the green-grass turf,  
 That veil'd her breathless clay.

must have produced an exhibition in all respects as much superior to the poem as it now stands, as it must be allowed to excel the most insignificant sonnet.

Thrice call'd unheard on Margaret's name,  
 And thrice sore wept her fate,  
 Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,  
 And died, and lov'd too late.



## LXXXIV.

## JAMIE O' THE GLEN.



Auld Rob, the laird o' muckle land,  
 To woo me was na very blate,  
 But spite o' a' his gear he fand  
 He came to woo a day owre late.

*A lad sae blythe, sae fu' o' glea,  
 My heart did never ken',  
 And nane can gie sic joy to me  
 As Jamie o' the glen.*

My minnie grat like daft, and rair'd,  
 To gar me wi' her will comply,  
 But still I wadna hae the laird,  
 Wi' a' his ousen, sheep, and kye.

*A lad sae blythe, &c.*

Ah, what are silks and satins braw !  
 What's a' his wardly gear to me !  
 They're daft that cast themsel's awa,  
 Where nae content or love can be.

*A lad sae blythe, &c.*

I couldna bide the silly clash  
 Came hourly frae the gawky laird !  
 And sae, to stop his gab and fash,  
 Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.

*A lad sae blythe, &c.*

Now ilka summer's day sae lang,  
 And winter's clad wi' frost and snaw,  
 A tunefu' lilt and bonny sang  
 Aye keep dull care and strife awa.

*A lad sae blythe, &c.*



LXXXV.

### THE BASHFU' WOOER.

AIR.—“Dainty Davy.”



Whene'er ye come to woo me, Tam,  
 Dinna at the window tap,  
 Or cough, or hem, or gie a clap,  
 To let my father hear, man:

He's auld and fail'd and wants his sleep,  
 Sae by the hallan saftly creep,  
 Ye needna watch, and glower, and peep,  
 I'll meet you, never fear, man.

*If a lassie ye wad win,  
 Be cheerfu' ever, bashfu' never ;  
 Ilka Jock may get a Jean,  
 If he has sense to try, man.*

Whene'er we at the market meet,  
 Dinna look like ane hauf daft,  
 Or talk about the cauld and heat,  
 As ye were weather-wise, man.  
 Haud up your head, and bauldly speak,  
 And keep the blushes frae your cheek,  
 For he wha has his tale to seek,  
 We lasses a' despise, man.

*If a lassie, &c.*

I met you lately a' your lane,  
 Ye seem'd like ane stown frae the dead,  
 Your teeth e'en chattered in your head,  
 But ne'er a word o' love, man ;  
 I spak, ye look'd anither way,  
 Then trembled as ye'd got a flay,  
 And owre your shouther cried, "gude day,"  
 Nor ance to win me strave, man.

*If a lassie, &c.*

My aunty left me threescore poun'  
 But de'il a ane o' a' the men  
 Till then did bare-legg'd Elspa ken',  
     Or car'd a strae for me, man ;  
 Now tugging at me soon and late,  
 They're cleeking but the yellow bait :  
 Sae mind me, Tam, I needna wait,  
     When I hae choice o' three, man.

*If a lassie, &c.*

There lives a lad owre yonder muir,  
 He has nae faut but ane—he's puir ;  
 Whene'er we meet wi' kisses sweet,  
     He's like to be my death, man :  
 And there's a lad ahint yon trees,  
 Wad waud for me aboon the knees ;  
 Sae tell your mind, or, if ye please,  
     Nae langer fash us baith, man.

*If a lassie, &c.*

## LXXXVI.

'TIS SAID THAT MEN ARE FALSE AND  
FICKLE.

---

'Tis said that men are false and fickle,  
And oft too true the charge may be ;  
But who had thought a tear should trickle  
For woman, Lela, such as thee.

When to this bosom last I press'd thee,  
I little thought we e'er should part ;  
But since another has caress'd thee,  
Sure thy love to me was art.

The wind is fair to waft me over,  
Far from home, and far from thee,  
But in vain thy too-fond lover,  
Strives to bid his heart be free.

Sweet Lela, fare thee well ! may heaven  
Shield thy heart from woes like mine !  
Be this, thy only fault, forgiven,  
And peace and joy continue thine.



## LXXXVII.

## POOR MARY ANNE.

AIR.—“ Ar hyd y nos.”

---

Here beneath this willow sleepeth  
 Poor Mary Anne !  
 One whom all the village weepeth,  
 Poor Mary Anne !  
 He she lov'd her passion slighted ;  
 Breaking all the vows he plighted :  
 Therefore life no more delighted  
 Poor Mary Anne !

Pale thy cheek now, where thy lover,  
 Poor Mary Anne !  
 Once could winning charms discover,  
 Poor Mary Anne !  
 Dim those eyes, so sweetly speaking,  
 When true love's expression seeking ;—  
 Oh ! we saw thy heart was breaking,  
 Poor Mary Anne !

Like a rose we saw thee wither,  
                     Poor Mary Anne!—  
 Soon, a corpse we brought thee hither,  
                     Poor Mary Anne!  
 Now our evening pastime flying,  
 We, in heartfelt sorrow vieing,  
 Seek thy willow,—softly sighing,  
                     “Poor Mary Anne!”

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LXXXVIII.

AYONT THE MOW AMANG THE STRAE.

AIR.—“Andrew wi’ his cutty gun.”

*Blythely hae I screw’d my pipes,
 An’ blythely play’d the lee-lang day
 But blyther been wi’ bonnie Bess
 Ayont the mow amang the strae.*

When first I saw the bonnie face
 O’ Bessie, blooming in her teens,
 She wi’d awa this heart o’ mine,
 And ca’d it fu o’ corking preens.

Blythely, &c.

" At e'en when a' the lave gae by
 " And grannie steeks her waukrife e'e,
 " Steal out when I the winnock tap,
 " Ahint the ha' I'll meet wi' thee."

Blythely, &c.

She leugh, and bade me let her hame,
 Her mither sair wad flyte and scauld,
 But ere I quat my bonnie Bess,
 Anither tale, I trow, she tauld.

Blythely, &c.

On Tysday night, fu' weel I wat,
 Wi' hinney words I row'd my tongue,
 Brought down my plaid and steively stak
 Intil my neive a hazel rung.

Blythely, &c.

Now when I conn'd my artless tale,
 Gaun linking owre the lily lea,
 Fu' weel I trow'd that ilka bush
 Some jeering question speir'd at me.

Blythely, &c.

The bittern cry'd frae yont the loch,
 " O hoolie, hoolie—where ye gaun ? "
 The quail reply'd frae 'mang the corn,
 " Turn out your taes, my bonnie man."

Blythely, &c.

And soon I faund, wi' shiv'ring shanks,
 My heart play dunt thro' bashfu' fear,
 Whan glowring owre the kail-yard dyke
 To see gin a' the coast was clear.

Blythely, &c.

And there, like ony nightly thief,
 Wi' eerie swither look'd awhile,
 Till, rallying ilka traitor nerve,
 I lightly loupit owre the style.

Blythely, &c.

Syne gae the glass twa canny pats,
 And Bessie bade nae lang frae me;
 The rousty lock was oiled weel,
 And ilka hinge o' cheeping free.

Blythely, &c.

O say, ye haly minstrel band,
 Wha saw the saft, the silken hour,
 Tho' joys celestial on ye wait,
 Say, was your bliss mair chastely pure ?

Blythely, &c.

But fare ye weel, my bonny lass,
 At e'en ye maunna look for me,
 And fare ye weel, auld mither yirth,
 Thy hills I never mair will see.

Blythely, &c.

LXXXIX.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR.—“ Open the door.”

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing :
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying !

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking :—
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him !

Oh ! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow !

XC.

SUMMER COMES, &c.*

AIR.—“Hey, tuttle, tuttle.”

Summer comes, and in her train
 Flora dances o'er the plain,
 Decking all around again,
 With her varied scenery.

* If we are correct in our supposition, this song comes from one who has already favoured us with a variety of communications. In looking over these, we were particularly struck with the versatility of our author's genius, and the happy mode of expression which he has uniformly adopted. His compositions exhibit to us a mind easily affected by the constant vicissitude both of enjoyment and of hope. They are sometimes solemnised by indulging in mournful and tender strains; at other times they abound in all the gaiety of the most playful fancy. In whatever way, however, he employs his muse, it is still with the greatest advantage to his subject.

It will, no doubt, be objected to us here, that the good judgment of the author does not appear conspicuous in this song. It may be said that the air and the words do not agree together. This was an objection which the author informs us he himself had anticipated. He had always observed, he says, that this air had been generally appropriated by poets to the celebration of martial or harsh sounding strains, and that, so far as he knew, it had never been adapted with words like the present. He was always, however, of opinion, that this might be very properly attempted, and accordingly in one of his leisure moments, and for his own amusement, he composed these stanzas.

Now the primrose, sweetest flower !
First to own the genial power
Of brighter sun and warmer shower,
 Blooms in virgin modesty.

Here the gowan lifts its head,
As if afraid some foot would tread
Back into his native bed,
 All its lowly finery.
There again the heath-bell blue,
Forms its cup of azure hue,
As if to sip the silver dew
 That falls at eve refreshingly.

And when evening comes so still,
How sweet to hear from yonder hill,
The gurgling sound of rapid rill
 Fall on the ear harmoniously.
How sweet to hear, from yonder grove,
The mavis tune his note to love,
While, bless'd with thee, I fondly rove
 Along the glen so cheerily.

XCI.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER, &c.

AIR.—"The Harper of Mull."

"My father and mother now lie with the dead,
And friendship, with them, and with fortune has fled,
And wilt thou too leave me, my lover? ah! no,
Thou never canst add to the weight of my woe.

"No, Menie, tho' father and mother are gone,
Tho' fortune deserts thee, and friends on thee frown,
Thy lover when distant afar o'er the sea,
Will still be as constant as ever to thee.

"Then how canst thou seek on a far distant strand
For what may be found on thy own native land;
If happiness is, and it must be thy bent,
Can riches procure peace of mind or content.

"No more, my dear Menie—thy wish I obey.
I will not—I cannot from thee go away,
Though less are our riches yet nothing is lost.
We're happier than those who their thousands can boast.

XCII.

FAREWELL.

Farewell ! if ever fondest prayer
For others weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell !—Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel ;
I only know we lov'd in vain—
I only feel—Farewell !—Farewell !

XCIII.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

*O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad,
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
Thy Jeanie will venture out wi' ye, my lad.*

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back yett be a-jee?
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na coming to me,
And come as ye were na coming to me.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flee,
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
 But court na anither, though joking ye be,
 For fear she should wile your fancy frae me,
 For fear she should wile your fancy frae me.

O whistle, &c.



XCIX.

KELVIN GROVE.

AIR.—“Bonnie lassie, O.”



Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonny lassie, O,
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonny lassie, O,
 Where the rose, in all its pride,
 Paints the hollow dingle side,
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny lassie, O,

We will wander by the mill, bonny lassie, O,
 To the cove beside the rill, bonny lassie, O,
 Where the glens rebound the call
 Of the lofty water-fall,
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonny lassie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O,
 Where so oft beneath its shade, bonny lassie, O,
 With the songsters in the grove,
 We have told our tale of love,
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O.

Ah ! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie, O,
 To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O,
 To the streamlet winding clear,
 To the fragrant scented brier,
 Even to thee of all most dear, bonny lassie, O.

For the frowns of fortune lower, bonny lassie, O,
 On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O,
 Ere the golden orb of day
 Wake the warblers from the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O,
 Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O,
 Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his mem'ry shed a tear, bonny lassie, O.

xcv.

THE BLAITHRIE O'T.

Original set of the words.

O Willy, weel I mind, I lent you my hand,
To sing you a sang which you did me command;
But my memory's sae bad, I had almost forgot
That ye ca'd it the gear and the blaithrie o't.

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, or pride,
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride;
For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,
And far afore the gear and the blaithrie o't.

Tho' my lassie has nae scarlets or silks to put on,
We envy not the greatest that sits upon the throne,
I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she came in her smock
Than a princess wi' the gear and the blaithrie o't.

Tho' we hae neither horses nor menzie at command,
We will toil on our foot, and we'll work wi' our hand;
And when wearied for rest, we'll find it sweet in ony spot,
And we'll value not the gear and the blaithrie o't.

If we ha'e ony babies we will count them as lent,
 Ha'e we less, ha'e we mair, we will aye be content;
 For they say they ha'e mair pleasure wha win but a groat,
 Than the miser wi' his gear and the blaithrie o't.

I'll not meddle wi' th' affairs o' the kirk or the queen,
 They're nae matters for a sang, let them sink, let them swim,
 On your kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold it still remote,
 Sae tak this for the gear and the blaithrie o't.



XCVI.

THE SMOKE FROM YON COTTAGE.



The smoke from yon cottage no longer is rising,
 For night in her mantle the world has shrouded;
 Some calmly are sleeping, some fondly devising
 New schemes to gild over the hopes that are clouded.

The moon through the blue sky in splendour is sailing,
 The stars in the noon of their brightness are glowing,
 But these, though so lovely, ah! how unavailing
 To soothe the lone heart that's with sorrow o'erflowing,

When love still remains where sweet hope is a stranger,
 The present how bitter—the future how lonely!
 Yet this though I feel—I ne'er pause at the danger,
 But bid my heart beat, love! for thee, and thee only.

Soon the red clouds of morn in the east will be blushing,
 And thousands will hail the long-wish'd-for to-morrow,
 But transient my joy, as the cheek's hectic flushing,
 That bids us to hope but to add to our sorrow.



XCVII.

THE GLOAMIN' FRAE THE WELKIN HIGH.

AIR.—"Ettrick Banks."



The gloamin frae the welkin high,
 Had chas'd the bonny gowden beam;
 The curtain'd east, in crimson dye,
 Hung heavy owre the tinted stream:
 The wild rose blushing on the brier,
 Was set wi' draps o' shining dew—
 As big and clear, as th' bursting tear
 That glow'd in Betty's e'e sae blue!

She saw the dear—the little cot,
 Where fifteen years flew sweetly by !
 And mourn'd her shame, and hapless lot,
 That forc'd her frae that hame to fly.
 Though sweet and mild the e'ening smil'd,
 Her heart was rent wi' anguish keen ;
 The mavis ceas'd his music wild,
 And wonder'd what her sobs could mean.

It wasna kind to rob my mind
 Of a' its peace for evermair ;
 To blot my name wi' burning shame,
 And mak my parents' heart sae sair.
 My hame how dare I enter now,
 Ilk honour'd face in tears to see ;
 Where oft I kneel'd to hear the vow,
 Was offer'd frae the heart for me !

And can I lo'e the treacherous man
 Wha wrought this dear and deadly ill,
 Wha blurr'd wi' clouds my early dawn ?
 Ah ! wae's my heart ! I lo'e him still !
 My heart abus'd, my love misus'd ;
 My wretched fate wi' tears I see ;
 But maist I fear my parents dear
 Gae mourning to the grave for me.

XCVIII.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.

Well ! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too,
For still my heart regards thy weal,
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot ;
But let them pass—oh ! how my heart
Would hate him if he lov'd thee not !

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break,
But when th' unconscious infant smil'd,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it—and repress'd my sighs,
Its father in its face to see ;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu ! I must away,
 While thou art blest I'll not repine !
 But near thee I can never stay,
 My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride,
 Had quench'd at length my boyish flame,
 Nor knew till seated by thy side
 My heart in all—save hope—the same.

Yet was I calm : I knew the time
 My breast would thrill before thy look,
 But now, to tremble were a crime,
 We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
 Yet meet with no confusion there ;
 One only feeling couldst thou trace,
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away ! away ! my early dream
 Remembrance never must awake :
 O ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ?
 My foolish heart be still, or break !

XCIX.

YOU REMEMBER, ELLEN.

AIR.—“ Were I a clerk.”

You remember, Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William at length, in sadness, said,
“ We must seek our fortune on other plains ; ”
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
“ To-night,” said the youth, “ we'll shelter there ;
The wind blows cold, the hour is late : ”
So, he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

"Now welcome, lady ! exclaimed the youth,—
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
 She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall !
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger woo'd and wed ;
 And the light of bliss, in these lonely groves,
 Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.



c.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.*



There is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a tear for souls distrest,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above—in Heaven !

* We cannot forbear expressing our high opinion of this excellent piece of poetry. It is a production of a very superior kind indeed, and for which we are indebted to the exertions of some American bard. It was copied from a newspaper belonging to that country, and is no mean specimen of their ability

There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'Tis fair as breath of even';
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose—in Heaven !

There is a home for weeping souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but Heaven !

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
 The heart with anguish riven,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in Heaven !

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn—of Heaven !

and attainment in poetical composition. For sweetness of numbers, and sublimity of sentiment, it cannot be surpassed, and has seldom, indeed, been equalled by any thing of the kind which we have hitherto met with. It is the effusion of a mind endowed by all the inspiration of the poet, and adorned with all the piety of the Christian. From the numerous inconveniences and anxiety of time, which so greatly embarrass and embitter human life, it carries us forward to that scene where every calamity shall be for ever excluded, and when all shall be enjoyment and rest—in Heaven.

CI.

THE CIRCLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

AIR.--"The kail brose of auld Scotland."

The cauld blasts o' winter blaw chill o'er the plain,
 And nature grows pale 'neath the tyrant's domain ;
 We'll seek our lov'd cottage, and leave the bleak scene ;
 For there's nought like the circle of friendship
 To brighten life's path with a smile.

The heart leaps with joy, by the canty fireside,
 Surrounded by faces whose faith hath been tried,
 Where kind hospitality loves to preside ;
 For there's nought like the circle of friendship
 To brighten life's path with a smile.

Though our table is spread with no epicure's fare ;
 Though our wealth is but sma', we shall never despair,
 While we just hae a plack wi' a neighbour to share ;
 Still we'll meet in the circle of friendship
 And brighten life's path with a smile.

The nabob surrounded with splendour may pine ;
 For friends are but scanty where sycophants shine ;—
 Here the juice of the malt is as sweet as the vine ;
 And there's nought like the circle of friendship
 To brighten life's path with a smile.

Let statesmen delight in the court's vain parade,
 Where each plays for SELF in the great masquerade.—
 Our pleasures, though humble, with trust are repaid ;
 For there's nought like the circle of friendship
 To brighten life's path with a smile.

While the coxcomb is lost in the butterfly throng,
 Where the dance to the music is floating along ;
 We enjoy our bit crack, wi' a canty Scots song ;
 For there's naught like the circle of friendship
 To brighten life's path with a smile.

Then blest be the faces that welcom'd me here,
 Wherever I wander they'll ever be dear,—
 While our glasses, at parting, will brim with a tear ;
 For there's nought like the circle of friendship
 To brighten life's path with a smile.

CII.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

All white hung the bushes o'er Elaw's sweet stream,
And pale from its banks the long icicles gleam;
The first peep of morning just peers thro' the sky,
And here, at thy door, gentle Mary, am I.

With the dawn of the year, and the dawn of the light,
The one that best loves thee stands first in thy sight;
Then welcom'd, dear maid, with my gift let me be,
A ribbon, a kiss, and a blessing for thee !

Last year, of earth's treasures I gave thee my part,
The new year before it I gave thee my heart;
And now, gentle Mary, I greet thee again,
When only this hand and a blessing remain !

Though time should run on with his sack full of care,
And wrinkled thy cheek, maid, and whiten thy hair,
Yet still on this morn shall my offering be,
A ribbon, a kiss, and a blessing for thee !

CIII.

WHEN LIFE FROM THIS BOSOM.

When life from this bosom for ever is fled,
Is there one for poor Jack that will mourn ?
Is there one that will say, "'neath this sod there is laid
A good fellow as ever was born ?"

No—the friends of his youth, for a short fleeting year,
May remember, when over the bowl,
That oft there has joined them in folly's career,
"Poor Jack, on the whole a good soul."

But, oh! it was not to companions like these
That his heart and his feelings were known
Though oft, to drown care, and ambitious to please,
O'er the most of the club has he shone.

Nor is it from these that a tear he would ask,
Should his mem'ry in theirs ever live;
No, to them far too hard and too grating the task,
Enough that a bumper they give.

But, oh! when he's laid in his last peaceful sleep,
 When his heart is for ever at rest,
 Sweet Lela, shouldst thou o'er his ashes e'er weep,
 Or his mem'ry e'er heave thy fair breast,

Then, if spirits of aught that is mortal can taste,
 Lov'd Lela, what joys will be mine,
 When hovering above on light pinions I haste
 To breathe a soft murmur with thine.



CIV.

BONNIE LADIE ANN.*



There's kames o' hinney 'tween my luve's lips
 And gowd amang her hair,
 Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
 Nae mortal een keek there.

* This truly excellent ballad was recovered, according to Cromek, from the recitation of Miss Catherine Macartney, of Hacket, Leaths, Galloway, and is to be found in his *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, a work which does infinite honour to the taste of the Editor.—“There is a noble sublimity, a heart-melting tenderness,” says the immortal Burns, “in some of our ancient ballads, which shew them to be the work of a masterly hand: and it

What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
 Or what arm of love dare span
 The hinney lips, the creamy loof,
 Or the waist o' Ladie Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
 Wat wi' the blode o' dew;
 But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip
 Maun touch her Ladie mou.
 But a broider'd belt wi' a' buckle o' gowd
 Her jimpy waist maun span;
 O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
 My bonnie Ladie Ann!

has often given me many a heart-ache to reflect that such glorious old bards —bards, who very probably owed all their talents to native genius, yet have described the exploits of heroes, the pangs of disappointment, and the melt-ings of love, with such fine strokes of nature,—that their very names (O how mortifying to a bard's vanity!) are now "buried among the wreck of things which were."

"A fairer specimen of romantic Scottish love than is contained in this song, is rare to be met with. It was first introduced to Nithsdale and Galloway about thirty years ago by a lady whose mind was deranged. She wandered from place to place, followed by some tamed sheep. The old people describe her as an amiable and mild creature. She would lie all night under the shade of some particular tree, with her sheep around her. They were as the ewe-lamb in the scripture parable;—they lay in her bosom, ate of her bread, drank of her cup, and were unto her as daughters. Thus she wandered through part of England, and the low part of Scotland, esteemed, respected, pitied, and wept for by all! She was wont to sing this song unmoved, until she came to the last verse, and then she burst into tears. The old tree, under which she sat with her sheep, is now cut down. The school boys always paid a kind of religious respect to it—there, on fine Sabbath evenings, the old women sat down and read their Bibles; there the young men and maidens learned their Psalms, and then went home full of the meek and holy composure of religion."—*Cromek*.

Her bower casement is lattic'd wi' flowers,
 Tied up wi' silver thread ;
 And comely sits she in the midst,
 Men's longing een to feed.
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
 Wi' her milky, milky han' ;
 And her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
 My bonnie Ladie Ann !

The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gowd,
 Like my luve's broider'd cap,
 And on the mantle which my luve wears,
 Are monie a gowden drap.
 Her bonnie eebree's a holie arch
 Cast by nae earthlie han',
 And the breath o' God's atween the lips
 O' my bonnie Ladie Ann !

[I wondering gaze on her statelie steps,
 And I beet a hopeless flame ;
 To my luve, alas ! she maunna stoop
 It wad stain her honour'd name.]
 My e'en are bauld, they dwell on a place,
 Where I darena mint my han' ;
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
 O' my bonnie Ladie Ann !

Those lines within brackets are not in the copy printed by Cromek. He says "a deal of unseemly chaff had intermixed with the heavy grain, which has cost a little winnowing and sieving." Probably the lines in question may be some of the chaff to which he alludes. However, for the sake of connection, they are inserted.

I am her father's gardener lad,
 And poor, poor, is my fa' ;*
 My auld mither gets my wee, wee fee,
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa :
 My Ladie comes, my Ladie gae,
 Wi' a fou and kindly han',
 O the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my luve,
 An fa' on Ladie Ann !



CV.

O ! IF YE HAE A HEART TO SPARE.

AIR.—" Duncan Davieson."



O ! if ye hae a heart to spare,
 And yet refuse that heart to gie,
 It will but gar me try the mair
 To wile awa that heart frae thee.
 For thou hast stown into my breast,
 And thou hast ta'en my heart awa',
 Wi' thoughts o' thee I've tint my rest,
 And yet I pardon thee for't a'.

* Fa',—lot,—fate.

I canna want thee out my sight,
 I weary for thee night and day,
 'Tis thee I think o' aye at night,
 Whan I gae ben the house to pray.
 A youthfu' life's a sinfu' time,
 I've heard my eldrin mither say,
 But, oh ! if love be made a crime,
 Then I hae cause to be right wae.

For I'm sae caught by Cupid's snare,
 That if by chance I hear thy name,
 My heart plays dunt ere I'm aware,
 And sets my bosom in a flame.
 Sae, if ye're willing, here's my hand,
 And dinna think me pert or bauld,
 Though young and daft, yet wedlock's band
 Will wear me wise as I grow auld.

There's Andrew o' the Bramble-knowe,
 He vows and swears he'll hae me soon,
 I'll gie his rock anither tow,
 And gar the body change his tune.
 For I hae sworn a haly aith,
 And mair than that, this very day
 I tauld my mam and dadie baith,
 Nae ither lad than you I'd hae.

CVI.

THERE'S NONE TO SOOTHE MY SOUL TO
REST.

AIR.—"Bonny was yon rosy brier."

There's none to soothe my soul to rest,
There's none my load of grief to share,
Or wake to joy this lonely breast,
Or light the gloom of dark despair.
Oft to the winds my grief I tell,
They bear along the mournful tale,
To dreary echo's rocky cell,
That heaves it back upon the gale.

The little wild bird's merry lay,
That wont my lightsome heart to cheer,
In murmuring echoes dies away,
And melts like sorrow on my ear.
The voice of joy no more can warm,
The look of love no more can warm,
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And clos'd that eye alone could charm.

CVII.

WINIFREDA.*

AIR.—"Eveillez vous belle endormie."

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones they shall wonder,
How they respect such little folk.

* We extract this chaste and beautiful address to conjugal love from a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*, by several hands, published by D. Lewis, London, 1726, wherein it is stated to be "A translation from the ancient British." This, Dr. Aiken, in his *Focal Poetry*, p. 152; considers as a

What though from fortune's lavish'd bounty,
 No mighty treasures we possess ;
 We'll find within our pittance, plenty,
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season,
 Sufficient for our wishes give;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only way to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread,
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 While round my knees they fondly clung;
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue !

And when with envy, time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go wooing in my boys.

poetic fiction only, or rather a stroke of satire, by which Dr. Percy was strangely induced to insert the piece among his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. In the *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. ix. p. 37, the honour of this production is given to the late Mr. Stephens, (meaning George Stevens, Esq. :) but with what propriety may be doubted. Ritson, in his *Collection of English Songs*, ascribes it to Mr Gilbert Cooper.

CVIII.

'Twas IN A LONELY COTTAGE DWELLING.

'Twas in a lonely cottage dwelling,
Oft remember'd with a tear,
With falt'ring voice his sighs repelling,
Edward own'd his love sincere.
But I was vain and blush'd with beauty,
He was poor and humbly born,
I coldly pleaded filial duty,
Treating all his vows with scorn.

With trembling steps and broken-hearted,
Edward left his native plain;
From that sad day all joy departed,
Never to return again.
For he, o'erwhelmed with hopeless sorrow,
Frantic to the battle sped;
The foe repuls'd—but on the morrow,
Edward slumber'd with the dead.

CIX.

THE ROSE THAT BLOOMS.

AIR.—“I saw thy form.”

The rose that blooms on yonder brier,
Beneath the hawthorn shade,
Looks full of life, and gay as thee,
But, ah, it soon will fade, Mary.

Nurs'd by the summer dews of heaven,
It buds, and soon is blown,
But long ere winter's frown is seen,
'Tis gone—for ever gone, Mary!

Perhaps 'tis cropp'd by school-boy hand,
In search of linnet nest;
Perhaps some lover, wandering by,
May place it in his breast, Mary.

And what is beauty but a rose,
That blooms a short-liv'd hour;
When not untimely cropp'd by death,
Or blighted like the flower, Mary.

CX.

NO, MARY, WE CAN MEET NAE MAIR.*

No, Mary, we can meet nae mair,
 Thou'st fause been to thyself' and me,
 Thou'st left me for anither's sake—
 The thing I couldna done to thee.
 The bosom aft that pillow'd thee,
 That bosom how couldst thou forsake !
 The heart that was sae set on thee—
 Sae fond a heart, how couldst thou break ?

* In a note which accompanied this song, this author informs us that it was written on occasion of his reading the celebrated speech of councillor Phillips, entitled "Guthrie v. Sterne." This is a case with which, no doubt, the most of our readers will be already well acquainted. It became extensively known at the time when it occurred, not only from the peculiar atrocities which the crime itself involved, but chiefly on account of the very spirited address delivered by Mr. Phillips in behalf of the injured husband.

As it would, however, encroach too much upon our present limits to give even a brief of this interesting case, we shall simply observe that it became highly aggravated on the part of the lady, and particularly distressing to the afflicted husband, from the consideration that her levity had forced her not only from a home where happiness seemed to dwell, but from the superintendence and affection of four helpless children. The thought so affected the tender father, that he put them into mourning, thereby most significantly referring to their forlorn and orphan situation, and it is to this circumstance that the poet so feelingly alludes in the second stanza, where he introduces "the wee things as eying their mournfu' garb."

f

All pleasure now wi' thee has fled,
 And hame is dreary, fu' o' wae ;
 Each former joy adds grief to think
 That her I loved has used me sae.
 The wee things eye their mournfu' garb,
 Their mother aye they wish to see,
 Their father's looks and tears they mark,
 And wonder what the cause can be.

The anguish which my bosom wrings,
 O may'st thou, Mary, never feel !
 For a' the ill thou'st done to me,
 I'll aye sincerely wish thee weel.
 A deadly stroke to me thou'st gi'en,
 Life ebbing issues frae the woun',
 Yet hate me not, for soon will I
 Baith wi' the world and thee hae done.



CXL.

TO THEE, LOV'D DEE.



To thee, lov'd Dee, thy gladsome vales,
 Where late with careless steps I rang'd,
 Though press'd with care, and sunk in woe,
 To thee I bring a heart unchanged.

I love thee, Dee, thy banks and glades,
 Though memory there my bosom tear,
 For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
 Yet to that heart, oh ! still how dear.

Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
 And saw me once supremely blest ;
 Oh yield me now a peaceful grave,
 And give a forlorn maiden rest ;
 And should the false one hither stray,
 No vengeful spirit bid him fear ;
 But tell him, though he broke my heart,
 Yet to that heart he still was dear !



CXII.

IS THERE A MAN WHOSE BREAST NE'ER
 GLOW'D.

AIR.—" Is there a heart that never lov'd ?"



Is there a man whose breast ne'er glow'd
 With Freedom's hallow'd flame,
 Whose lips with accents never flow'd
 In praises to her name ;

Oh ! bear him hence to Asia's plains,
 Or Afric's deserts drear,
 Where not a ray of freedom deigns
 The humble hut to cheer.

Oh ! there's a charm in Liberty !
 A spell of heavenly birth,
 Which souls from meaner cares can free,
 And lift them far from earth :
 And he whose life's-blood bravely flows
 At freedom's glorious shrine,
 May smile in triumph on his foes,
 And deem his fate divine !

~~~~~

CXIII.

THE LOVELY MAID OF ORMADALE.

—

When sets the sun o'er Lomond's height,  
 To blaze upon the western wave,  
 When peace and love possess the grove,  
 And echo sleeps within its cave ;

Led by love's soft endearing charms,  
 I stray the pathless winding vale,  
 And hail the hour that gives to me  
 The lovely maid of Ormadale.

Her eyes outshine the star of night,  
 Her cheeks the morning's rosy hue,  
 And pure as flower in summer shade,  
 Low bending in the pearly dew;  
 Nor flower so fair and lovely pure,  
 Shall fate's dark wintry winds assail,  
 As angel smile she aye will be  
 Dear to the bowers of Ormadale.

Let fortune soothe the heart of care,  
 And wealth to all its votaries give;  
 Be mine the rosy smile of love,  
 And in its blissful arms to live:  
 I would resign fair India's wealth,  
 And sweet Arabia's spicy gale,  
 For balmy eve and Scotian bower,  
 With thee, lov'd maid of Ormadale.



## CXIV.

## AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

---

At the close of the day, in the sacred aisle,  
By the light of the taper dim,  
'Tis sweet to sit and list the while  
To the notes of the vesper hymn.

When the silver moon, and the evening star,  
Are through the cloister beaming,  
And the notes of the choir, though distant far,  
Like an angel's song are streaming.

Then every care from the tranquil breast,  
By the sacred scene is driven,  
Each wild desire is hush'd to rest,  
Each hope is turn'd to Heaven.

There would I wish to linger still,  
Till my heart had hush'd her motion,  
Nor with less holy feelings thrill,  
Than mild meek-eyed devotion.

## CXV.

## THE EMIGRANT.

---

From his booth on the hill the sad shepherd retires,  
Down the long sloping vale to the sea-beaten shore ;  
From the scenes of his youth, from the home of his sires,  
A new home to seek o'er the wild ocean's roar.

On his arm hung his partner of joy and of woe ;  
On her cheek the smile strove to oppose the big tear,—  
'Twas vain ; for the past still return'd to her view,  
And the future was darken'd with sorrow and care.

By their side the dear pledges of love cheerful, smil'd,  
For they knew not the cause why their fond father mourn'd,  
And the old shepherd dog, as he follow'd, howl'd wild,  
And oft to the dear lonely mansion return'd.

O hard, cruel lordling, thy mandate's severe,  
That sends yon sad band o'er the wide western wave ;  
O'er thy bier weeping pity shall ne'er shed a tear,  
Nor love sadly sigh o'er thy dark narrow grave.

## CXVI.

OH ! DEEPLY PLEDGE THE AWFUL VOW ! \*

---

My dying sire, in battle slain,  
Cried—" Boy, behold this forehead hoary,  
Its pulses throb with joy and pain,  
Thy father liv'd—and died—for glory,  
Swear thou to fall as I fall now—  
Oh ! deeply pledge the awful vow ! "

I grasp'd his hand—it felt my tear—  
'Mid broken sobs my oath was given—  
The struggling soul just paus'd to hear—  
Then burst its bonds, and sprang to heaven.  
" Sire ! thron'd in clouds—I greet thee now,  
And freshly pledge the awful vow ! "

\* From the Play of the Bride of Abydos.

## CXVII.

## SEE, IN PRIDE OF SUMMER GROWING.\*

---

See, in pride of summer growing,  
 Roses on yon blooming thorn,  
 In beauty and in fragrance blowing,  
 Their blushes through pure dew-drops glowing,  
 Rival the blushing dawn of morn.

\* Many of our readers will doubtless recollect that the poem, entitled *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, No. III. of this work, was given as anonymous. Although the piece, on its first publication, had been most favourably received, and was afterwards copied into several public papers of the day, yet none contained any information respecting the author, nor even attempted to offer a conjecture on the subject. By the kindness of a friend, however, to whose attention we are much indebted, and on whose veracity we can place the greatest confidence, this desideratum has been unexpectedly supplied in a note which accompanied the present song.

"These lines were written by a Mr. Hally, author of *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, which was published in the first number of the *Harp*. Mr. Hally is a native of Ireland, and lives near the village of Tanderagee, in the county of Armagh. He was educated for the church, but has given up that profession, at least for the present, and amuses himself in composing such verses as you have seen. This information I received lately from an Irish gentleman who was Mr. Hally's greatest friend and companion. As, however, I give the song entirely from memory, I cannot pledge myself that it is altogether correct."

OX IX.

OUR YOUTH WILL FADE.\*

AIR.—“When time who steals our years away.”

---

Our youth will fade, as fades the flower,  
That now adorns the board,  
Nor can the bloom, by earthly power,  
Be e'er again restor'd.

The fairest flower the florist rears,  
Beneath the genial ray,  
Like man, within its bosom bears  
The seeds of sure decay.

Then let us live as those who know,  
Howe'er the scene may seem,  
Our joys, our sorrows, here below  
Will fade like passing dream.

\* This piece was written at the request of a member of the Paisley Florist Club, 1818.

The flowers that boast the richest hue  
 Too oft no fragrance give;  
 Fit emblem of the gaudy few,  
 Who rather breathe than live.

But twine for us a modest wreath  
 Of flowers that deck the field,  
 And which, though lowly laid in death,  
 Still sweetest odours yield.

Then let us live as those who know,  
 Howe'er the scene may seem,  
 Our joys, our sorrows, here below  
 Will fade like passing dream.



## OXX.

## OH! BRIGHT ROSE THE SUN.

AIR.—"Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane."



Oh! bright rose the sun on the beautiful ocean,  
 His golden beams flash'd from the murmuring tide,  
 While each little wave, with a trembling commotion,  
 Alternately broke on the tall vessel's side;

The sails were all swell'd with the breeze of the morning,  
 She gallantly stemm'd the dark wave of the sea,  
 And a proud union ensign her mast-head adorning,  
 Show'd a frigate of Britain, the land of the free.

Afar on the billows the vessel was heaving,  
 The dark rocky shore scarcely seen from the mast,  
 While stretch'd on a cliff gentle Ella lay grieving,  
 And mournfully sigh'd to the waves that roll'd past.  
 Ah ! when will my William, from danger returning,  
 Display his dear flag o'er this wave-beaten shore,  
 Ah ! when will he hush all my sighing and mourning,  
 Saying, sweetly, " My Ella, be anxious no more."

When far in th' horizon a white speck appearing,  
 Grew gradually nearer, and larger to view,  
 And soon a brave frigate, before the winds steering,  
 Display'd her broad flag o'er a brave British crew;  
 And soon the brave William, his Ella caressing,  
 With fondest endearment dispell'd all her fear,  
 And cried, as his lips to her cheek he was pressing,  
 " Never more will I leave thee, sweet Ella, my dear !"

## CXXI.

SWEET LADY, LOOK NOT THUS AGAIN.

---

Sweet lady, look not thus again :  
Those little pouting smiles recal  
A maid remember'd now with pain,  
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh ! while this heart delirious took  
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,  
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,  
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh !

Yes, I did love her—madly love—  
She was the sweetest, best deceiver !  
And oft she swore she'd never rove,  
And I was destined to believe her.



Then, lady, do not wear the smile  
 Of her whose smile could thus betray.  
 Alas ! I think the lovely wile  
 Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell that stole my mind,  
 On lips so pure as thine I see,  
 I fear the heart which she resign'd  
 Will err again, and fly to thee !



## CXXII.

AH ! MARY, SWEETEST MAID, FAREWELL.



“ Ah ! Mary, sweetest maid, farewell !  
 My hopes are flown, for a's to wreck,  
 Heaven guard your love, and heal your heart,  
 Though mine, alas ! maun break.”

“ Dearest lad, what ills betide !  
 Is Willie to his love untrue !  
 Pledg’d the morn to be your bride,  
 Ah ! hae ye, hae ye ta’en the rue ! ”

“ Ye canna wear a ragged gown,  
 A beggar wed wi’ nought ava’;  
 My kye are drown’d, my house is down,  
 My last sheep lies aneath the snaw ! ”

“ Tell na me o’ storm or flood,  
 Or sheep a’ smoor’d ayont the hill,  
 For Willie’s sake I Willie lo’ed,  
 Though poor, ye are my Willie still. ”

“ Ye canna thole the wind and rain,  
 Nor wander friendless far frae hame.  
 Cheer, cheer your heart, some richer swain  
 Will soon blot out lost Willie’s name. ”

“ I’ll tak my bundle in my hand,  
 And wipe the dew-drap frae my e’e,  
 I’ll wander wi’ ye o’er the land,  
 I’ll venture wi’ ye o’er the sea. ”

“ Pardon, love, ’twas a’ a snare—  
 The flocks are safe—we needna part,  
 I’d forfeit them and ten times mair,  
 To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart. ”

" Could ye wi' my feelings sport,  
 Or doubt a heart sae warm and true,  
 I should wish mischief on ye for't,  
 But canna wish ought ill to you."

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CXXIII.

WHERE THE CHILLING NORTH WIND HOWLS.*

Where the chilling north wind howls,
 Where the weeds so wildly wave,
 Mourned by the weeping willow,
 Wash'd by the beating billow,
 Lies the youthful poet's grave.

* This is another very valuable little poem, for which we must do homage to the genius of America. It serves to confirm the opinion which we have formerly stated respecting the talents and improvement of our brethren in that far distant land. The merits of the piece, indeed, cannot but be highly appreciated by every man of taste, as well as by every lover of poetry. They are of such a nature as widely to distinguish it from the general tenor of elegiac compositions, which, for the most part, are either begun without interest, or conducted without ability. On the contrary, we are here presented

Beneath yon little eminence,
 Mark'd by the grass green turf,
 The winding sheet his form encloses,
 On the cold stone his head reposes,
 And near him foams the troubl'd surf.

" Roars round its base the ocean,"
 Pensive sleeps the moon-beam there,
 Naiads love to wreathe his urn,
 Dryads thither hie to mourn,
 And fairies' wild-notes melt in air !

with the effusions of a mind glowing with all the ardour of the most generous feeling, assisted by the dictates of an exuberant fancy, and adorned with the embellishments of classical refinement.

Of the author of so respectable a production, we are sorry to confess ourselves to be very ignorant. The only particular, indeed, which we can state respecting him is, that at the time when he composed the present poem he had scarcely completed his fifteenth year.

Our information concerning the youth who is here so feelingly commemorated, has, however, been more satisfactory and complete. He was a Mr. George Spirrin, a native of the State of New York in America. His father, who was by profession a clergyman, and who had discharged the duties of his office for many years in the district referred to, immediately after the birth of his son removed with his family to South Carolina. As George was an only, and, of course, a beloved son, his father took his education solely into his own hands, and was, indeed, the only instructor which he had in his juvenile studies. The attention of the father was amply rewarded by the unprecedented application and progress of the extraordinary youth. At the age of seven he read *Cæsar's Commentaries*, and before he had attained his ninth year had perused the works of Horace. From his earliest infancy he took no delight in the sports of his playful companions, but was often known to steal, even from the most engaging pastime, to wander with a

O'er his tomb the village virgins
 Love to drop the tribute tear,
 Stealing from the alleys 'round,
 Soft they tread the hallow'd ground,
 And weave the wild-flower chaplet there.

By the cold earth mantl'd,
 Peaceful sleeps he here alone ;
 Cold and lifeless lies his form,
 Batters on his grave the storm,
 Silent now his tuneful numbers,
 Here the child of genius slumbers,—
 Strangers ! mark his burial stone !

friend, and listen to the stories of the *Iliad*. He possessed a dignity of demeanour, and an energy of character, which commanded both the admiration and respect of all who knew him. At the early age of sixteen years and eight months, while eagerly engaged in the study of the law, and promising to have become one of the brightest ornaments to his country and profession, he fell a victim to the ravages of the yellow fever, and was interred in Sullivan's Island, opposite the city of Charleston.

To his other endowments was added that of a rich and happy talent for poetical composition. After his death his poems, which form a small volume, were collected and published by his disconsolate friends. These reflect the highest honour upon his name and genius, and we are particularly informed that the present piece was originally composed after reading one of them, entitled *Eliza's Grave*, a chaste effort of taste and sensibility.

CXXIV.

RISE, MY LOVE, MY CELIA, RISE.

Rise, my love, my Celia, rise,
And let us taste the sweets of morn,
Orient blushes tinge the skies,
Crystal dew bedecks the thorn.

Sol, emerging from the main,
Shakes effulgence from his wings,
Gladness flows o'er hill and plain,
Nature smiles, and nature sings,

Down yon green embroider'd vale,
Bright with dew—with violets gay,
Let us meet the morning gale,
Let us share the morning ray.

Beauty blooms in every flower,
Verdure smiles in every grove,
Music rings in every bower,
All is beauty—all is love !

CXXV.

THE HEALTH I ONCE SO MUCH ENJOY'D.

The health I once so much enjoy'd
Is gone,—for ever gone ;
And all the goodly hopes destroy'd
That once so brightly shone.

The hectic flush that mantles o'er
This cheek of living clay,
Hath oft deceived—but, ah ! no more
Can hope itself betray.

Then twine for me no flowery wreath,
To bind my flowing hair,
For soon the chill cold hand of death,
Will mock thy every care.

By me the love that thou hast shown
Can never be repaid,
But heaven the precious debt will own,
When I am lowly laid.

Each day thy presence cheers my heart,
 And chastens all my grief,
 As oft I view each little art
 Thou triest to bring relief;

And still to soothe the lonely night,
 Consoling thoughts are given,
 For Fancy paints thy love as bright,
 And purer far—in heaven.



CX XVI.

TO ENGLAND'S TOWERS OF OAK FAREWELL.



To England's towers of Oak farewell,
 No more for me shall be unfurl'd,
 The canvass, in the gale to swell,
 The Ocean is no more my world;
 Yet there life's earliest years I fearless pass'd,
 "A Sea-boy, on the high and giddy mast."

There oft to charm the midnight hour,
 The helmsman with a fancy free,
 His ditty to the waves would pour,
 Of love on shore, or storms at sea,
 And how the sea-boy, midst the rattling blast,
 Keeps station on the high and bending mast.

Dear were the sounds, though rude and hoarse,
 Of helm-a-lee, or helm-a-weather,
 To bring the vessel to her course,
 And keep the sails well fill'd together.
 While on the look-out, far my eyes were cast,
 "A sea-boy, on the high and giddy mast."



CXXVII.

THY WOODS AND GLADES, SWEET
 ARTHURLIE.

AIR.—"Bonny Wood of Craigielea."



*Thy woods and glades, sweet Arthurlie,
 Thy woods and glades, sweet Arthurlie,
 Aye fair to view, are fairer now,
 Sin' lovely Jessie dwells in thee.*

The flower that blooms amid thy glades,
 The floweret on thy velvet lea,
 Though lovely, all their beauty fades,
 When bid, fair maid, to vie with thee.
Thy woods and glades, &c.

May heaven protect thy ripening years,
 Thou bonny maid of Arthurlie,
 And ne'er, unless 'tis pity's tears,
 May tear, fair maid, be shed by thee.
Thy woods and glades, &c.

Belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd by all,
 Still happy, happy may'st thou be,
 And O, long may'st thou grace the hall,
 And glens and glades of Arthurlie.*
Thy woods and glades, &c.

* Arthurlie, alluded to in this song, lies in the parish of Neilston, and county of Renfrew, distant from Paisley about four miles, and is the property of William Lowndes, Esq. Arthurlie was anciently the inheritance and designation of a family of the surname of Stewart, a branch of the noble family of Darnley. It was, at that time, a very extensive estate, but is now parcelled out to various proprietors. It has become a great seat of manufactures, and is embellished with several elegant villas, among which that of Mr. Lowndes is the principal, and it may be said to be the only one that bears the name. It is a remarkably pleasant place.

CXCVIII.

KENMURE'S ON AN' AWA', WILLIE.*

Kenmure's on an' awa', Willie,
 Kenmure's on an' awa' ;
 And Kenmure's lord's the bonniest lord
 That ever Gallowa' saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
 Success to Kenmure's band ;
 There was never a heart that fear'd a Whig,
 Ere rade by Kenmure's land.

*William, Viscount Kenmure, ancestor of the present Hon. John Gordon of Kenmure, was Commander-in-Chief of the Chevalier's forces in the south of Scotland. Having joined General Foster, with about two hundred horsemen, he marched to Preston in Lancashire, and there surrendered himself, with many other nobles, prisoners at discretion.

In the history of the rebellion, 1716, it is stated "that the prisoners, viz., Lords Nithsdale, Derwentwater, Kenmure, with many others, being appointed to be carried to London, arrived there on the ninth of December. They were brought as far as Highgate by Brigadier Panton, Lieutenant-Colonel of Lumley's regiment of horse, under a guard of an hundred of his troopers, and were there received by Mayor-General Tatton at the head of a detachment of about three hundred foot guards, and one hundred and twenty horse-grenadier guards. Here every one of them had his arms tied

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blede
 Afore the battle drap.

For Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 For Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their faes shall ken !

They'll live and die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live and die wi' fame;
 But soon wi' soun' o' victorie
 May Kenmure's lads come hame !

with a cord coming across his back ; and being thus pinioned, they were not allowed to hold the reins of the bridle. But each of them had a foot soldier leading his horse, and, being ranged in four different divisions, according to the four different prisons to which they were allotted, and each division placed between a party of the horse grenadiers, and a platoon of the foot. In this manner General Tatton set out from Highgate about noon, and proceeded to London through innumerable crowds of spectators, who all of them expressed their utmost detestation of their rebellious attempt, by upbraiding them with their crime, shouting them along in this disgraceful triumph, and incessantly crying out, ' King George for ever ; *no warning-pan bastard !*' The mob in the meantime marched before them, beating on a warning-pan, while the General's drums beat a triumphant march. After this the noblemen, and three or four others, were sent to the Tower ; Mr. Forster, Mr. M'Intosh, and about seventy more, to Newgate ; sixty to the Marshalsea ; and about seventy-two to the Fleet."

Thus ended the unfortunate enterprise into England, burying all at once the hopes of the Chevalier in that quarter. Viscount Kenmure and others were tried at the bar of the House of Peers, found guilty of the crime of high treason, and beheaded on Tower-Hill, on the 24th day of Feb., 1716. On the day

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine,
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

He kiss'd his ladie's hand, Willie,
 He kiss'd his ladie's hand;
 But gane's his ladie's courtesie,
 When he draws his bludie brand.

His ladie's cheek was red, Willie,
 His ladie's cheek was red;
 When she saw his steely jupes put on,
 Which smell'd o' deadlie feud.

Here's him that's far awa', Willie,
 Here's him that's far awa' !
 And here's the flower that I loe best,
 The rose that's like the snaw.

preceding that on which he suffered, he wrote to a certain nobleman, stating that he died firm in principles of adherence to the Chevalier, "whom he believed to be the legitimate son of King James the Second."²

Among the peasantry of Nithsdale and Galloway his memory is still revered. He was a virtuous nobleman, calm, sensible, resolute, and resigned, and a devout member of the Protestant Church. "He had ever lived," as he said in the letter to which we have already alluded, "and would die in the profession of the Protestant religion."

² See *Account of the Rebellion in 1715—16*, by Geo. Charles, 2 vols. 8vo.

CXXIX.

FAIR WIDOW, ARE YE WAUKING.

O, wha's at my chamber door ?
"Fair widow, are ye wauking ?"
Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
Your love lies a' in tauking.
Gie me the lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow ;
'Tis sic as he can bless the sight
And bosom of a widow.—

"O widow, wilt thou let me in,
I'm pauky, wise, and thrifty,
And come of a right gentle kin,
An' little mair than fifty."
Daft carle, dit your mouth,
What signifies how pauky
Or gentle born ye be—bot youth,
In love you're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
That powerfully plead clinken,
And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,
And nae mair love will think on."

These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they make you young, sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection than your tongue, sir.



CXXX.

TOMB OF MY FATHERS.



Subdu'd by misfortunes, and bow'd down with pain,
 I sought on the bosom of peace to recline:
 I hied to the home of my fathers again,
 But the home of my fathers no longer was mine.

The look that spoke gladness and welcome was gone;
 The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no more:
 A stranger was there, with a bosom of stone,
 And cold was his eye as I enter'd his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
 The falling to crush, and the humble to spurn;
 But I staid not his scorn,—from his mansion I fled.
 And my beating heart vow'd never more to return.

When home shall receive me, one home yet I know,
 O'er its gloomy recess see the pine-branches wave,
 'Tis the tomb of my fathers.—The world is my foe,
 And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the tomb of my fathers, the grey moisten'd walls,
 Declining to earth, speak, emphatic, decay ;
 The gate, off its hinge, and half-opening, calls
 " Approach, most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay."

Alas ! thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
 How little this meeting once augur'd my breast !
 From a wanderer accept, oh my fathers, this tear,
 Receive him, the last of your race, to your rest !

~~~~~  
 CXXXI.

AND CAN THY BOSOM BEAR THE THOUGHT.

AIR.—" Loudon's bonnie woods and braes."

•  
 And can thy bosom bear the thought  
 To part frae love and me, laddie ?  
 Are all those plighted vows forgot,  
 Sae fondly pledged by thee, laddie ?



Can'st thou forget the midnight hour,  
 When in yon love-inspiring bower,  
 You vow'd by every heavenly power,  
     You'd ne'er loe ane but me, laddie.  
 Wilt thou—wilt thou gang and leave me,  
 Win my heart, and then deceive me ?  
 Oh ! that heart will break, believe me,  
     Gin ye part wi' me, laddie.

Aft hae ye roos'd my rosy cheek,  
     Aft prais'd my sparkling e'e, laddie,  
 Aft said nae bliss on earth ye'd seek,  
     But love, and live wi' me, laddie.  
 But soon those cheeks will lose their red,  
 Those eyes in endless sleep be hid,  
 And 'neath the turf the heart be laid,  
     That beats for love, and thee, laddie.  
 Wilt thou—wilt thou gang and leave me,  
 Win my heart and then deceive me ?  
 Oh ! that heart will break, believe me,  
     Gin ye part frae me, laddie.

You'll meet a form mair sweet and fair,  
     Where rarer beauties shine, laddie,  
 But oh ! the heart can never bear,  
     A love sae true as mine, laddie,  
 But when that heart is laid at rest,  
 That heart that loed ye last and best,  
 Oh, then the pangs that rend thy breast  
     Will sharper be than mine, laddie.

Broken vows will vex and grieve me,  
 Till a broken heart relieve me,  
 Yet its latest thought, believe me,  
 Will be love and thine, laddie.

~~~~~  
 CXXXII.

OH ! THIS WEARY, WEARY WARL.*

(In the Cumberland dialect.)

—
 Auld Marget, in the fauld she sits,
 And spins, and sings, and smuiks by fits,
 And cries, as she had lost her wits—
 “Oh ! this weary, weary warl !”

* Such will be the exclamation of every one who has lived to that period of life when the powers of sensation are blunted, when worldly objects no longer attach the heart, and when those amusements which gave rapture to youth can no longer please. Weighed down with infirmities and sorrow, and standing on the stage of life as a friendless, forlorn, insulated individual, the burden of an old man's song must ever be, “Oh ! this weary, weary warl !”

Yence Marget was as lish a lass
 As e'er in summer trode the grass ;
 But fearfu' changes come to pass—
 In this weary, weary warl !

Then at a murry-neet or fair,
 Her beauty made the young fowk stare ;
 Now wrinkl'd is that feace wi' care—
 Oh ! this weary, weary warl !

Yence Marget she had dowters twee,
 And bonnier lassies cudna be ;
 Now nowther kith nor kin has she—
 Oh ! this weary, weary warl !

The eldest wi' a soldier gay
 Ran frae her heame ae luckless day,
 And e'en lies buried far away—
 Oh ! this weary, weary warl !

The youngest she did nought but whine,
 And for the lads wad fret and pine,
 Till hurried off by a decline
 Frae this weary, weary warl !

Auld Andrew toil'd reet sair for bread ;
 Ae neet they fan him cauld, cauld dead ;
 Nae wonder that turn'd Marget's head—
 Oh ! this weary, weary warl !

Peer Marget! oft I pity thee,
 Wi' care-worn cheek and hollow e'e,
 Bow'd down by yage and poverty—
 Oh! this weary, weary war!

~~~~~

CXXXIII.

'Twas ROSA'S LIP, 'Twas ROSA'S EYE.

—

What though 'tis true I've talk'd of love,  
 And other beauties idly strove  
 My heart to free from Rosa's chain,  
 Unbroke the golden links remain,  
     Entwin'd round every part.  
 For if another's charms I prais'd,  
 Those charms some fond remembrance rais'd,  
 Perhaps 'twas not her tresses flowing,  
 Dimpl'd cheek, or blushes glowing,  
     Oh, no! oh, no!  
 'Twas Rosa's lip, 'twas Rosa's eye,  
 'Twas Rosa's self that caus'd the sigh,  
     'Twas Rosa rul'd my heart.

I own, betray'd by youth or wine,  
 I've sworn a face or form divine;  
 Or when some witching syren sung,  
 My yielding soul bewilder'd hung  
     Enraptur'd with her art.  
 But soon the feeble spell was gone,  
 Some faint resemblance rais'd alone;  
 Could tones less sweet, and looks less smiling,  
 Long delude my sense beguiling,  
     Oh, no! oh, no!  
 'Twas Rosa's voice, or Rosa's glance,  
 'Twas Rosa's self that caus'd the trance,  
     And touch'd my conscious heart.



## CXXXIV.

## THE CYPRESS WREATH.



O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree!  
 Too lively glow the lilies light,  
 The varnish'd holly's all too bright,

The May-flower and the eglantine  
 May shade a brow less sad than mine ;  
 But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,  
 Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpl'd mirth his temples twine,  
 With tendrils of the laughing vine ;  
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
 To patriot and to sage be due ;  
 The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
 But that Matilda will not give;  
 Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear  
 Her blended roses, bought so dear ;  
 Let Albyn bind her bonnet blue,  
 With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew ;  
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen,  
 The flower she loves of emerald green ;  
 But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
 The ivy, meet for minstrel's hair :  
 And, while his crown of laurel leaves,  
 With bloody hand, the victor weaves,

Let the loud trump his triumph tell;  
 But when you hear the passing-bell,  
 Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,  
 And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;  
 But, oh, Matilda, twine not now !  
 Stay till a few brief months are past,  
 And I have look'd and lov'd my last !  
 When villagers my shroud bestrew,  
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue,  
 Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,  
 And weave it of the cypress tree.



CXXXV.

### THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.



My love can boast a sweeter flower,  
 Than can be seen in cultur'd bower,  
 When gently falls the evening shower  
 Upon the opening blossom.

This early flower, on mountain side,  
 Bedecks the slope where streamlets glide  
 In haste to meet the ocean's tide,  
     Which guards its native shores.

I love to seek the primrose pale  
 That bends before the vernal gale  
 Which softly breathes along the vale,  
     When winter's storm is o'er.

In primrose pale I sometimes trace  
 The sweetness of my Lucy's face;  
 The tender heart, that stamps the grace  
     That blooms when roses wither.

~~~~~  
 CXXXVI.

THE MAID OF GLENCONNEL.

AIR.—“The banks of the Devon.”

—

The pearl of the fountain, the rose of the valley,
 Are sparkling and lovely, are stainless and mild;
 The pearl sheds its ray 'neath the dark water, gaily,
 The rose opens its blossom, to bloom on the wild.

The pearl and the rose are the emblems of Mary,
 The Maid of Glenconnel—once lovely and gay,
 A false lover woo'd her—ye damsels, be wary—
 Now scath'd is the blossom—now dimm'd is the ray.

You have seen her, when morn brightly dawn'd on the moun-
 Trip blithely along, singing sweet to the gale, [tain,
 At noon, with her lambs, by the side of yon fountain,
 Or wending, at eve, to her home in the vale.

With the flowers of the willow-tree blent in her tresses,
 Now, woe-worn and pale, in the glen she is seen,
 Bewailing the cause of her rueful distresses,—
 How fondly he vow'd,—and how false he has been.



CXXXVII.

THE MERMAID.*

To yon fause stream, that near the sea,
 Hides monie a shelve and plum, †
 And rives wi' fearfu' din the stanes,
 A witless knight did come.

* This beautiful piece of poetry was recovered from the recitation of a lady, who heard it sung by the servants in her father's family, about fifty years

† *Plum*, a deep hole in the river.

The day shines clear,—far in he's gane,
 Whar shells are silver bricht,
 Fishes war louping a' around,
 And sparkling to the licht :

Whan as he lav'd, sounds cam sae sweet,
 Frae ilka rock and tree,
 The brief* was out, 'twas him it doom'd
 The Mermaid's face to see.†

ago. It is believed, notwithstanding some modern expressions, to be very ancient. The lady mentions that it was very popular on the Carrick coast of Ayrshire. It bears a striking resemblance to a fragment written by Mr. Pinkerton, and to be found in his collection, beginning thus,—

Whar yon clear burn, frae down the loch,
 Rins saftlie to the sea,
 There latellie bath'd, in hets o' nune,
 A squire of valour hie.—&c.

There is another piece to be found in Jamieson's *Collection of Popular Ballads and Songs*, called the *Waterwoman*, a translation from the German of Goethe, exactly similar in the story, and nearly so in description with the *Mermaid*. We do not know at what period the *Waterwoman* first made its appearance, but should be inclined to suppose, from internal evidence, that it was not imitated from "Pinkerton's fragment," which, among other things, wants the catastrophe.

* *Brief*, literally a writ, here a sentence. In the account of Gourie's Conspiracy, appended to Gall's *Gabions*, it is used in the sense of "irresistible spell."

† *The Mermaid's face to see*. It appears that Mermaids could injure, even by a look; and on this circumstance turns the ballad of *Clerk Colvín*.

Frae 'neath a rock, sune, sune she rase,
 And statelie on she swam,
 Stopt in the midst, and beck'd and sang,*
 To him to stretch his hand.

Gowden glist the yellow links,
 That round her neck she'd twine ;
 Her een was o' the skyie blue,
 Her lips did mock the wine.

The smile upon her bonnie cheek,
 Was sweeter than the bee ;
 Her voice excell'd the birdie's sang,
 Upon the birchen tree.

Sae couthie, couthie † did she look,
 And meikle had she fleech'd ; ‡
 Out shot § his hand, alas, alas !
 Fast in the swirl ¶ he screech'd.

* *Becked and sang*—becked signifies beckoned. Mermaids, too, like other syrens of antiquity, were supposed to have the power of fascination by singing. Thus Shakespeare,—

"O train me not, sweet Mermaid, with thy song,
 To drown me in my sister's flood of tears."

Comedy of Errors.

† *Couthie*, Kindly.

‡ *Fleech'd*, Flattered.

§ *Shot*, Stretched.

¶ *Swirl*, Whirlpool.

The Mermaid leuch,* her brief was gane,
 And kelpie's † blast was blawing,
 Fu' low she diked, ne'er raise again,
 For deep, deep was she fawing.

Aboon the stream his wraith ‡ was seen,
 Warlocks § tirl'd lang at gloamin' ;
 That e'en was coarse, ¶ the blast blew hoarse,
 Ere lang the waves war foamin'.



CXXXVIII.

THE TRUE MODEL.



My friend is the man I would copy through life,
 He harbours no envy, he causes no strife ;
 No murmurs escape him, though fortune bears hard,
 Content is his portion, and peace his reward.

* *Leuch*, Laugh'd.

† *Kelpie*, The Water Spirit.

‡ *Wraith*, The spectral appearance of a person about to die, or recently dead.

§ *Warlocks tirl'd lang at gloamin'*.—Warlocks, Wizards.—To *tirl* is to uncover ; this line is obscure. The meaning may perhaps be that the Warlocks took the roofs off many houses, an occurrence by no means uncommon when Scotland was infested by those sons of darkness. *Tirl* also signifies to knock gently.

¶ *Coarse*, tempestuous, rough.

Still happy in his station,
 He minds his occupation,
 Nor heeds the snares,
 Nor knows the cares,
 Which vice and folly bring.
 Daily working, wearily,
 Nightly singing, cheerily.
 Dear to him his wife, his home, his country, and his king.

His heart is enlarg'd, though his fortune is scant,
 He lessens his little for others that want,
 Though his children's dear claims on his industry press,
 He has something to spare for the child of distress.
 He seeks no idle squabble,
 He joins no thoughtless rabble,
 To clear his way,
 From day to day,
 His honest views extend ;
 When he speaks, 'tis verily,
 When he smiles, 'tis merrily.
 Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour, and his friend.

How charming to find in his humble retreat,
 That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great,
 The wife only anxious her fondness to prove ;
 The playful endearments of infantine love.
 Relaxing from his labours
 Amid his welcome neighbours,
 With plain regale,
 With jest and tale,

The happy hero see,
 No vain schemes confounding him,
 All his joys surrounding him,
 Dear he holds his native land, its laws, and liberty.



CXXXIX.

O WHITE FOAMING RHAIDER.

AIR.—“ Lady Owen’s delight.”



O white roaming Rhaider, by thy roaring fall,
 How oft the last words of my love I recal,
 When the fresh blowing blossom he pluck’d from yon tree,
 And gave it all blushing and fragrant to me :
 “ Accept it, my Lucy, and long may it prove
 “ A pleasing memorial of innocent love.”

O dear is that blossom, though faded, to me,
 But it ne’er can return to unfold on the tree !
 Nor ever will destiny Owen restore
 To flourish again on his lov’d native shore ;
 Though its odour exhale, and its beauty decay,
 ’Twill remind me of him and that sorrowful day.

This token of passion, so tender and true,
 My bosom shall cherish, my tears shall bedew,
 When I muse upon Owen and wander alone,
 And think of those hours that for ever are flown,
 I feel its soft magic, and find it a charm
 To keep my heart spotless, and constant, and warm.

Then why should my youth feel the blight of despair,
 Sweet visions of fancy may lighten my care !
 Rise, pleasing remembrance, and banish my fears,
 That hope may spring up in the dew of those tears ;
 For smiling propitious, kind heaven may once more
 My peace and my pleasure with Owen restore.

Then Rhaidr, hoarse dashing, with clamorous joy,
 Shall witness the truth that no time can destroy,
 To welcome my love to his dear native isle:
 Then gay in new beauty the valley shall smile,
 And wreaths of fresh flow'rets shall deck out the tree,
 That so often has shelter'd my Owen and me.

CXL.

O THOU HAST SEEN THE LILY FAIR.

AIR.—“ I saw thy form.”

O thou hast seen the lily fair
All bath'd in morning dew,
And thou hast seen the lovely rose,
Just opening to the view, Mary.

The lily bath'd in morning dew,
The rose so fair to see,
Are not more pure than her I love,
Are not more fair than thee, Mary.

But soon before time's withering blast,
The rose and lily fade,
Nor ev'n will beauty such as thine
Outlive its darkening shade, Mary.

Yet there is *that* within thy breast
Will ruthless time defy,
A mind—will bloom when beauty fades,
Will flourish in yon sky, Mary.

CXLII.

THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

Now clos'd for aye thy coal-black een,
 That fondly gaz'd on me,—O Willy,
 And lifeless lies that manly form,
 I aye was fain to see—my Willy.
 Ah ! luckless hour thou strave for hame,
 Last night, across the Clyde—dear Willy,
 This morn a stiffen'd corse brought hame,
 Alake, 'tis hard to bide—O Willy.

The owlet hooted sair yestreen,
 And thrice the soot it fell—dear Willy,
 The tyke cam' late, and howl'd aloud,
 It seem'd the dying knell o' Willy.
 Deep were the snaws, keen were my waes,
 The bairns oft cried for thee—their Willy,
 I trembling said, he'll soon be here,—
 The wee things ne'er clos'd e'e, Willy.

And when I saw the thick sleet fa',
 A bleezing fire I made for Willy, .
 Then watch'd, and watch'd as it grew dark,
 And I grew mair afraid for Willy.
 I thought I heard the pony's foot,
 And ran thy voice to hear,—ah, Willy.
 The wind blew hollow, but nae sound
 My sinking heart did cheer—O Willy.

The clock struck ane,—the clock struck twa,
 The clock struck three and four—no Willy;
 I thought I heard the pony's foot,
 And flew to ope the door to Willy.
 The pony neigh'd—but thou wert lost;
 I sank upon the snaw, for Willy.
 Thy wraith appear'd e'en where I lay,
 And whisper'd thou wert drown'd—O Willy.

The moon was up, in vain I sought
 The stiffen'd corse o' thine, lost Willy,
 'Twill soon, soon mingle wi' the dust,
 And near it sae will mine—O Willy.
 Gae dry your tears, my bairnies five,
 Gae dry your tears o' sorrow, dearies,
 Your father's cares are at an end,
 And sae will mine ere morrow, dearies.

OXLII.

THE COT OF CONTENT. *

Can a crown give content,
 Or a palace give peace,
 Ah, say, ah, say, did they ever?
 Can pomp care prevent,
 Or our pleasures increase?
 Ah, no, ah, no, no, never!
 Then excuse me, nor frown, if my choice must approve,
 The cot of content, with the lad that I love.

When we put on a ring,
 That a suiter may bring,
 It binds us, it binds us, for ever;
 But the hand without heart,
 Can it blessing impart?
 Ah, no, ah, no, no never!
 Then excuse me, nor frown, if my choice must approve,
 The cot of content, with the lad that I love.

* From the Opera of the "Maid of the Mill."

CXLIII.

FEE HIM, FATHER, FEE HIM.*

Saw ye Johnnie commin, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnnie commin ;
 O saw ye Johnnie commin, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnnie commin,
 Saw ye Johnnie commin, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnnie commin,
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his doggie rinnin', quo' she,
 And his doggie rinnin'?

* "This song, for genuine humour in the verses, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old." It differs a little from that inserted in Cromek's select Scottish Songs by Burns.—In the second stanza, that of Cromek wants two lines, Fee him, &c., which is immaterial, but in the last stanza, the difference is greater. That which Cromek has printed, would no doubt be current at the time Burns lived, but from the coarseness of the ending it is highly improbable.

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him ;
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him ;
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a weel doing, quo' she ;
 And a' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
 Gaes wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him ? quo' he,
 What will I do wi' him ?
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gi'e him.
 I hae twa sarks into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gi'e him ;
 And for a mark o' mair fee,
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him ;
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him.
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him ;
 He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

CXLIV.

THERE LIVED A MAN.

Once in the flight of ages past,
There liv'd a man :—and who was he ?
Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembl'd thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er ;
 Enjoy'd, but his delights are fled ;
 Had friends—his friends are now no more ;
 And foes—his foes are dead.

He lov'd,—but whom he lov'd, the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
 O she was fair !—but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw—whatever thou hast seen ;
 Encounter'd all that troubles thee :
 He was—whatever thou hast been ;
 He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye,
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left, in yonder silent sky,
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace,
 Than this—THERE LIV'D A MAN.

MADAM JANE.

AIR.—“ I will hae a wife.”

Money maks us bonny,
Money maks us glad ;
Be she lame or lazy,
Money brings a lad.

When I'd ne'er a penny,
Deil a lad had I ;
Pointing aye at Jenny,
Laughing, they flew by.

Money causes flattery,
Money maks us vain ;
Money changes a' things,—
Now I'm Madam Jane.

Sin' auld Robby left me
Houses, fields, not few ;
Lads thrang round in clusters—
I'm a beauty now!

Money maks us merry,
Money maks us braw ;
Money gets us sweethearts,
That's the best of a'!

I hae fat and slender,
I hae short and tall ;
I hae rake and miser,—
I despise them all.

Money they're a' seeking,
Money they'se get nane ;
Money sends them sneaking
After Madam Jane.

There's ane pair and bashfu',
I hae in my e'e,
He's get hand and siller,
Gin he fancies me.

Money maks us bonny,
Money maks us glad ;
Be she lame or lazy,
Money brings a lad.

CXLVI.

WHEN WINDS THE MOUNTAIN OAK ASSAIL.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
 And lay its glories waste,
 Content may slumber in the vale,
 Unconscious of the blast.
 Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
 The heart, alas! is ne'er at home,
 It hopes in time to roam no more ;
 The mariner, not vainly brave,
 Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
 To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
 How vain your mask of state !
 The good alone have joys sincere,
 The good alone are great;
 Great, when amid the vale of peace,
 They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
 And hear the voice of artless praise,
 As when along the trophy'd plain,
 Sublime they lead the victor train,
 While shouting nations gaze.

CXLVII.

ON BLYTHSOME MEAD.

On blythsome mead at morn to stray,
Among the dew-clad flowerets gay,
Or basking in the noon-day beam,
On sedgy bank, by limpid stream,
My heart still fondly dwelt on thee,
For thou wert then my Rosalie.

At e'en, when wearing hame the sheep,
O'er woodland brake, and mountain steep,
To mark the sun's last setting ray,
On distant gowd-bespangled brae,
Still sweet were these, but nought to me
Compar'd with lovely Rosalie.

Our sweet retreat, night's silent hour,—
Yon rose and ivy-mantled bower,—
And if the moon-beams shew'd the while,
Thy glistening eye, thy rosy smile,
Enraptur'd fancy dwelt on thee,
For thou wert then my Rosalie.

Thus fled our smiling days of youth,
 Thus fled the hours of love and truth;
 Now thou art cold as winter's snow,
 Nor bliss can e'er my bosom know,—
 Yet fancy fondly dwells on thee,
 Though thou'rt no more, my Rosalie.



CXLVIII.

I FOUND THE WARRIOR ON THE PLAIN.



I found the warrior on the plain,
 His eye was fixed, his hand was chill,
 Still bore his breast the life-blood's stain,—
 The blood was on his helmet still,—
 He died, as hearts like his should die,
 In the hot clasp of Victory!

The eye was fixed,—but in its gaze
 Look'd the high soul ;—the crimson'd brow
 Was cold ; but life's departing rays
 Had lit it with a warrior's glow :
 The soul that from that turf had flown
 Would not have sought a prouder throne!

I saw the lover's living shade
 Shivering in summer's rosiest gale,
 The look of woe, the cheek decay'd,
 The eye's dark brilliance sunk and pale,—
 Rather than drag that life of pain
 Give me the sword—the strife—the plain.

 CXLIX.

 WHEN I BEHELD THY BLUE EYE SHINE.

When I beheld thy blue eye shine
 Through the bright drop that pity drew,
 I saw beneath those tears of thine,
 A blue ey'd violet bath'd in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale,
 Its hues adorn the fairest wreath;
 But sweeter through a dewy veil
 Its colours glow, its odours breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise—
 When wit and pleasure round thee play,
 When mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
 Who but admires their sprightly ray?
 But when through pity's flood they gleam,
 Who but must love their soften'd beam?

CL.

O! SYNGE UNTOE MIE ROUNDELAIE.*

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynyngge † ryver bee ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

* The name of the unfortunate Chatterton must be familiar to the most of our readers. From his dramatic piece, entitled *Ella, a Tragical Entertlude, or Discoorseynge Tragedie*, is this beautiful and highly poetical song extracted. Ella is perhaps one of the finest of those poems which he ascribes to the pen of the fictitious Thomas Rowley, whom he stiled a secular priest of the fifteenth century. It is a complete and well written tragedy, abounding in the most apposite imagery and interesting situations.—Many of the characters are delineated with a powerful and masterly hand, and their interest sustained to the last, with a vigour of thought, and brilliancy of fancy, altogether astonishing.

The life of Chatterton, short as it was, presents nothing but a dark tissue of repeated disappointments—blasted prospects—neglect—poverty—and despair. He was born at Bristol on the 20th November, 1752. The ancestors

† *Reynyngre*, running.

Blacke hys cryne* as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode † as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale ‡ he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

of his family had been for the space of a century and a half sextons of St. Mary, Redcliffe, in Bristol; and his father, who died in August preceding the birth of his son, Thomas Chatterton, was a master in a free school in that city.

It is a singular circumstance that Chatterton in his infancy displayed few or none of those marks of that vivid genius which afterwards irradiated the latter part of his brief, but fatal career. On the contrary, so unpromising were his faculties, that after attending school a short time, he was sent back to his mother, as a dull child, incapable of improvement. While at home, the illuminated capitals of a French musical manuscript caught his fancy, and his mother, taking advantage of his momentary admiration, initiated him in the alphabet, and afterwards taught him to read from a black-letter testament or bible. To this trifling incident may be attributed the bent which his mind took towards the study of antiquities, and the blazonings of heraldry. He was now admitted into a charity school, where he was boarded, clothed, and instructed in writing and arithmetic. Instead of the thoughtless levity of childhood, he had now the gravity, pensiveness, and melancholy of maturer life. He was frequently so lost in contemplation that, for many days successively, he would say little, and even that apparently by constraint. At the hours allotted for play, he generally retired to read. In July, 1767, he was bound an apprentice to a Mr. Lambert, attorney in Bristol, for seven years; with him, however, he did not remain long, and he soon abandoned the pursuit of a lucrative profession for the uncertain pursuit of literary emolument.

Thus, at an age when young men in general are only beginning to think, or to choose for themselves their future occupation, did Chatterton boldly determine to launch forth into the world, inexperienced and unprotected.

† *Cryne*, hair.

‡ *Rode*, complexion.

¶ *Cale*, cold.

Swote * hys tyngue as the throstles note,
 Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
 Defte † hys taboure, codgelle stote,
 O ! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

London was the field which he choose as the theatre of action. He had been invited there by several booksellers, whose earnest solicitations, and a consciousness of his own talent, bade him hope of success, and indulge in those fond dreams of realising a fortune which experience proves are too often fallacious and vain. For a considerable time he managed to support himself with his pen, by engaging warmly in the political disputes of the day. Indeed, the activity of his mind, at this period, was almost unparalleled. But these literary speculations, when unbacked by interest, and unpatronized by power, seldom succeed, and are at all times a precarious mode of earning a livelihood. It was even so with him. Before he left Bristol he had written the Hon. Horace Walpole, enclosing some of his pieces, and requesting that gentleman would use his influence to procure him some situation fitted for his talents. From him, however, he received a cold and mortifying repulse, which the proud soul of Chatterton could neither brook nor forget. Accordingly, we find Mr. Walpole placed in a very ridiculous light in one of his humorous pieces, styled *The Memoirs of a Sad Dog*, under the name of the "redoubted baron Otranto, who spent his whole life in conjectures."

To record the minute events of his life, our limits forbid : suffice it to say, that, disappointed in all the gay visions of happiness and fame, he gradually sunk into a gloomy despondence, and at last, driven to desperation by absolute want, he on the 24th August, 1770, swallowed poison, of which he died next day. All his unfinished productions he had cautiously destroyed before his death, and his room when broken into was found covered with scraps of paper. This melancholy catastrophe happened in his eighteenth year, and little more than four months after the commencement of what he, thoughtlessly and mistakenly, had imagined would prove an uninterrupted source of felicity.

† *Swote*, sweet.

‡ *Defte*, neat.

Harke ! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
 In the briered delle belowe ;
 Harke ! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

"The person of Chatterton," says his Biographer, "like his genius, was premature ; he had a manliness and dignity beyond his years ; there was something about him remarkably prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though grey, were uncommonly piercing ; when he was warmed in argument or otherwise, they sparkled with fire, and one eye it is said was still more remarkable than the other."

With regard to the poems ascribed to Rowley, many learned treatises have been written by the first critics and antiquaries of the country. Opinion is much divided on the subject of their genuineness. However, after carefully perusing and comparing them with the poetry of the age in which they are alleged to have been written, we think there can be little doubt but that they are all the fabrications of Chatterton himself. If so, he certainly was one of the most extraordinary literary prodigies that this or any other country has produced. Knowledge seems to have been acquired by him intuitively ; for these poems evince an intimate acquaintance with the antiquities, language, and customs of the age, to which he uniformly and pertinaciously alleged they belonged. In them his powers of imagination and poetical skill appear most eminently conspicuous. All his avowed pieces are vastly inferior (if we except some of his satires, which are peculiarly caustic, with his two African Eclogues), and, indeed, unworthy the great mind that produced *Ella*, *Goddwyn*, *The Battle of Hastings*, &c.

Concerning Chatterton and the Rowleian controversy, one way and another, there has been no less than twenty volumes of pamphlets or tracts already published. It is to be regretted that so much were written, and so little done, for that unfortunate youth—that so many were free with their pens, and so few munificent with their purses. But the annals of literature exhibit many a counterpart to the present melancholy instance ; and the fate of Butler, Otway, and Chatterton will long remain indelible stains on the country which gave them birth.

See ! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie;
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
 Nee one hallie * Seyncte to save
 Al the celness † of a mayde.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente ‡ the brieres
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre, ¶
 Ouphante § fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
 Heere mie boddie stylee schalle bee.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie ;
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nete, || or feaste by daie.

* Hallie, holy.

¶ Gre, grow.

† Celness, coldness.

§ Ouphante, elfin.

‡ Dente, fasten.

|| Nete, night.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes, *
 Bere mee to yer leathelle † tyde.
 I die; I comme; mie true love waytes—
 Thos the damselle spake and dyed.



CLII.

SPIRITS OF LOVE.



Spirits of love, who wander on
 The rosy cheek, and the ruby lip,
 And in the folds of the silken zone:
 Over the lovely bosom trip,
 O let the cheek of the maid I love
 Be, at morn and even', your rosy bed,
 And sweetly smile, as the spirits above,
 Spirits by whom the heart is led.

* *Reytes*, waterflag.

† *Leathälle*, deadly.

Spirits of love, whose radiant sphere
 Is the liquid blue of the cherub's eye,
 Who bask in realms more bright and clear,
 And lovelier than the rainbow's dye.
 O let the eye of the maid I love
 Be, at morn and even', your resting place,
 And sweetly smile, as the spirits above,
 Spirits of light, of life, and grace.

Spirits of love, whose smiles divine,
 And witcherie, fond hearts ensnare,
 Hearts pure as the twin-rose buds that twine,
 When fann'd by the breath of morning air.
 O let the heart of the maid I love,
 Be at morn and even' by smiles carest,
 Smiles sweet as those of the spirits above,
 Spirits by whom the heart is blest.



CLII.

A DREAM OF LOVE.*



Oh! holy be the sod
 Which her light foot trod,

* This poetical piece, we can with confidence state, is the composition of a young gentleman well known in this place, and who has already sent

That night in the alley so green,
 May the little birds sing,
 And the gay woods ring
 With joy, where true lovers have been.

There was no ray of light
 On that ever-blissful night,
 Save the light of her own lovely eye ;
 And sound there were none,
 But the rich dulcet tone
 Of her voice in the thicket hard by.

Her sweet voice still seems
 In my bright flushing dreams,
 To carol the Roundel of love ;
 'Twas more grateful to me
 Than the hum of the bee,
 Or the wail of the languishing dove.

And still by the thorn,
 All blushing as morn,
 Or the rose gemmed with early dew,
 She seems with a smile
 To linger awhile—
 But the bright vision melts from my view.

forth into the world many pieces of real merit. We would be proud were we allowed to mention his name. Probably, towards the close of this publication, we will have that pleasure. Many of his pieces will be found in *The Visitor*, 2 vols. 18mo, published in Greenock, by Mr Turner, 1818.

Pitchy darkness succeeds,
 And in black mournful weeds
 Sad phantoms of fear glide along ;
 In horror I start,
 While my wild throbbing heart
 Asks if truth to these dreams may belong.



CLIII.

ODE TO BURNS.*

*Recited by the President of the Burns' Anniversary Society, Paisley,
 29th January, 1810.*



Again the happy day returns,
 A day to Scotsmen ever dear,
 Tho' bleakest of the changeful year,
 It blest us with a BURNS.

* This is the last ode that was written by Robert Tannahill for the Paisley Burns' Club, who held their sixth anniversary meeting to celebrate the birth of their favourite bard in January 1810. It was recited on that occasion, by the president, and was received by the company with every mark of

Fierce the whirling blast may blow,
 Drifting wide the crispy snow ;
 Rude the ruthless storm may sweep,
 Howling round our mountains steep,
 While the heavy lashing rains,
 Swell our rivers, drench our plains,
 And the angry ocean roars
 Round our broken, craggy shores,
 But mindful of our poet's worth,
 We hail the honour'd day that gave him *birth*.

Come, ye vot'ries of the lyre,
 Trim the torch of heav'nly fire,
 Raise the song in Scotia's praise,
 Sing anew her bonnie braes,

satisfaction and applause. It appeared in the *Scots Magazine* the next month ; but by some unaccountable neglect it was omitted in the edition of his works published after his lamented death.—We certainly think it no way inferior to his other productions on the same subject, and flatter ourselves that the majority of our readers will be of the same opinion. Indeed it affords a striking proof of the rich stores of his mind when he could thus continue a subject he had so completely exhausted on former occasions.—We are informed by a particular friend of his, that on being strongly solicited to write an Ode for the occasion, it was with considerable reluctance he complied with their request, affirming that it was tasking himself something like the Poet Laureate to write an annual Birth Day Ode, and that he had nothing whatever to say on the subject; he was prevailed on, however, to make the attempt, and the present ode, we are persuaded, will not sully his fame, or tarnish one leaf of the IVY CHAPLET that adorns his honoured brow !

Since we have introduced our Bard to the notice of our readers, we beg leave to state that it was not our original intention to publish any of Tan-nahill's compositions which are inserted in the *Glasgow Encyclopaedia*

Sing her thousand siller streams,
 Bickering to the sunny beams ;
 Sing her sons beyond compare,
 Sing her dochters peerless fair ;
 Sing, till winter's storms be o'er,
 The matchless Bards that sung before,
 And I, the meanest of the muse's train,
 Shall join my feeble aid to swell the strain.

Dear Scotia, tho' thy clime be cauld,
 Thy sons were ever brave and bauld,
 Thy dochters modest, kind, and leal,
 The fairest in creation's fiel' ;
 Alike inur'd to every toil,
 Thou'rt foremost in the battle broil,
 Prepared alike in peace and weir,
 To guide the plough or wield the spear ;
 As the mountain torrent raves,
 Dashing thro' its rugged caves,
 So the Scottish legions pour,
 Dreadful in th' avenging hour:
 But when Peace, with kind accord,
 Bids them sheath the sated sword,

of Songs; but as the present publication will be embellished with his portrait it would be ridiculous not to insert a few of his pieces. We, therefore, intend to publish what we consider the happiest of his lyrical effusions, accompanied with short notices regarding them, extracted from original documents in the possession of some of his most intimate acquaintances, which, we are happy to state, through their kindness we shall be enabled to furnish; this will afford his admirers some idea of the manner and style of his Epistolary Writings, and which, we trust, will not be altogether unacceptable.

See them in their native vales,
 Jocund as the summer gales,
 Cheering labour all the day,
 With some merry roundelay.

Dear Scotia, tho' thy nights be drear,
 When surly winter rules the year,
 Around thy cottage hearths are seen,
 The glow of health, the cheerful mien ;
 The mutual glance that fondly shares,
 A neighbour's joys, a neighbour's cares.
 Here oft, while raves the wind and weet,
 The canty lads and lassies meet,
 Sae light of heart, sae full of glee,
 Their gaits sae artless and sae free,
 The hours of joy come dancing on,
 To share their frolic and their fun.
 Here many a song and jest goes round,
 With tales of ghosts and rites profound,
 Perform'd in dreary wizard glen,
 By runkled hags and warlock men ;
 Or of the hell-fee'd crew combin'd
 Carousing on the midnight wind,
 On some infernal errand bent,
 While darkness shrouds their black intent.
 But chiefly, BURNS, thy songs delight,
 To charm the weary winter night,
 And bid the lingering moments flee,
 Without a care unless for thee,

Wha sang sae sweet and dee't sae soon,
 And sought thy native sphere aboon.
 Thy "*Lovely Jean*," thy "*Nannie O*,"
 Thy much-lov'd "*Caledonia*,"
 Thy "*Wat ye wha's in yonder town*,"
 Thy "*Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon*,"
 Thy "*Shepherdess on Afton braes*,"
 Thy "*Logan lassie's*" bitter waes,
 Are a' gane o'er sae sweetly tun'd,
 That e'en the storm, pleased with the sound,
 Fa's lown and sings with eerie slight,
 "*O let me in this ae, ae night*."

Alas ! our best, our dearest Bard,
 How poor, how great was his reward !
 Unaided he has fix'd his name,
 Immortal in the rolls of fame;
 Yet whō can hear without a tear,
 What sorrows wrung his manly breast,
 To see his little helpless, filial band,
 Imploring succour from a father's hand
 And there no succour near ?
 Himself the while with sick'ning woes oppress,
 Fast hast'ning on to where the weary rest:
 For this let Scotia's bitter tears atone,
 She reck'd not half his worth till he was gone.

OLIV.

POOR NEGRO WOMAN, ULALEE.

My cruel love to danger go,
No think of pain he give to me;
Too soon me fear like grief to know,
As broke the heart of Ulalee !
Poor negro woman, Ulalee.

Poor soul, to see her hang her head
All day beneath the cypress tree;
And still she sings, "My love be dead,"
The husband of poor Ulalee.
Poor negro woman, Ulalee !

My love be kill'd ! how sweet he smil'd !
His smile again me never see :
Unless me see it in the child,
That he have left poor Ulalee.
Poor negro woman, Ulalee !

My baby to my breast I fold,
 But little warmth, poor boy ! have he,
 His father's death made all so cold
 About the heart of Ulalee,
 Poor negro woman, Ulalee !

~~~~~

CLV.

### CALEDONIA.\*

Despite of every yoke she bears,  
 That land is glory's still and theirs.—*Byron.*

—

On Albyn's mist-clad hills of grey  
 The hosts of Rome, in olden day,  
 Gleam'd bright, beneath the unconscious ray  
     That smiled upon their victory.  
 On Albyn's steepes of strength, unfurled  
 Her banners mark'd a conquered world ;  
 And in the wild breeze gaily curled—  
     The badge of proud supremacy.

\* We extract this excellent piece of poetry from the *Kilmarnock Mirror*, a work of taste and merit, published monthly.

On Albyn's rocks the haughty tow'r  
 Told far and wide her giant pow'r,  
 Or hung in rude defying low'r,  
     To fix a nation's slavery.  
 Where now the hosts that sparkling gleam'd,  
 The banner where, that gaily stream'd?  
 And where the tower, that proudly seem'd  
     To look to heaven in rivalry.

Low sleep the mighty men of yore  
 Beneath the cairnies on our shore ;  
 The flickering banner waves no more  
     O'er pride of Roman chivalry.  
 And where the lofty turrets rose  
 Of Caledonia's scowling foes,  
 No stone is left—the thistle grows  
     Where stood their proud security.

Land of the brave ! oh, could it be,  
 That thou should brook Rome's tyranny !  
 And must a soil that aye was free,  
     Crouch to a servile enemy !  
 No ! she may spread her fierce control  
 Far as the waves of ocean roll,  
 But ne'er shall crush thy lion soul—  
     Thy freedom is eternity.

## CLVI.

TRUE SORROW.\*  

---

Light springs the pang, light passes by,  
That melts itself in tears,  
The stricken spirit that can sigh,  
No mortal sorrow bears ;  
When comes the last, true agony,  
The heart nor heaves, nor melts the eye.

And mine has come!—no more I weep,  
No more the heart's pale slave ;  
My sleep must be the unwaking sleep,  
My bed must be the grave ;  
Thro' my wild brain no longer move,  
Or hope, or fear, or hate, or love.

\* From the Italian of Pulci.

## CLVII.

## O CHECK, MY LOVE, THE FALLING TEAR.

---

O check, my love, the falling tear  
Which dims thy bonny e'e,  
The world may frown, and friends prove false,  
But I'll be true to thee.

O check, my love, the rising sigh,  
Which gently swells thy heart,  
Hope whispers soon we'll meet again,  
And never, never part.

When far awa', that falling tear,  
Shall aft remember'd be,  
The rising sigh which swells thy heart,  
Shall ne'er be lost on me.

Then check, my love, the falling tear,  
Which dims thy bonny e'e,  
The world may frown, and friends prove false,  
But I'll be true to thee.

## CLVIII.

I WAS YOUNG, AND SHE WAS FAIR.

---

*Deep in love, yes 'tis love,  
Wakes the fond, the ceaseless sigh,  
Oh ! this love will be my death,  
Sweetest death, of love to die !*

Heaven knows I little thought  
That from such eyes such ills could flow,  
But who could gaze as I have gaz'd,  
And not feel, as I feel now.  
*Deep in love, &c.*

I was young, and she was fair,  
I was fond and oft she sung  
Of love, while I, oh simple boy !  
O'er song and songstress raptur'd hung.  
*Deep in love, &c.*

I was sad, and then she sigh'd,  
I grew timid, then she smiled,  
Sued for pity, she gave more,  
And thus my youthful heart beguiled.  
*Deep in love, &c.*



Sleeping, waking, 'tis the same,  
 My dream, my thought will only give  
 The form of her for whom I die,  
 Of her for whom alone I'd live.  
*Deep in love, &c.*



## CLIX.

MILITARY SONG OF THE FRENCH CHAMPION  
 ROLAND.\*



*Let every valiant son of Gaul  
 Sing Roland's deeds, her greatest glory,  
 Whose name will stoutest foes appal,  
 And feats inspire for future story.*

Roland. in childhood, had no fears,  
 Was full of tricks, nor knew a letter,  
 Which, though it cost his mother tears,  
 His father cry'd, "So much the better ;

\* This admirable song in praise of Roland was translated from the French of the Marquis de Paulmy, by Dr. Burney, and inserted in the second volume of his *History of Music*.

" We'll have him for a soldier bred,  
 " His strength and courage let us nourish,  
 " If bold the heart, tho' wild the head,  
 " In war he'll but the better flourish."

*Let every, &c.*

Roland arrived at man's estate,  
 Proved that his father well admonish'd,  
 For then his prowess was so great,  
 That all the world became astonish'd,  
 Battalions, squadrons, he could break,  
 And singly give them such a beating,  
 That, seeing him, whole armies quake,  
 And nothing think of but retreating.

*Let every, &c.*

Few heroes have been so fortunate as Roland.

" *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,*"

" The brave conquered before Agamemnon,"

but then their very names have ingloriously perished. The military renown and amorous adventures of Roland have been consecrated to Fame by the immortal poems of Ariosto and Berni. His daring courage in battle, his gentleness and courtesy after victory, and his enthusiastic love, are still familiar to every reader; and we have only to regret the loss of his *Chanson* or military song, which formerly inspirited whole armies to the most perilous exploits. This song would have been a singular curiosity to Englishmen, as it was sung to animate the invading Normans at the battle of Hastings, by Taillefer, one of their minstrels, riding on horseback at the head of their army.

In single combat 'twas the same;  
 To him all foes were on a level,  
 For ev'ry one he overcame,  
 If giant, sorc'rer, monster, devil.  
 His arm no danger e'er could stay,  
 Nor was the goddess, Fortune, fickle,  
 For if his foes he did not slay,  
 He left them in a rueful pickle.

*Let every, &c.*

In scaling walls with highest glee,  
 He first the ladder fix'd, then mounted;  
 Let him, my boys, our model be,  
 Who men or perils never counted !  
 At night with scouts he watch would keep,  
 With heart more gay than one in million,  
 Or else on knapsack sounder sleep,  
 Than General in his proud pavilion.

*Let every, &c.*

On stubborn foes he vengeance wreak'd,  
 And laid about him like a tartar,  
 But if for mercy once they squeak'd,  
 He was the first to grant them quarter.  
 The battle won, of Roland's soul  
 Each milder virtue took possession;  
 To vanquish'd foes he, o'er a bowl,  
 His heart surrender'd at discretion.

*Let every, &c.*

When ask'd why Frenchmen wield the brand,  
 And dangers new each day solicit,  
 He said, "'Tis Charlemagne's command,  
 "To whom our duty is implicit :  
 "His ministers and chosen few,  
 ' "No doubt have weigh'd these things in private,  
 "Let us his enemies subdue,  
 " 'Tis all that soldiers e'er should drive at."

*Let every, &c.*

Roland, like Christian true, would live,  
 Was seen at mass, and in procession;  
 And freely to the poor would give,  
 Nor did he always shun confession.  
 But Bishop Turpin had decreed  
 His council in such weighty matter,  
 That 'twas a good and pious deed,  
 His country's foes to drub and scatter.

*Let every, &c.*

At table Roland, ever gay,  
 Would eat, and drink, and laugh, and rattle,  
 But all was in a prudent way,  
 On days of guard, or eve of battle.  
 For still to king and country true,  
 He held himself their constant debtor,  
 And only drank in season due,  
 When to transact he'd nothing better.

*Let every, &c.*

To captious blade he ne'er would bend,  
 Who quarrels sought on slight pretences;  
 Though he to social joys a friend,  
 Was slow to take or give offences.  
 None e'er had cause his arm to dread,  
 But those who wrong'd his prince, or nation,  
 On whom, whene'er to combat led,  
 He dealt out death and devastation.

*Let every, &c.*

Roland too much ador'd the fair,  
 From whom e'en heroes are defenceless,  
 And by a queen of beauty rare,  
 He all at once was rendered senseless.  
 One hapless morn she left the knight,  
 Who when he missed her, grew quite frantic,  
 Our pattern, let him be in fight;  
 His love was somewhat too romantic.

*Let every, &c.*

His mighty uncle, Charles the Great,  
 Who Rome's imperial sceptre wielded,  
 Both early dignity and state,  
 With high command, to Roland yielded.  
 Yet tho' a General, Count, and Peer,  
 Roland's kind heart all pride could smother,  
 For each brave man from van to rear,  
 He treated like a friend and brother.

*Let every, &c.*

CLX.

## YES, I WILL GO WITH THEE, MY LOVE.\*

AIR.—"O Nannie, wilt thou go with me."

---

Yes, I will go with thee, my love,  
 And leave all else without a sigh ;  
 Through the wide world with thee I'll rove,  
 Nor feel one pang if thou art nigh.  
 No costly gems, nor courtly scenes,  
 Have now the smallest charms for me ;  
 My heart alone to pleasure leans,  
 And all its joys depend on thee.

When far away from natal shores,  
 And seas divide me from each friend,  
 One look from him my soul adores  
 Will courage and fresh vigour lend.  
 The parching ray and wintry wind,  
 Even women's softness knows to scorn ;

\* This admirable and ingenious answer to the beautiful and favourite song of *O Nannie wilt thou go with me*, is the composition of the accomplished Lady Charlotte Campbell.

True passion leaves all fears behind—  
 And from the rose it plucks a thorn.

Then can you doubt my constant love ?  
 Or can you think I'd fly thy arms ?  
 Ah ! give me but the power to prove  
 That these are vain unjust alarms ;  
 For sure the flame, that gently fann'd,  
 At first beneath a summer's sky,  
 Will with redoubled force expand,  
 When ruder winds approach it nigh.

The lonely cot in desert drear,  
 The russet gown and frugal board,  
 Will greater pleasures far appear  
 Than all that luxuries here afford.  
 The gay, the busy, glittering throng,  
 And baneful flattery, I'll resign ;  
 To courts and cities these belong—  
 But not to truth and love like thine.

And when at last thy life is o'er,  
 When sickness baffles all my care,  
 When fairy hope can cheer no more,  
 Then, Cupid, hear thy votary's prayer :  
 My weeping eyes in pity close,  
 Ere they behold my lover's death ;  
 Ah ! spare my tears, my helpless woes,  
 And join with his my parting breath !

## THE JOYS OF A HAME.

---

Wherever I wander, be't foul or be't fair,  
At kirk, or at market, or straying alane,  
I think o' my dearie, I think o' the weans,  
How blythely they welcome a body aye hame.

There's naething could e'er gie sic joy to the heart  
As a cheerfu' fireside, and a dear loving dame,  
Tho' poortith step in—she maun e'en hing her head,  
Nor dare to disturb the pure joys o' a hame.

When winter comes in wi' his sleet and his cauld,  
And the ingle bright bleezes a bonnie bit flame,  
Sae cosie and snug, then we think wi' oursel's,  
There's naething could tempt us to wander frae hame.

For goud, and for siller, they wander awa',  
And sail the world round for honour, and fame,  
Be they rich, be they poor, there are nane o' them a',  
But will sing and rejoice when wandering hame.



The summer may smile, and the winter may frown,  
 But summer and winter to me are the same,  
 Tho' dark be the day, the night dreary and lang,  
 I'm happy, and blessed wi' the joys o' a hame.

What's honour and wealth, that we a' covet sae,  
 And what is the worth o' a lang titled name,  
 Gude send us contentment, what mair wad we hae ?  
 It crowns a' our joys, maks a heaven o' hame.



## CLXII.

MARK'D YOU HER EYE OF HEAVENLY  
 BLUE.



Mark'd you her eye of heavenly blue ?  
 Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue ?  
 That eye in liquid circles moving ?  
 That cheek abash'd at man's approving ?—  
 The one love's arrows darting round,  
 The other blushing at the wound.—

## CLXIII.

## BEAUTY IN SMILES.

---

Oh ! weep not, sweet maid, though the bright tear of beauty,  
 To kindred emotion each feeling beguiles ;  
 The softness of sorrow no magic can borrow,  
 To vie with the splendour of Beauty in Smiles.

Man roves through creation a wandering stranger,  
 A dupe to its follies, a slave to its toils ;  
 But bright o'er the billows of doubt and of danger,  
 The rainbow of promise is Beauty in Smiles.

As the rays of the sun o'er the bosom of Nature,  
 Renew every flow'r which the tempest despoils,  
 So joy's faded blossom in man's aching bosom,  
 Revives in the sunshine of Beauty in Smiles.

The crown of the hero, the star of the rover—  
 The hope that inspires, and the spell that beguiles  
 The song of the Poet, the dream of the Lover,  
 The Infidel's heaven is Beauty in Smiles.

## CLXIV.

THE WANDERER.

---

The wandering exile, doom'd to roam,  
Still cherishes the thought of home,  
Not all the toils that round him stand,  
Can wean him from his native land.

In every pleasure, every care,  
Memory still points and lingers there,  
And fortune's fascinating hand  
Endears him to his native land.

Whilst whirlwinds blow and tempests rise,  
And thunders shake the troubled skies,  
His feet are on a foreign strand,  
His heart is in his native land.

Whilst all is calm and peaceful seen,  
And nought disturbs the blue serene,  
He cannot yield to joy's command,  
An exile from his native land.

But when, the storms of fortune past,  
 The wish'd-for haven gain'd at last,  
 With what delight his waving hand  
 Enraptur'd hails his native land.

Here tarry all his soul holds dear,  
 And all his fancy loves his here,  
 There are his friends his childhood plann'd,  
 And this his lov'd, his native land.



## CLXV.

THAT LIFE'S A FAUGHT, THERE IS NAE  
 DOUBT.



That life's a faught, there is nae doubt,  
 A steep and slippery brae;  
 And wisdom's sel', wi' a' its rules,  
 Will aften find it sae;  
 The truest heart that e'er was made,  
 May find a deadly fae,  
 And broken aiths and faithless vows,  
 Gie lovers meikle wae.

When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,  
 It frights a body sair,  
 And gars them think they ne'er will meet  
 Delight or pleasure mair :  
 But though the heart be e'er sae sad,  
 And press'd wi' joyless care,  
 Hope lightly steps in at the last,  
 To flee awa' despair.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,  
 And fret baith late and air',  
 A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,  
 And whiles a mite to spare :  
 A leal true heart's a gift frae heav'n,  
 A gift that is maist rare,  
 It is a treasure o' itsel',  
 And lightens ilka care.

Let wealth and pride exalt themsel's,  
 And boast o' what they hae,  
 Compar'd wi' truth and honesty,  
 They are na worth a strae ;  
 The honest heart keeps aye aboon,  
 Whate'er the world may say,  
 And laughs, and turns its shafts to scorn,  
 That ithers would dismay.

Sae let us mak' life's burden light,  
 And drive ilk care awa',

Contentment is a dainty feast,  
 Although in hamely ha',  
 It gies a charm to ilka thing,  
 And mak's it look fu' braw,  
 The spendthrift and the miser herd,  
 It soars aboon them a'.

But there's ae thing amang the lave,  
 To keep the heart in tune,  
 And but for that the weary spleen  
 Wad plague us late and soon;  
 A bonnie lass, a canty wife,  
 For sic is nature's law,  
 Without that charmer o' our lives,  
 There's scarce a charm ava'.



# FRAGMENT, BY TANNAHILL.



O laddie, can you leave me !  
 Alas ! 'twill break this constant heart;  
 There's nought on earth can grieve me,  
 Like this, that we must part.  
 Think on the tender vow you made,  
 Beneath the secret birken shade,  
 And can you now deceive me !  
 Is all your love but art ?

\* \* \* \* \*

## CLXVI.

## SWEET'S THE DEW-DECKED ROSE IN JUNE.

---

Sweet's the dew-deck'd rose in June,  
And lily fair to see, Annie;  
But there's ne'er a flower that blooms  
Is half so fair as thee, Annie.  
Beside those blooming cheeks o' thine,  
The opening rose its beauties tine,  
Thy lips the rubies far outshine;  
Love sparkles in thine e'e, Annie.

The snaw that decks yon mountain top,  
Nae purer is than thee, Annie;  
The haughty mien, the pridefu' look,  
Are banish'd far frae thee, Annie;  
And in thy sweet angelic face,  
Triumphant beams each modest grace,  
"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace,"  
A form sae bright as thine, Annie.

Wha could behold thy rosy cheek,  
 And no feel love's sharp pang, Annie!  
 What heart could view thy smiling looks,  
 And plot to do thee wrang, Annie?  
 Thy name in ilka sang I'll weave,  
 My heart, my soul wi' thee I'll leave,  
 And never, till I cease to breathe,  
 I'll cease to think on thee, Annie.



## CLXVII.

## THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D.

AIR.—“The bunch of green rushes,” &c.



This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,  
 That chase one another, like waves of the deep;  
 Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,  
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.



So closely our whims on our miseries tread,  
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried ;  
 And as fast as the rain-drop of pity is shed,  
 The goose-plumage of folly can turn it aside.  
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,  
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,  
 Be ours the light grief, that is sister to joy,  
 And the short, brilliant folly, that flashes and dies !

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,  
 Through fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,  
 Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,  
 And neglected his task for flowers on the way.  
 Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted  
 The fountain that runs by philosophy's shrine,  
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,  
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine !  
 But pledge me the goblet—while idleness weaves  
 Her flowerets together, if wisdom can see  
 One bright drop or two that has fallen on the leaves  
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

## CLXVIII.

## HERE'S TO THEM THAT'S AWA.\*

---

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 And here's to them that's awa ;  
 And wha winna wish good luck to our cause,  
 May never good luck be their fa' !  
 Its gude to be merry and wise,  
 Its gude to be honest and true,  
 Its gude to support Caledonia's cause,  
 And bide by the Buff and the Blue.

\* We feel much pleasure in presenting to our readers the complete copy of a song, the composition of the immortal Burns. It was first communicated from a highly respectable quarter to the editors of the *Scots Magazine*, and is to be found in the number for Jan., 1818. Two other fragments, by the same Bard, were also transmitted at the same time, accompanied with the following note :—" As everything that fell from the pen of Burns is worthy of preservation, I transcribe, for your Miscellany, the complete copy of a song which Cromeke has printed (page 423 of his vol.) in an unfinished state, together with two fragments that have never yet been published. The originals of these I possess in the hand-writing of their unfortunate author, who transmitted them, inclosed in letters, to a constant friend of his through all his calamities, by whom they were finally assigned to me."

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 And here's to them that's awa ;  
 Here's a health to Charlie,† the chief o' the clan,  
 Although that his band be but sma'!  
 May Liberty meet with success,  
 May prudence protect her frae evil ;  
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
 And wander the road to the devil !

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 And here's to them that's awa ;  
 Here's a health to Tammie,§ the Norlan' laddie,  
 That lives at the lug o' the law!  
 Here's freedom to him that would read,  
 And freedom to him that would write;  
 There's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,  
 But they whom the truth would indite.

The fragments here spoken of, we subjoin, in order that the curiosity of our readers may be gratified.

#### FRAGMENT 1st.

AIR.—“ The ither morn as I forlorn.”

Yon wandering rill that marks the hill,  
 And glances o'er the brae, sir,  
 Slides by a bower, where many a flower  
 Sheds fragrance on the day, sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylva gay,  
 To love they thought nae crime, sir ;  
 The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,  
 While Damon's heart beat time, sir.

† Mr Fox.

§ Lord Erskine.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 And here's to them that's awa,  
 Here's Maitland, and Wycombe, and wha does na like 'em  
 Be built in a hole o' the wa' !  
 Here's timmer that's red at the heart,  
 Here's fruit that is sound at the core:  
 May he that would turn the Buff and Blue coat,  
 Be turned to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 And here's to them that's awa,  
 Here's chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,  
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw.  
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,  
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;  
 And wha would betray old Albion's rights,  
 May they never eat of her bread.

## FRAGMENT 2d.

As I came in by our gate ond,  
 As day was waxen weary,  
 O wha came tripping down the street  
 But bonnie Peg, my dearie !

Her air see sweet, and shape complete,  
 Wi' nae proportion wanting,  
 The queen of love did never move  
 Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands we took the sands  
 Adown yon winding river ;  
 And, oh ! that hour and broomy bower,  
 Can I forget it ever !

## CLXIX.

## SOLDIER, REST ! THY WARFARE O'ER.

---

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
 Dream of battled fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of waking,  
 In our isle's enchanted hall,  
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
 Fairy strains of music fall,  
 Every sense in slumber dewing.  
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more;  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here  
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,  
 At the day-break from the fallow,  
 And the bittern sound his drum,  
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
 Guards nor warders challenge here,  
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
 Dream not with the rising sun  
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
 Sleep! the deer is in his den,  
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
 Think not of the rising sun,  
 For at dawning to assail ye,  
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.

CLXX.

## ALL IN THE MERRY WHITSUNTIDE.

---

All in the merry Whitsuntide,  
When gay, gay flowers are springing,  
And pretty birds, on every side,  
In the sunny groves are singing,  
When throstles pipe the woods among,  
We heed not the Robin's slender song;

But when blustering winter strips the trees,  
And summer birds are sleeping,  
His lonely chirp hath power to please,  
While he perks at the casement peeping;  
O! then he's caressed, and his chaunt is blest,  
As he brushes the snow with his ruddy breast.

Come in, come in, thou bonny Robin,  
And feed on the hawthorn berry,  
Full many a warbler we may note,  
Of brighter plume, and louder throat,  
But none with heart so merry.

## CLXXI.

## PEACE, PEACE TO THE SHADES. \*

Peace, peace to the shades of those heroes who bled  
For the freedom of Europe, by glory's aim led.  
Peace, peace to their shades, though low their dust lies,  
Never die shall their fame, till immortal they rise.  
Peace, peace to the shades of those warriors so true,  
Who fell at the battle of fam'd Waterloo.

While time and fate their course pursue,  
While fair Europa life retains,  
The Gaul's defeat at Waterloo,  
The muse shall sing in grateful strains.

\* We have the pleasure in presenting to our readers an ode or song, the production of John Carnegie, Esq. It was composed for, and, we understand, sung with much applause by Francis M'Gill, Esq., at the anniversary of the memorable battle of Waterloo, held at Port-Glasgow on the 18th June, 1816. It would be superfluous to prefix a minute account of this glorious achievement. It is yet fresh in the minds of every individual. Suffice it to say, that the battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th June, 1815, when, by the gallant efforts of the British troops under the command of the most noble Duke of Wellington, of the Prussians under the command of the venerable Marshal Blucher, the French army, headed by Buonaparte in person, were completely defeated, by which peace was restored to Europe, and Louis XVIII. ascended the throne of his ancestors.



Let the loud sounding trumpet the triumph proclaim,  
 Of Wellington, Anglesea, Hope, Hill, and Græme.  
 Let the nations to Britain, with banners unfurl'd,  
 Give the palm—*She* gave freedom to half of the world.  
 Raise the trophy to Britain, emblazon her name  
 In the temple of glory, and annals of fame.

Now the mighty contest's o'er,  
 Joy shall fill the world again,  
 War shall cease from shore to shore,  
 Peace shall bless, and freedom reign.



## CLXXII.

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

AIR.—“ The Dandy O.”



The young May moon is beaming, love,  
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,  
     How sweet to rove  
     Through Morna's grove,  
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love !

Then, awake ! the heavens look bright, my dear !  
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear !

And the best of all ways  
 To lengthen our days  
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear !

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,  
 And I, whose star,  
 More glorious far,  
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love ;  
 Then, awake, till the rise of sun, my dear !  
 The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear !  
 Or, in watching the flight  
 Of bodies of light,  
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear !

---

CLXXIII.

### FATHERLESS FANNY.

---

Keen and cold is the blast loudly whistling around :  
 As cold are the lips that once smil'd upon me ;  
 And unyielding, alas ! as this hard frozen ground,  
 The arms once so ready my shelter to be.

Both my parents are dead, and few friends I can boast,  
 But few to console, and to love me, if any ;  
 And my gains are so small, a bare pittance at most,  
 Repays the exertions of fatherless Fanny.

Once, indeed, I with pleasure and patience could toil,  
 But 'twas when my parents sat by and approv'd ;  
 Then, my laces to sell, I went out with a smile,  
 Because my fatigue fed the parents I lov'd ;  
 And at night, when I brought them my hardly earn'd gains,  
 Though small they might be, still my comforts were many,  
 For my mother's fond blessing rewarded the pains ;  
 My father stood watching to welcome his Fanny.

But, ah ! now I work by their presence uncheer'd,  
 I feel 'tis a hardship indeed to be poor,  
 While I shrink from the labour, no longer endear'd,  
 And sigh as I knock at the wealthy man's door.  
 Then, alas ! when at night I return to my home  
 No longer I boast that my comforts are many,  
 To a silent, deserted, dark dwelling I come,  
 Where no one exclaims, " Thou art welcome, my Fanny."

That, that is the pang ; want and toil would impart  
 No pangs to my breast, if my friends I could see,  
 For the wealth I require is that of the heart :  
 The fruits of affection are riches to me.  
 Then, ye wealthy, O think, when to you I apply  
 To purchase my goods, though you do not buy any,  
 If in accents of kindness you deign to deny,  
 You'll comfort the heart of poor fatherless Fanny.

## CLXXIV.

## JOHNNY COUP. †

Coup sent a challenge frae Dunbar,  
 "Charlie, meet me an ye daur,  
 And I'll learn you the art o' war,  
 If you'll meet wi' me in the morning."

*Hey Johnny Coup, are ye waking yet?  
 Or are your drums a-beating yet?  
 If ye were waking I would wait  
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.*

† The vapouring of Sir John Cope and the officers of his army previous to the battle of Preston, September, 1745, was notorious to all the attendants of his camp. His total defeat, therefore, rendered him a butt, to which the shafts of ridicule were directed both by friends and foes. His bravadoes, when there was no enemy in view, his fear on beholding the Highlanders, and his precipitate flight, are in this song delineated with much good humour. We deem it will not be uninteresting to give an account of this battle as published by the Highland army.

"The Grants of Glenmoriston joined the Prince's army, September 20. That morning his Royal Highness the Prince put himself at the head of the army at Duddingstone, and presenting his sword said, 'My friends, I have flung away the scabbard.' This was answered with a cheerful huzza. The army marched, and drew up on Carberry-hill, where we learned that General Cope had fallen down to the low country, east of Prestonpans. This directed our march along the brow of the hill, till we descried the enemy, upon

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
 He drew his sword the scabbard from :  
 " Come, follow me, my merry, merry men,  
 And we'll meet Johnny Coup i' the morning."

*Hey Johnny Coup, &c.*

which the Highlanders gave a shout, by way of defiance, expressing such eagerness to run down upon them, that nothing less than authority could restrain them from coming to action directly.

" Some gentlemen went out to observe their camp, and reconnoitre the ground, while the army advanced till it came opposite to, and at half a mile's distance from the enemy. These gentlemen returning, informed that they had got into a fastness, having a very broad and deep ditch in front, the town of Preston on the right, some houses and a small morass on the left, and the Frith of Forth on the rear. This made it impracticable to attack them in front but at the greatest risk.

" That evening Mr. Cope discharged several cannon at us. A gentleman who had seen their army that day advised us that they were above four thousand strong, besides volunteers, Seceders, &c., from Edinburgh, and several gentlemen at the head of their tenants; that General Hamilton's dragoons stood on the right, Colonel Gardiner's on the left; the regiments of Lascelles and Murray, five companies of Lee's, four of Guise's, three of the Earl of Loudon's, and a number of recruits for regiments abroad and at home, formed the centre, and that they were all in top spirits.

" Both armies lay upon their arms all night. Mr. Cope's threw off several cohorn's to let us understand they were alert, and had large fires at several places round their camp. Our men continued very silent, not one word was heard.

" About three in the morning of Saturday the 21st, we got off the ground and marched eastward; then turning north, formed a line in order to prevent the enemy's retreat through the east country, while another body of men was posted to provide against their stealing a march upon us towards Edinburgh.

" The disposition being made, his Royal Highness the Prince, addressed his army in these words, " Follow me, gentlemen; by the assistance of God I will this day make you a free and happy people." We marched cheerfully on and engaged the enemy. The right wing was led on by his Grace the Duke of

" Now, Johnny, be as gude as your word;  
Come let us try baith fire and sword,  
And dinna rin awa' like a frightened bird  
That's chas'd frae its nest i' the morning."

*Hey Johnny Coup, &c.*

When Johnny Coup he heard of this  
He thought it would not be amiss  
To hae a horse in readiness  
To flee awa' i' the morning.

*Hey Johnny Coup, &c.*

Perth, lieutenant-general, and consisted of the regiments of Clanronald, Kep-poch, Glengary, and Glencoe. The left by the Right Honourable Lord George Murray, lieutenant-general, consisting of the battalions of Camerons, commanded by Lochiel; the Stuarts of Appin, by Ardsheill; one body of the M'Gregors, with Glencairneg, and the rest of the M'Gregors with the Duke of Perth's men, under Major James Drummond. The enemy's artillery played furiously upon our left, especially on Lochiel's battalions, yet only one private man was killed, and a gentleman wounded; their cannon also raked our right wing, but did no great execution. Their cannon were followed by a very regular fire of the dragoons on right and left, and this again by close platoons of all their infantry, which our men received with intrepidity and an huzza; nor did we return the enemy's fire till we approached them so near as that the colfin of our shot might set their whiskers on fire. The Highlanders then drew their swords, and carried all before them like a torrent, killing or making prisoners every officer of the infantry, except Major Mosman, and one or two more, who escaped with their General.

"The Prince's army found L.4000 Sterling, in General Cope's military chest.

"It is computed about five hundred of the enemy were killed; and that nine hundred were wounded, and that we have taken about fourteen hundred prisoners. All their cannon, mortars, several colours, standards, abundance of horses and arms were taken, as was all their baggage, equipage, &c.

"The Prince, as soon as victory declared for him, mounted his horse, and put a stop to the slaughter; and finding no surgeons amongst the enemy

Fy now, Johnny, get up and rin,  
 The Highland bagpipes makes a din,  
 Its best to sleep in a hale skin,  
 For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

*Hey Johnny Coup, &c.*

When Johnny Coup to Dunbar came  
 They speir'd at him, "Whar's a' your men?"  
 "The deil confound me gin I ken,  
 For I left them a' i' the morning."

*Hey Johnny Coup, &c.*

"Now, Johnny, trouth ye was na blate,  
 To bring the news of your ain defeat,  
 And leave your men in sic a strait,  
 So early in the morning.

*Hey Johnny Coup, &c.*

despatched an officer to Edinburgh with orders for all the surgeons to attend; which was accordingly done.

"In a subsequent paper it was said that after the most strict enquiry it appeared that only fourteen hundred and fifty-six of the Highland army were engaged.

"The strokes given by the Highlanders with their swords in this action evinced proofs of their strength; not only men's hands and feet were cut off, but even the legs of horses; and what many saw may be affirmed for truth, viz., that a Highland gentleman, who led up a division, after breaking through Murray's regiment, fetching a blow at a grenadier, the poor fellow naturally got up his hand over his head, and not only had his hand lopped off, but also his skull cut above an inch deep, so that he expired on the spot."—See *Transactions in Scotland, during the years 1715 and 45*, by G. Charles.

"Ah! faith," quo' Johnny, "I got a fleg,  
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs;  
 If I face them again, deil break my legs,  
 So I wish you a gude morning."

*Hey Johnny Coup, &c.*

~~~~~  
 CLXXV.

YES, DEAREST MAID, I LOVE THEE STILL.

—
 Yes, dearest maid, I love thee still,
 Nor would for empires e'er deceive thee;
 Through every change of good and ill,
 I'll doat upon thy charms, believe me.
 Can I peruse a face so fair,
 Where rival hues contend for beauty,
 Or mark the smile still sporting there,
 And ever think to live without thee.

Thy lips the cherry's sweets would foil—
 Thy laughing eye seems so inviting,
 That we must gaze, and love the while,
 A maid so dear and so delighting.

Yes, gentle maid, thy powerful charms
 Can bind the heart, though fond of changing ;
 One moment's bliss within thy arms
 Would quell the wildest wish of ranging.

Thy kindly glance, so free of art,
 And melting kiss, my chains shall rivet ;
 O ! once admitted to thy heart,
 What fickle fool would think to leave it.
 Yes, dearest maid, I love thee still,
 Nor would for empires e'er deceive thee,
 Through every change of good and ill,
 I'll doat upon thy charms, believe me.

CLXXVI.

HOW EERILY, HOW DREARILY.

How eerily, how drearily, how wearily to pine,
 When my love's in a foreign land, far frae thae arms o' mine.
 Three years hae come and gane sin' first he said to me
 That he wad be at hame wi' Jean, wi' her to live and die ;
 The day comes in wi' sorrow now, the night is wild and drear,
 And every hour that passes by I water wi' a tear.

I kiss my bonny baby, I clasp it to my breast,
 Ah ! aft wi' sic a warm' embrace its father has me prest !
 And when I gaze upon its face, as it lies on my knee,
 The crystal draps out owre my cheeks will fa' frae ilka e'e.
 O ! mony a, mony a burning tear upon its face will fa',
 For, oh ! its like my bonny love, and he's far awa'.

Whan the spring time had gane by, and the rose began to
 blaw,
 And the harebell and the violet adorned ilk bonny shaw,
 'Twas then my love came courting me, and wan my youthfu'
 heart,
 And many a tear it cost my love, ere he could frae me part;
 But though he's in a foreign land, far, far across the sea,
 I kend my Jamie's guileless heart is faithfu' still to me.

Ye wastlin' winds, upon the main blaw wi' a steady breeze,
 And waft my Jamie hame again, across the roaring seas,
 O ! when he clasps me in his arms, in a' his manly pride,
 I'll ne'er exchange that ae embrace for a' the warld beside.
 Then blaw a steady gale, ye winds, waft him across the sea,
 And bring my Jamie hame again, to his wee bairn and me.

CLXXVII.

GO, LOVELY ROSE ! †

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

† Edmund Waller, the author of this excellent piece of poetry, was born at Colahill, in Buckinghamshire, in 1605. He became a Member of Parliament at the early age of eighteen. In 1643 he was sent to the Tower on a charge of conspiring to deliver the city to the King. Two persons were executed for the plot, and Waller was condemned to be hanged, but saved himself by an abject submission, and a liberal distribution of money. After a year's imprisonment he went into exile, but returned by favour of Cromwell, on whom he wrote an elegant panegyric. He wrote another on the death of the Protector, and afterwards celebrated the Restoration, and praised Charles II. He was again elected into Parliament, where, by his eloquence and wit, he was the delight of the House. He endeavoured to procure the Provostship of Eton, but being refused by Clarendon, he joined in the persecution of that great man. He died in 1687. His poetical pieces are easy, smooth, and generally elegant.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That, hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee ;
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Yet, though thou fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;
 And teach the maid,
 That goodness Time's rude hand defies—
 That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.†

† This closing stanza was added by Henry Kirke White, a poetical genius of high attainment, and of still more exquisite promise.

CLXXVIII.

LOVE WILL NOT BLOOM WHERE ENVY
BREATHES.

AIR.—"Gilderoy."

Love will not bloom where envy breathes ;
It shuns ambition's rays,
And ne'er its beauteous tendrils wreathes,
Round hearts which avarice sways :—
Then come, my love, we'll fly the town,
And seek our mountain home,
Where, o'er the upland heather brown,
Free as the winds we'll roam.

There lightly bounds the vigorous roe,
The sky-lark carols high ;—
There crystal streamlets ceaseless flow
In artless melody.
The purple heath-bell's fresh perfume—
The daisy's heaven-ward eye—
The waving fern—the golden broom—
All breathe of peace and joy.

There scowls, nor jealousy, nor pride—
 No worldly passions war—
 And, though the great our joys deride,
 Their own are meaner far ;
 Long, long shall love its flowers display
 Beneath contentment's smile,
 Where minds are innocently gay,
 And hearts devoid of guile.

CLXXIX.

THE PLEASURE OF A TEAR.

There is, when day's last shadows fly,
 And no observer near,
 'Neath memory's retrospective eye,
 A secret rapture in a sigh—
 A pleasure in a tear.

There is, when hush'd is every sound,
 The world absorb'd in sleep,
 When peaceful silence reigns around,
 A charm in pensive mood profound,
 To sit alone and weep.

Then come, now bustling day is o'er,
 And tranquil hours appear,
 Peace to my wounded heart restore,
 And let experience taste once more
 The pleasure of a tear.



CLXXX.

THE LORD'S MARIE.*



The Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks
 Up wi' a gowden kame,
 And she has put on her net-silk hose,
 And awa to the tryste has gane ;

* This truly excellent old song was procured by the Editor of the *Reliques of Burns*, from Mrs. Copeland of Dalbeattie, in Galloway, by whose exertions many specimens of the Caledonian Muse, of unquestionable merit, have been rescued from oblivion. It is founded, says Mrs. Copeland, on a

O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,
 And saft, saft on her brow ;
 Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberrie lip,
 And I kiss'd it aff, I trow !

“ O whare gat ye that leal maiden,
 Sae jimpy lac'd and sma' !
 O whare gat ye that young damsel,
 Wha dings our lasses a' !
 “ O whare gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,
 Wi' heaven in her e'e ?
 O here's ae drap o' the damask wine ;—
 Sweet maiden, will ye pree ?”

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,
 Twist wi' the satin twine,
 But ruddie, ruddie grew her hause,
 While she supp'd the bluid-red wine.
 “ Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,
 Wha wears the gowden kame ;
 This night will mony drink thy health,
 And kend na wha to name.”

traditional story of a daughter of Lord Maxwell of Nithsdale accompanying, in disguise, a peasant to a rustic dancing tryste, “ The Lord's daughter sae gay,” was discovered through the disguise of her rustic habiliments. Tradition places the song at the Revolution, 1688. The language is more modern—but the ideas belong to that period. It is one of those happy productions which keep a lasting hold of the mind by their enticing tale and simple dramatic narration ; indeed, the simplicity of our lyrics, their broad humour, their vivid description, and their strong touches of native feeling and sensibility make a lasting impression on the heart. They are perhaps the fairest any nation can boast, and will survive amid the wreck of those which society tramples down in its progress.

Play me up, "Sweet Marie," I cry'd,
 And loud the piper blew,—
 But the fiddler play'd aye *struntum strum*,
 And down his bow he threw.
 "Here's thy kind health, i' the ruddie red wine,
 Fair dame o' the stranger land!
 For never a pair o' e'en before
 Could mar my good bow-hand."

Her lips were a cloven hinney-cherrie,
 Sae tempting to the sight;
 Her locks owre alabaster brows,
 Fell like the morning light;
 And, O! her hinney breath lift her locks,
 As through the dance she flew,
 While luvie laugh'd in her bonnie blue e'e,
 And dwalt on her comely mou'.

"Loose hings yere broidered gowd garter,
 Fair ladie, dare I speak?"
 She, trembling, lift her silken hand
 To her red, red flushing cheek.
 'Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapp'd yere broach o' gowd,
 Thou Lord's daughter sae gay,
 The tears o'erbrimm'd her bonnie blue e'e,
 'O come, O come away!

O maid unbar the siller bolt,
 To my chamber let me win,
 And tak this kiss, thou peasant youth,
 I daur na let ye in,

“ And tak,” quo she, “ this kame o’ gowd,
 Wi’ my lock o’ yellow hair,
 For meikle my heart forbodes to me
 I never maun meet ye mair.”



CLXXXI.

HONEST MEN AND BONNY LASSIES ! *

AIR.—“ Roy’s Wife o’ Aldivalloch.”



How green the fields, the flowers so fair,
 How bright the sun, that o’er us passes,
 How useless these if that there were
 Nae honest men, nor bonny lassies.

*Honest men and bonny lassies,
 Honest men and bonny lassies,
 Lang may live and happy be,
 A’ honest men and bonny lassies.*

* The gentleman who transmitted this song states, “ that he is informed it is the production of Patie Birnie, fiddler, Kinghorn, but as to the truth of this he cannot be certain.”

God's noblest work's an honest man,
 A bonny lass by far's the fairest,
 Of all that's fair in nature's plan,
 And e'er to man will be the dearest.

Honest men, &c.

How happy, and how blest the man,
 His days or nights can ne'er be dreary,
 Who calls an honest man his friend,
 And has a bonny lass for's deary.

*Honest men and bonny lassies,
 Honest men and bonny lassies,
 A' they wish and a' they want,
 To honest men and bonny lassies.*



CLXIV.

DIRGE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.



They lighted a taper at the dead hour of night,
 And chaunted their holiest hymn,
 But her brow and her bosom was damp'd with affright,
 Her eye was all cheerless and dim :

The lady of Elleralie wept for her lord,
 And the death-watch beat in her lonely room,
 For the curtains had shook of their own accord,
 And the raven flapp'd at her window board,
 To tell of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
 For the soul of my knight so dear,
 And call me a widow this wretched day,
 Since the warning of God is near,
 For the night-mare rides in my strangled sleep;
 The lord of my bosom is doomed to die,
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
 And the blood-red tears shall his country weep,
 For William of Ellerslie.

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
 Ere the loud matin bell had rung,
 That the trumpet of death on an English tower,
 Had the dirge of her champion sung.
 When his dungeon light look'd dim and red,
 On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
 No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed,
 No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
 And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear,
 Was true to the knight forlorn,
 When hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
 At the blast of a hunter's horn.

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well fought field,
 With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land,
 His spear was not shiver'd on helmet or shield,
 And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to wield
 Was light in his terrible hand.

Yet, bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight
 For his much lov'd country die,
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
 Than William of Ellerslie.
 But the day of his glory shall never depart,
 His heart unentomb'd shall with glory be palm'd
 From the blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start,
 Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
 A nobler was never embalm'd.

CLXXXII.

AND HAS SHE THEN FAIL'D IN HER TRUTH.*

*And has she then fail'd in her truth,
 The beautiful maid I adore,
 Shall I ne'er again hear her voice,
 Nor see her lov'd form any more,
 No, no, no. I shall ne'er see her more.*

* From the Persian tale of *Selima and Asor*; also introduced in the Farce of "Love in a Village."

Ah ! Selima, cruel you prove,
 Yet sure my hard lot you'll bewail,
 I could not presume you would love,
 Yet pity I hop'd would prevail.

And has she then, &c.

Since hatred alone I inspire,
 Life henceforth is not worth my care,
 Death now is my only desire,
 I give myself up to despair.

And has she then, &c.



CXXXIII.

WHERE ART THOU? ON THE MOON-BEAMS. *



Where art thou ? On the moon-beams ? Oh ! no, no ;
 But in this hard world thou art seen no more ;
 Sweet Pity, o'er the wild waves let us go,

* This mad song is from the tale of the *Soldier's Orphan*, by Mrs. Castello. It is singular enough, says Dr. Percy, that the English have many more songs and ballads on the subject of madness than any other kingdom whatever ; whether there be any truth in the insinuation that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or that our native gloominess hath

And in some flowery isle,
 There will we rest all day,
 And I will kiss my love's last tears away,
 And we again shall smile
 Like infants in their sleep. Hark ! 'twas the roar
 Of the remorseless tempest, that whelms all,
 All my fond hopes. Rock on, thou gloomy deep !
 To the noise of thy tempest I call ;
 No, no, I will not weep,
 Though they sound in my ear like despair.
 Saw you a child with golden hair ?
 'Twas love, his eyes so sweetly shining,
 All hearts to tenderness inclining,
 Yet oh ! beware,
 How sweet was his voice, when, hand link'd in hand,
 We pass'd o'er scenes of fairy land ;
 But he left me, unpitied, to fate !
 And o'er my sinking head the storm blew desolate.
 Then he whom I lov'd—but I will not complain,
 Though I never, oh never, shall see him again.

peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers. In the French,
 Italian, and other collections are found very few pieces on this subject.

CLXXXIV.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.*

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square :
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize, .
While sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

*This excellent song, which, for beauty and strength of sentiment, has few equals, we have extracted from a Collection of "Miscellaneous Poems, by several hands." Published by D. Lewis, London, 1730.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Unenvied, I'll challenge my part ;
 For every fair object my eyes can survey,
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 Do many their labours employ,
 Since all that is truly delightful in life
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.



CLXXXV.

ROSE OF THIS ENCHANTED VALE.



Rose of this enchanted vale,
 Why so lone and mournful ?
 Fairer than the dawn-star pale,
 Why so chill and scornful ?
 " I am not the rose," she said.
 " Sleep his lid is steeping,
 I am but a captive maid,
 The rose's slumbers keeping.

Go ! I fear that o'er his ear
 Our heedless tones are creeping—
 Go ! nor let one accent fall,
 His charming dreams dispelling ;
 Go ! 'tis sacred stillness all
 Through our mossy dwelling."

But, though free to roam at will,
 Youthful hopes impelling,
 I would be a captive still
 In my rose's dwelling,
 Now upon his arched brows,
 In breathless bliss I ponder ;
 Now the music of his vows
 Makes my senses wander.
 No charm to me were Liberty,
 I'm of thralldom fonder.
 Go ! nor let one accent fall,
 His charmed dreams dispelling.
 Go ! 'tis sacred stillness all,
 Through our mossy dwelling.

CLXXXVI.

FOR MANY A WISTFUL HOUR TO PITY DEAR.*

For many a wistful hour to pity dear,
A wanderer wove affection's visions here,
Kiss'd the memorial form his bosom wore,
And look'd, till tears would let him look no more.
All that the heart at last might lean on—gone :
Yet madly did he languish—linger on :
Spent sighs to which no sympathy was given,
And pledg'd wild vows, unheard of all—save heaven,
Went by the grave of love ; nor own'd despair,
Though not one flower of hope bloom'd palely there,
Her eye—bright herald of a better mind—
Unkind, or only to the trifier kind—
That eye, for which his own in tears was dim,
Glanc'd smiles on all, but would not smile on him,

* These truly affecting lines, which we present to our readers, were discovered penciled on the shutter of a window in a room in Enniskillen, Ireland.

Whose heart alone, though broken, to conceal,
 Could feel its fire—too deeply—finely feel—
 In wayward thrall, thus many a day went past;
 But freedom came, his spirit rose at last,
 Shook off the spell—march'd—mingled with the brave,
 And sought a resting place in glory's grave.



CLXXXVII.

FAREWELL, O SWEET HOPE !



Farewell, oh sweet hope ! I have wept thee in sadness,
 Thy bright star illumin'd life's gloomiest day ;
 It rose on my soul like an angel of gladness,
 And smil'd the dark clouds of misfortune away :

In youth every prospect by pleasure was bounded,
 And joy was the portion that destiny gave ;
 'Twas pure as the lake by the mountains surrounded,
 And warm as the sunbeam that danc'd on its wave.

Thy visions were transient as mists of the morning,
 They shone on my sight like the rainbow of eve ;
 And the first tear of sorrow proclaim'd the sad warning,
 Those visions were sent to betray and deceive.

Peace, mild as the dew-drop descending at even,
 Protected my bosom from sorrow and care,
 But return'd to her throne in the mansion of heaven,
 When each object was stamp'd by the hand of despair.

O'er the flowers of happiness wither'd and blighted,
 Fond memory lingers, and mourns their decay ;
 For the blossoms thy warmth and thy splendour delighted,
 Expir'd in the hour that beheld thy last ray.



CLXXXVIII.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.



By the side of a mountain, o'ershadow'd with trees,
 With thick clusters of vine, intermingl'd and wove,
 I behold my thatch'd cottage, dear mansion of ease,
 The seat of contentment, of friendship, and love.

Each morn when I open the latch of my door,
 My heart throbs with rapture to hear the birds sing,
 And at night when the dance in the village is o'er,
 On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of spring.

When I hide in the forest from noon's scorching beam
 While the torrent's deep murmurs re-echoing sound,
 When the herds quit their pasture to quaff the clear stream,
 And the flocks in the vale lie extended around,
 I muse,—but my thoughts are contented and free,
 I regret not the splendour of riches and pride,
 The delights of retirement are dearer to me
 Than the proudest appendage to greatness allied.

I sing, and my song is the carol of joy,
 My cheek glows with health, like the wild rose in bloom,
 I dance, yet forget not, though blythsome and gay,
 That I measure the footsteps that lead to the tomb.
 Contented to live, yet not fearful to die,
 With a conscience unspotted, I pass through life's scene,
 On the wings of delight every moment shall fly,
 And the end of my days be resign'd and serene.

CLXXXIX.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE,†

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

AIR.—"Maids of Arrochar."

Thou dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
 To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
 And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of the slain.

† The following notice of this song occurs in a letter from Mr. Tannahill to one of his particular friends, for whom it seems he had written other verses to accompany the same beautiful and plaintive air, but which not altogether pleasing himself, he had substituted the above. "According to promise," says he, "I send you two verses for the *Maids of Arrochar*; perhaps they are little better than the last. I believe the language is too weak for the subject; however, they possess the advantage over the others of being founded on a real occurrence. The battle of Falkirk was Wallace's last, in which he was defeated with the loss of almost his whole army. I am sensible that to give words suitable to the poignancy of his grief on such a trying reverse of fortune would require all the fire and soul-melting energy of a Campbell or a Burns."

The modest terms in which our amiable author speaks of his verses quite blunt the edge of criticism, and fully compensate for any lack of that deep and powerful feeling, that vigour and grandeur of conception which the loftiness of

Ah! base-hearted treach'ry has doom'd our undoing,—
 My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
 Ev'n Valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
 And Freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

his theme required. Be it remembered, that it was no less than the anguish of a fearless and unshaken patriot bewailing the ruins of his native land, and breathing revenge against the insulting and cruel invader, which the poet wished to express—that it was no less than all the noble workings of passion in the bosom of the unsubdued, incorruptible, heroic and godlike Wallace, which the poet attempted to embody in words. It was no common strain he chose, and it required no common power of execution to perform it well. We do not mean to say these are the very best verses which could have been written on such a subject; we only rejoice that they are so excellent as they are, and will have the effect, though it should be in never so partial a degree, of preserving, and extending the glory of our national Champion.

The battle of Falkirk, in its consequences so fatal to the Scots, was fought on the 22d of July 1298. It was obstinately contested for a long time, but the superiority of the English in the number of their cavalry, decided the day. Some historians allege that this defeat happened in consequence of the little piques and jealousies which at that time subsisted amongst the leaders of the Scottish army; but this is merely conjectural. The English authors are unanimous in their praises of the firmness and courage displayed by their enemies on that occasion. Langtoft gives a curious description of the mode in which the Scottish phalanx sustained the onset:

Ther formast courey, ther bakkis togidere sette,
 Ther speres poynt over poynt, so fare and so thikke,
 And fast togidere joynt, to so it was ferlike.
 Als a castelle thei stode, that were walled with stone,
 Thei wende ne man of blode thorgh them suld haf gone.

The life of Wallace is minutely detailed in the metrical work of Henry the Minstrel, better known by the name of Blind Harry, which, with all its chronological inaccuracies and romantic fictions, must still be considered as forming a part of authentic history. A splendid monument we understand, will, within a short time, be raised to the memory of the Knight of Ellerslie, at Glasgow. On the 10th of March last, a meeting for this purpose was held in the town hall of that city, and there is every probability that the monument, when it is erected, will not only redound to the honour of the country, but be worthy of the great patriot whom it is intended to commemorate.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril !—farewell !
 Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
 Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
 And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave.
 But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
 Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
 On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder—
 Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!



CXC.

SANG IN PRAIS OF SCHIR WILYAM WALLAS,

KNIGHT OF ELRISLE, CAMPIOUN OF SCOTLAND.†



Ovir Castell and Towre, ovir Citie and Toun,
 Flew the pennonis of Ingland tryumphandli waivand ;
 Our Lyoun was gyvit and our Thrissill duschit down,
 Nae mair in the field the fers fae wer thai braivand.

† This song is extracted from an Album Rerum Sooticarum, belonging to Mr. James Duncan, Jun., Bookseller, Saltmarket, Glasgow—a gentleman well known amongst his friends for his warm attachment to the antiquities and li-

Allace ! all the fire of our forbearis had fled,
And Freedom's fair form was all manglt and deid.

But a beme frae the west lyke ane flaucht o' the sun,
Ere he dernis in the braid sea's blew busome for evir,
Brast owre the mirk kynrik fell tiranny won,
Revivand ittis spreit and devoirand ittis Reifar.
That beme was the flasch frae the suerd o' the free,
Quhilk hung birnest and shene in thi hallis Ellerslie !

In grit joyaunce the rerd of the bugill yrung ;
Throoch the holtis, wuddis, and wildis the deip war cry
was roll'd,
And hie to the blast the braid banner was flung,
Quhilk bure the red Lyoun all rampand in gold
To the stryff, quhar the three Libbartis stalwartli stude,
There, to bathe his bricht mane and his fangis in their blude,

Quha raisit owre bauld standart? quha drew the steill glaive?
Quha redd this braid yle frae oppressour and fae?

terature of his native land, and distinguished more especially for the zeal and activity with which he first set on foot the subscriptions for the monument now proposed to be erected in Glasgow to the great and illustrious chief, whose name and achievements are embalmed in the memory of every Scotsman. As it is written in our vernacular tongue, though rather of an antique date, we consider it unnecessary to subjoin any glossary to such words as are become obsolete, because, with them, we think it behoves all our countrymen to be conversant. An allusion is made to the arms of Scotland, which is well known was the Lion rampant Gules in a field Or, within a treasure asure; those of England in the time of Edward I., three leopards passant, which, according to the use of all the old Scottish poets, are termed libbartis.

It was Wallas, the flowre of Scottis Chevalre draive
 The Suthroun to deid in the battailis deray.
 He ruschit on to gloir sempiternie, and to save
 His King, and his Countre, he rushit to the—grave!



CXCI.

AMID LOCH CATRINE'S SCENERY WILD.

AIR.—“The Lass o’ Arranteenie.”



Amid Loch Catrine’s scenery wild,
 Is seen my lassie’s dwelling,
 Where caverned rocks on mountains piled,
 Howl to the sea-breeze swelling :
 She’s purer than the snaw that fa’s
 On mountain’s summit airy;
 The sweetest mountain flow’r that blows
 Is not so fair as Mary.

'Tis sweet when woodland echo rings,
 Where purling streams meander,
 But sweeter when my Mary sings,
 As through the glens we wander.
 The wild deer on the mountain side,
 The fabled Elf or Fairy,
 Or skiff that skims the crystal tide,
 Moves not more light than Mary.

From lowland plains I've wandered far,
 In endless search of pleasure ;
 Till guided by some friendly star,
 I found this lovely treasure.
 Although my native home has charms,
 Among these hills I'll tarry ;
 And while life's blood my bosom warms,
 I'll love my dearest Mary.



CXCVII.

A MOMENT PAUSE, YE BRITISH FAIR. †



A moment pause, ye British fair,
 While Pleasure's phantom ye pursue ;

† Composed by a lady on seeing in a list of new music "The Waterloo Waltz."

And say, if sprightly dance or air
 Suit with the name of Waterloo ?

Awful was the victory !
 Chasten'd should the triumph be :
 Midst the laurels she has won,
 Britain mourns for many a son.

Veil'd in clouds the morning rose ;
 Nature seem'd to mourn the day
 Which consign'd, before its close,
 Thousands to their kindred clay.

How unfit for courtly ball,
 Or the giddy festival,
 Was the grim and ghastly view,
 Ere evening clos'd on Waterloo.

See the Highland warrior rushing,
 Firm in danger, on the foe,
 Till the life-blood warmly gushing,
 Lays the plaided hero low !

His native pipe's accustom'd sound,
 'Mid war's infernal concert drown'd,
 Cannot soothe his last adieu,
 Or wake his sleep on Waterloo.

Chasing o'er the cuirassier,
 See the foaming charger flying,
 Trampling in his wild career,
 All alike, the dead and dying.

See the bullets through his side,
 Answer'd by the spouting tide ;
 Helmet, horse, and rider too,
 Roll on bloody Waterloo.

Shall scenes like these the dance inspire,
 Or wake the enliv'ning notes of mirth !
 O ! shiver'd be the recreant lyre
 That gave the base idea birth !

Other sounds, I ween were there,
 Other music rent the air,
 Other *waltz* the warriors knew,
 When they *closed* at Waterloo.

Forbear—till Time with lenient hand
 Has sooth'd the pang of recent sorrow ;
 And let the picture distant stand,
 The softening hue of years to borrow.

When *our race* has pass'd away,
 Hands unborn may wake the lay,
 And give to joy alone the view
 Of Britain's fame at Waterloo.

CXIII.

THE MERMAID.

O heard you the Mermaid of the sea,
When the ship by the rock was sinking ;
Saw you the maid with her coral cup,
A health to the sea-nymphs drinking.
The morning was fair, and the ocean calm,
Not a breath awoke the billow,
The foam that play'd in the clefted rock
Was the Mermaid's resting pillow.

As round the cave where the Mermaid slept,
The vessel light was sailing,
A voice was heard in the gathering storm,
Of Mariners deeply wailing,
And loud came the deep'ning thunder-peal,
The white waves around were dashing,
And the light that illumin'd the pathless way,
Was the gleam of lightning flashing.

The sails are torn, the ship a wreck;
 The Mermaid sweet is singing.
 And the crystal halls where the sea-nymphs bathe,
 Are merrily, merrily ringing.
 And many a tear for these Mariners lost,
 From maidens' eyes are streaming,
 While reckless they sleep in their wat'ry shroud,
 Nor of ought that's earthly dreaming.

~~~~~

CXCIV.

NOW WINTER IS GANE.\*

—

Now winter is gane and the clouds flee away,  
 Yon bonny blue sky how delightfu' to see,  
 Now linties and blackbirds sing on ilka spray  
 That flourishes round Woodhouselee.  
 The hawthorn is blooming,  
 The saft breeze perfuming,

\* We extract this Song from a selection made by Mr. R. A. Smith, Teacher of Music, Paisley, for the use of his Pupils, where also occurs the following notice concerning its authors:—

"It may be interesting to many to learn that this little song is the joint production of the late Mr. John Hamilton of Edinburgh, (author of the popular Scottish song, *Up in the morning early*, &c., and *Tannahill*."



O come, my dear lassie, the season is gay,  
 And naething mair lovely can be:  
     The primrose and lily  
     We'll pu' in the valley,  
 And lean when we like on some gowany brae,  
 That rises beside Woodhouselee.

Ye mind when the snaw lay sae deep on the hill,  
 When cauld icy cranreugh hung white on the tree,  
 When bushes were leafless, and mournfully still  
     Were the wee birds o' sweet Woodhouselee.  
     When snaw show'rs were fa'ing,  
     And wintry winds blowing,  
 Loud whistling o'er mountain and meadow so chill,  
     We mark'd it wi' sorrowing ee;  
     But now, since the flowers  
     Again busk the bowers  
 O come, my dear Lassie, wi' smiling guidwill,  
 And wander around Woodhouselee.

"Mr. H. wrote the first stanza for an ancient Irish melody, *The fair-haired child*, but after several unavailing attempts to proceed further he applied to Tannahill, through the medium of a friend, for a second verse; in a short time the request was complied with, and the Bard sent it to his friend with the following note, 'Mr. Hamilton's stanza is admirably suited to the air; in my opinion his lines possess, in an eminent degree, that beautiful, natural simplicity, which characterises our best Scottish songs. I have attempted to add a verse to it, but I fear you will think it but a frigid production; the original one is so complete in itself that he who tries another to it labours under the disadvantage of not knowing what to say farther on the subject. However, I give you all that I could make of it.'"

CXCv.

## CLAUDINE LIVED CONTENTED.

---

Claudine lived contented, and peace was her lot,  
No care would have found her abode,  
Hadn't Love, that destroyer, one day to her cot,  
Unkindly shewn Sorrow the road.  
To Love she unthinkingly open'd the door,  
But he laugh'd, and then left her :  
He left her, because she was poor.

With just indignation she saw him depart,  
And perhaps had to fate been resign'd,  
But Love, not contented with stealing her heart,  
Unkindly left Sorrow behind.  
Ah ! why, simple girl, did she open the door,  
To one who could leave her,  
Could leave her, because she was poor.

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.\*

---

"Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !  
 When first on thee I met my lover ;  
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !  
 When now thy waves his body cover !  
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream !  
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow :  
 For never on thy banks shall I  
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

"He promis'd me a milk-white steed,  
 To bear me to his father's bowers ;

\* The subject of the following lament is the grief of a young woman for the death of her lover, who was drowned in the Yarrow. She is supposed to be on the banks of that rivulet, which recal to her memory scenes that had passed there between her and her lover ; and her recollection being thus awakened, every circumstance connected with their interviews is reflected on with delight. Although the poem cannot lay claim to originality of ideas, being founded on the fragment of *Willie's drown'd in Yarrow*, yet the simple, natural, and pathetic style in which it is composed place it on a level with any poem of the same kind in our language. It was written by the Rev. John Logan, late one of the Ministers of South Leith, a man of genius and refined taste.

He promis'd me a little page,  
 To squire me to his father's towers ;  
 He promis'd me a wedding-ring,  
 The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow ;  
 Now he is wedded to his grave,  
 Alas ! his watery grave in Yarrow.

" Sweet were his words when last we met ;  
 My passion I as freely told him ;  
 Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
 That I should never more behold him !  
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;  
 It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;  
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
 And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

" His mother from the window look'd,  
 With all the longing of a mother ;  
 His little sister weeping walk'd  
 The green-wood path to meet her brother.  
 They sought him east, they sought him west,  
 They sought him all the forest thorough ;  
 They only saw the cloud of night,  
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

" No longer from thy window look,  
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !  
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid !  
 Alas ! thou hast no more a brother !

No longer seek him east or west,  
 And search no more the forest thorough ;  
 For, wandering in the night so dark,  
 He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

“The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
 No other youth shall be my marrow ;  
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.”  
 The tear did never leave her cheek,  
 No other youth became her marrow ;  
 She found his body in the stream,  
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.



## CXCVII.

## THE CYPRESS AND THE YEW.



O I hae twin'd wi' mickle love  
 A garland for ye're brow,  
 But wither'd are its sweetest flowers,  
 And broken is ye're vow :

Syne I will tak' the cypress wreath,  
And weave it wi' the yew.

The gladsome hours of love are gone,  
I wist na ere they sped,  
The lily pale has stain'd my cheek,  
Tint is the damask red ;  
The cypress shall my chaplet be  
To bind around my head.

O why does love sae sweetly smile,  
And gayest flow'rets strew ?  
O why does love, the fairest flower,  
Still twine about with rue ?  
The rue was thine—but aye is mine,  
The Cypress and the Yew.

---

CXCVIII.

CARLISLE YETTS.\*

---

White was the rose in his gay bonnet,  
As he faulded me in his brooch'd plaidie ;

\* This little piece, no less enchanting by the sweetness and simplicity of its style than by the richness of its poetical beauties, is said to have been written

His hand whilk clasped the truth o' love,  
 O it was aye in battle readie !  
 His lang, lang hair, in yellow hanks,  
 Wav'd o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie ;  
 But now they wave o'er Carlisle Yetts  
 In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.

My father's blood's in that flower-tap,  
 My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom,  
 This white rose was steeped in my luve's blood,  
 And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

\* \* \* \* \*

by a young woman during the rebellion of 1745. Whether the individual who is the subject of the piece before us bore any rank in the Highland army is uncertain ; but it would appear, that, on account of his attachment to the cause of Prince Charles, he had fallen a victim to the sanguinary measures of the times when the blood of the vanquished was considered as the only atonement that could be made. Certain it is that the measures pursued by the English army after their decisive victory at Culloden were by no means calculated to soothe the irritation and win the affections of a brave and generous people. The Duke of Cumberland, after marching the main body of his army to Fort Augustus, sent parties of his men round the Highlands, which, wherever they came, plundered the peaceable inhabitants and drove off their cattle, whilst thousands of families perished either by famine or the sword. Neither old nor young, rich or poor, were exempted from the brutal ferocity of the English soldiery, who put to death, in cold blood, incredible numbers of a people whom they would, in all probability, have trembled to meet on equal terms on the field. Even the presence of the Commander in Chief had no effect in putting a stop to the slaughter; for, whilst his men were engaged in those scenes of horror he was amusing himself and his staff with horse and foot races! Throughout the whole country the greatest exertions were made to apprehend the followers of Charles, who himself was closely pursued through the Highlands. Of two hundred and nineteen persons who were tried, seventy-seven were executed; among whom were seventeen officers, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kensington Common, near London; nine executed in the same manner at Carlisle, and eleven

When I came first by merry Carlisle,  
 Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming ;  
 The White Rose flaunted owre the wall,  
 The Thistl'd banners far were streaming !  
 When I came next by merry Carlisle,  
 O sad, sad seem'd the town and eerie !  
 The auld, auld men came out and wept,  
 " O maiden, come ye to seek ye're dearie ? "

\* \* \* \* \*

There's ae drap o' blude atween my breasts,  
 And twa in my links o' hair sae yellow ;  
 The tane I'll ne'er wash, and the tither ne'er kame,  
 But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.

at York. It may not be uninteresting to our readers to state respecting Prince Charles, that, after many sufferings, he escaped into France, where he remained some considerable time. Being, however, eventually obliged to quit that country, he retired into Italy, when, becoming disgusted with the ceremonies of the Romish religion, he came over to London, and renounced it in a Chapel in Gray's-Inn Lane under his own name of Charles Stuart. What is somewhat remarkable, he came over again to London in 1760 to witness the coronation of his present Majesty, after which he returned to Italy, and went to Rome on the death of his father in 1766, when the pope refused to acknowledge him King. Besides, none of the Catholic Courts would listen to his claim, and, in consequence, he refused that of Prince of Wales, and assumed the title of Count of Albany. In 1772 he married the Princess Lousia Maximiliana Carolina de Stolberg Guederan, by whom he had no issue. From that period he resided in the neighbourhood of Florence till his death, on the 31st Jan. 1788, (aged 67) when it was found that he had bequeathed his fortune to a natural daughter, the Duchess of Albany, whom he legitimated by the approbation of the King of France. To his brother, the Cardinal York, he left two thousand ounces of silver. The Cardinal died a few years ago, being the last of the male line of an illustrious but unfortunate house.



Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,  
 Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie,  
 Whilk feasts on our richest Scottish blude,  
 And maks sae mony a dolefu' widow.



## CXCIX.

## THE MURNYNG MAYDEN.



May heaven holpe the Mayde,  
 Whome false love hathe betraydde,  
 Sith the worlde has ne pitye but scorne  
 For the mayden who may,  
 Have wandredde astraye,  
 And with love, grieve and wodenesse\* is torne.

In the goode grene woodde,  
 A whyte thorne tree stoodde,  
 And scentedde the duske valley arounde,  
 And there was a river,  
 Thilk murmuredde ever,  
 With right pleasaunt and silverye sounde.

\* Madness.

What inwitte\* could have thoughte,  
 That the plesaunce is yboughte,  
     Of a momente, with yeres of sorrowe.  
 Or, that the softe delyghte,  
 Of one dewye twilyghte,  
     Sholde breste † into stormes on the morrowe.

The brighte violette grewe,  
 And the red rose threwe,  
     Its riche fragraunce whilome on the aire;  
 The nightingale's clere songe,  
 Through the wide forreste yronge;  
     All the sprite of swete love regnedde‡ there.

Butte mie false love has fledde;  
 All mie brighte hopes are dedde;  
     Crasedde § hearte and fame forlore || be to mee;  
 Yjapedde, ¶ what conne I doe,  
 Butte where thilke whyte thorne grewe,  
     To digge my colde grave—thenne, to die.

\* Understanding.

† Burst.

‡ Relined.

§ Broken.

|| Utterly lost.

¶ Deceived.

CC.

## MARY.

AIR.—“Black-eyed Susan.”

---

The sun was wearing down the lift,  
The gloamin' vapours fa'ing chill,  
The clouds did owre the carry shift,  
And lowne the breeze was on the hill,  
When pensive, Mary, down by Cartha stray'd,  
Lamenting Willie 'neath the gowan laid.

In this retired rural scene,  
Far frae the paths o' toil and care,  
How happy I wi' him hae been,  
And tasted nae bliss, I'll taste nae mair.  
The present moments by unnoted flew,  
While mair endearing every meeting grew.

The siller firs that overhang  
Yon fairy cove below the brae,  
Aft echoed to my Willie's sang  
Saft as the blackbird's e'ening lay ;

Now echo sleeps within the gloomy grot,  
 Save when some warbler tunes his mellow note.

Wi' Willie I hae waunnert here  
 When light was faded frae the sky ;  
 An' kentna what it was to fear,  
 When a' that held my heart was nigh ;  
 E'en sable darkness has peculiar charms  
 When lovers fondly sigh in ithers arms.

O ! when in secret I review  
 Joys memory shall never tine,  
 I feel in nameless pangs anew  
 That wretchedness for life is mine.  
 O ! I could every human ill sustain,  
 But wanting Willie, comfort I disdain.

To me the vernal tints of spring  
 Can naught of happiness impart !  
 I joyless hear the linnets sing,  
 For hope is banish'd frae my heart ;  
 Whispers a warning voice in my decay,  
 Come, join thy Willie, virgin, come away.

CCI.

WARILY, STEADILY.

---

The storm sweeps wildly through the sky,  
And loud the angry waters roar,  
Our bark hath liv'd in tempest high,  
But such as this ne'er brav'd before ;  
Then warily, steadily, helmsman, steer,  
And we yet the headland cape may clear.

Round the lightning wings its flight,  
O'er our heads the thunders roll,  
But in the storm as in the fight,  
No fear should shake the seaman's soul ;  
Then warily, steadily, helmsman, steer,  
And we yet the headland cape may clear.

The storm is o'er, the sky serene,  
The destin'd port is now in view,  
Yet many a danger lurks unseen,  
Let each, then, to his post be true ;  
O warily, steadily, helmsman, steer,  
And soon our bark will the offing clear.

'Tis done—at length we safely moor,  
 And transport fills each seaman's breast,  
 To tread again the wish'd-for shore,  
 And be by dearest friends caress'd ;  
 Yet warily, steadily, sailor, steer,  
 There are dangers still on shore to fear.



CCII.

## MARY CAMPBELL.†

AIR.—"Days o' langsyne."

The primrose may blaw in the dawn o' the spring,  
 In the grey dewy e'ening the mavis may sing,  
 The white-breasted gowan may deck the green shaw,  
 And the red rose o' summer perfuming may blaw,  
 But the sad sighing echoes a' join me to tell,  
 That these sweets canna bring me my Mary Campbell.

† This song was composed on learning that Mary Campbell was the name of Burns' "Highland Mary," and although that immortal author has himself portrayed in characters the most touching, his grief for the loss of his Mary, in the pathetic songs of *The Highland lassie, O; Mary in Heaven*, and others, so as to supersede the necessity of any other commemorative composition on the subject, yet it must be allowed that the present effusion is not altogether superfluous nor unimpressive. "My Highland lassie (says the Ayrshire Bard) was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the

I hae seen the grey linnet aft robb'd o' its young,  
 Heard the sweet, melting love-notes drap saft frae its tongue,  
 And the stray'd lambies bleating on bank and on brae,  
 But never till now was my poor heart so wae ;  
 Though the wild warbling music sounds sweet through the  
     dell,  
 Still I sigh in deep woe for my Mary Campbell.

I linger a' lanely by Ayr's winding stream,  
 Where my dear " Highland Mary " adorn'd the sweet scene,  
 Where the white mantl'd hawthorn has shelter'd my maid,  
 And the wild roving echo play'd saft through the glade,  
 But these rural endearments increase sorrow's knell,  
 And mind me anew of my Mary Campbell.

Her e'e was mair bright than yon star in the aky,  
 Health bloom'd on her cheek with the wild roses' dye,  
 Her saft bosom rose like a pure wreath of snaw,  
 But the heart it conceal'd was the dearest of a'.  
 Ah ! pale, weeping sorrow has rung the death-knell,  
 And robb'd me of joy and my Mary Campbell.

most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change in life." This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they lav'd their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. † "At the close of Autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarcelanded, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

† Cromek.

## CCIII.

IN VAIN THOU CALL'ST.  

---

In vain thou call'st for a mirthful smile,  
Morna, to glance o'er my cheek of woe,  
When the scorn that sits in thine eye the while,  
Bids the dew of my sorrows flow.  
Oh! fly with me swift o'er moss and brake ;  
Oh! fly from this lonely woodland glade ;  
My charger shall speed for thy lov'd sake,  
And glisten for thee shall my temper'd blade.

If e'er my soul, in a playful hour,  
Seem'd as entranc'd by another's wile,  
And hung with bliss on the magic power,  
That ever lurks in a ruby smile;  
Then if my frame with feeling trembl'd,  
And wav'ring breath my bosom drew,  
'Twas that the smile on her cheek resembl'd  
The softest smile I've ador'd in you.



## INVITATION.

---

Thou must not linger, lovely one,  
Within thy bower, but come away;  
The scowl of winter past and gone,  
Now April sheds her mildest ray.

The lily, bending on its stem,  
Waves graceful o'er the silver stream;  
Bedeck'd with many a bonny gem,  
The fields glance in the morning beam.

Nursed by the genial sun and breeze,  
And water'd by the kindly shower,  
The blossom swells upon the trees,  
The briar and broom put forth their flower.

Now frisk the lambs along the lea,  
Or peaceful brouse the tender blade;  
The nimble hares, in amorous glee,  
Are sporting down the hawthorn glade.

The mingling concert of the grove,  
 Awakes to hail the vernal reign ;  
 Each warbling voice, attun'd to love,  
 Blends in one soft harmonious strain.

We'll bend our steps to yonder hill,  
 Bespangl'd with the early dew ;  
 Or stray where flows the murm'ring rill,  
 And all our youthful vows renew.

Thou must not linger, lovely one,  
 Within thy bower, but come away;  
 The scowl of winter past and gone,  
 Now April sheds his mildest ray.



CCV.

### DRIED BE THAT TEAR.\*



Dried be that tear, my gentlest love!  
 Be hush'd that struggling sigh,

\* The author of this poetical effusion was R. B. Sheridan, Esq. :—Hazlitt, in his critique on that eminent man, says, he has justly been called "a star of the first magnitude," and indeed among the comic writers of the last century

Nor season's day, nor fate shall prove,  
 More fix'd, more true than I?  
 Hush'd be that sigh, be dried that tear;  
 Cease, boding doubt, cease, anxious fear.

Dost ask how long my vows shall stay,  
 When all that's new is past?  
 How long, my Delia! can I say,  
 How long my life will last?  
 Dried be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,  
 At least I'll love thee till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too,  
 The thought of Silvio's death;  
 That he, who only breathes for you,  
 Must yield that faithful breath?  
 Hush'd be that sigh, be dried that tear,  
 Nor let us lose our heaven while here.

he shines, "like Hesperus among the lesser lights." He has left four excellent dramas behind him, all different, or of different kinds, and all excellent in their way, viz., "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," "The Duenna," "The Critic." His songs are not to be equalled; they have a joyous spirit of intoxication in them, and a spirit of the most melting tenderness. Sheridan was not only a dramatic writer, but a first rate parliamentary speaker. His characteristics as an orator were, manly, unperverted good sense, and keen irony. Wit, which has been thought a two-edged weapon, was by him always employed by the same side of the question—I think, on the right one. His set and more laboured speeches were proportionably abortive and unimpressive; but no one was equal to him in replying on the spur of the moment to pompous absurdity, and unravelling the web of flimsy sophistry. He was the last accomplished debater of the House of Commons; an ornament of private and public life; universally beloved; a wit and a patriot, to boot; a poet and an honest man." Born 1751. Died 1816.

CCVI.

## THE TWIN ROSES.

---

The night-dew fell on a lovely rose,  
Fresh op'ning to the view,  
That soft reclin'd upon its twin  
Of rich and damask hue.

Fann'd by the breeze, they gently form'd,  
And seem'd to live as one ;  
And smil'd, sweet as the pearly drops  
That in the sunbeam shone.

Secure amidst the sheltering bower,  
They twin'd with artless tie ;  
But sever'd by the morn's rude blast,  
One drooped and sank to die.

The rose upon its slender stem,  
As if with sorrow press'd,  
Wav'd o'er its twin-bud lowly laid,  
No more by smiles caress'd.

Maria mark'd the lovely gem,  
 Fresh glittering in the ray ;  
 The tear-drop dew'd its kindred flower,  
 That withering died away.

'Twas thus love twin'd around that heart,  
 False Edward's smiles had won ;  
 Hope fled, and like the lovely rose  
 She drooped to die alone.



CCVII.

# HOWL ON, YE WILD WINDS.

AIR.—"My lodging is on the cold ground."



Howl on, ye wild winds, o'er his hallow'd grave,  
 Thy music is sweet to the ear ;  
 And lovely thy mountains, though mantl'd in snow,  
 As the fragrant smile of the year.

\* These lines were composed for, and sung at the celebration of the birth of Burns, held at Paisley, on the 29th of January 1819.

Yes, Winter, though icicles hang on thy brow,  
 And Nature disconsolate mourns,  
 Yet Scotia will ever exult in thy reign,  
 For she owes thee the birth of a Burns.

When your bellowing tempests, incessant and deep,  
 Terrificly howl through the sky,  
 Do you visit a spot where his fame is unknown,  
 A spot where 'twill wither or die ?

Yes, yes, the bright fame of the bard will decay,—  
 For Nature itself will expire ;  
 But the last lover's song, o'er the wreck of mankind,  
 Will echo his heavenly lyre.



CCVIII.

HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE TIMID TEAR.



Have you not seen the timid tear,  
 Steal gently from mine eye ?  
 Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,  
 Or caught the murmur'd sigh ?

And can you think my love is chill,  
 Nor fix'd on you alone ?  
 And can you rend, by doubting still,  
 A heart so much your own ?

To you my soul's affections move,  
 Devoutly warm and true ;  
 My life has been a task of love,  
 One long, long thought of you.

If all your tender faith is o'er,  
 If still my heart you'll try,  
 Alas ! I know but one proof more :  
 I'll bless your name and die !



CCIX.

### THE SAILOR BOY'S ADIEU.



The boatswain's shrill whistle pip'd all hands ahoy,  
 The word to weigh anchor was given,  
 When pale turn'd the cheek of the poor Sailor Boy,  
 His eyes were uplifted to heaven.

And was it dismay that affected his breast,  
 Or dread of the deep that pervaded his feelings ?  
 Oh! no, 'twas a passion more keenly express'd,  
 'Twas the throb of affection, 'twas Nature's appealings.

To home and to kindred he'd bidden farewell,  
 He strove his sensations to smother,  
 But mem'ry had bound round his bosom her spell,  
 And he mus'd on the words of his mother:—  
 “ My hope is thy conduct, thy father is dead,  
 “ Be true to thy king, and ne'er shrink from thy duty,  
 “ The furrows of age on my temples are spread,  
 “ Thy sister has nought but her virtue and beauty.”

The Sailor Boy's cheek was bedew'd with a tear,  
 His messmates beheld his emotion,  
 With hearty huzzas his young bosom they cheer,  
 It swell'd with a loyal devotion:  
 Aloft up the shrouds to his duty he flew,  
 His heart glow'd with courage, all obstacles braving,  
 From his neck his dear sister's last token he drew,  
 The pledge of her love from the top-gallant waving.



COX.

## TAKE, OH, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.†

AIR.—“Gently touch the warbling lyre.”

---

Take, oh, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain!

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow,  
Are of those that April wears:  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee!

\* These elegant stanzas, so justly admired for their extreme sweetness, have been generally ascribed to Fletcher, in whose tragedy of “Rollo, Duke of Normandy,” they are to be found; but as the first of them had appeared a considerable time before in Shakespeare’s “Measure for Measure,” and as all the songs introduced into that author’s plays seem to have been his own composition, Mr. Malone, in his improved edition of Shakespeare’s Sonnets, has (we think with justice), inserted them as his.

## CCXL

## THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.\*

- 
- “ They made her a grave too cold and damp,  
“ For a soul so warm and true;  
“ And she’s gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,  
“ Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,  
“ She paddles her white canoe.

\* This affecting little piece is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Moore, and is founded, he tells us, on a story current in Norfolk, in America, of a young man who lost his reason upon the death of a girl whom he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed that he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses. The great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long), is called Drummond’s Pond.

Amid the singular constellation of genius that at present illuminates our poetical horizon the star of Moore shines with no weakly lustre. This eminent individual, the only son of Mr. Garret Moore, formerly a respectable merchant in Dublin, and who still resides there, was born May 28th, 1779. While attending the Grammar School of that city he evinced such precocity of talent as determined his father to give him the advantages of a superior education, and, at the age of fourteen, he was entered a student in Trinity College.

" And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,  
 " And her paddle I soon shall hear ;  
 " Long and loving our life shall be,  
 " And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,  
 " When the footstep of death is near ! "

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—  
 His path was rugged and sore,  
 Through tangl'd juniper, beds of reeds,  
 Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,  
 And man never trode before !

Mr. Moore, during his stay at the University, was no less distinguished for an enthusiastic attachment to the liberty and independence of his country than for the splendour of his classical acquirements and the sociability of his disposition. In November, 1799, he became a member of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple ; and the following year, before he had completed the twentieth year of his age, published his English translation of *The Odes of Anacreon*, with notes. Into this version, though it is not entirely free from faults, Mr. Moore has succeeded in transfusing a greater portion of the spirit of the joyous old Tean than any other translator who has hitherto made the attempt.

On his arrival in London the fame of his abilities made his friendship be courted by the most distinguished literary characters, while the brilliancy of his conversation, and the unassuming modesty of his manners, recommended him to the fashionable and polished circles of high life. Assuming the fictitious name of Little, he, in 1801, published a volume of original poems, chiefly amatory. These, though exhibiting great merit in their composition, are, many of them, too warm in their colouring, and are apt to be pernicious in their moral tendency. The pen of Mr. Jeffrey, however, bestowed on them the castigation they deserved ; and from the pure, nay, even pious strain of feeling that pervades some of his recent productions, we have reason to believe that the rebuke was not given in vain. In the autumn of 1803, Mr. Moore, having obtained an appointment from the Admiralty, embarked for Bermuda, but not finding the situation congenial

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,  
 If slumber his eyelids knew,  
 He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep  
 Its venomous tear, and nightly steep  
 The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,  
 And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,  
 Till he starting, cried, from his dream awake,  
 "Oh ! when shall I see the dusky lake,  
 " And the white canoe of my dear ?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright  
 Quick over its surface play'd—  
 " Welcome," he said, " my dear one's light !"  
 And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,  
 The name of the death-cold maid !

to his habits and temper of mind, he resigned it, and, after making a tour through part of the United States, and remaining there about a twelvemonth, returned again to England. The following year he printed his remarks on the manners and society of America, in a work entitled *Odes and Epistles*.

Since that time he has been once in Paris, and several times in Dublin, his natal city, at which last place the most flattering honours were paid to his genius, particularly by a splendid entertainment given on the occasion of his late visit, where were assembled the most distinguished literary and political characters of the metropolis, with the Earl of Charlemont in the chair. He has also lately favoured the world with several productions of high desert. The most prominent of these is *Lalla Rookh*, a poem not unworthy to rank among the most celebrated performances of the present day, and for the copyright of which, we are assured, the author received no less a sum than *three thousand guineas*.

Happy in the society of an amiable and accomplished lady, whom he mar-

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birken bark,  
 Which carried him off from the shore;  
 Far he follow'd the meteor spark,  
 The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,  
 And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,  
 This lover and maid so true,  
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,  
 To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,  
 And paddle their white canoe!



CCXII.

### THE VINE DRESSERS.



When morn thro' rising vapour gleams,  
 When eagles take their flight,  
 When muleteers lead forth their teams,  
 And pilgrims climb the height;  
 With thee I'll to the fields repair,  
 With thee the vintage toils I'll share,  
 For toil will then seem light.

ried some years ago, Mr. Moore now passes the most of his time in retirement, near Bow-wood, Wiltshire, devoting himself to those elegant and pleasing pursuits for which his mind seems to be so remarkably fitted.

When burning noon begins to fade,  
 When dressers leave the vine,  
 And court the myrtle's fragrant shade,  
 Or dance beneath the pine;  
 With thee I'll lead the merry ring,  
 With thee the canzonet I'll sing,  
 Till dewy eve decline.

And when our train shall homeward hie  
 With pipe and tamborine,  
 As Luna mounts the eastern sky,  
 The tow'ring Alps between,  
 To thee I'll sigh a soft farewell,  
 Till flocks shall ring their matin bell  
 Along the spangl'd green.



CCXIII.

### THE PUNCH BOWL.



O once I felt love, but I feel it no more,  
 And I languish'd and pin'd for a prim prudish maid!  
 But ere long I perceiv'd the best cure of love's sore,  
 Was the flowing punch bowl—so a fig for the jade.

Every joy of our life here is fleeting and vain,  
 Like the mist of the mountain, when grasp'd at, they fly,  
 Then wisely we'll drown all our sorrow and pain,  
 In this deep bowl of bliss, ere its fountains run dry.

Draw near then, my friends, and drink deep of the tide,  
 That brightens the eye and expands all the soul;  
 We care not for beauty, for grandeur nor pride,  
 We are greater than princes, when crown'd with this bowl.

While one spark of existence within us remains,  
 We'll steadily stand by this source of delight;  
 Thou promoter of mirth, thou sweet soother of pains,  
 Be our comfort by day, and our darling at night.



CCXIV.

### THE QUEEN'S BOWER.\*



Our Lady sat in our good Lord's hall,  
 But there was in the purple sky  
 A broader and brighter canopy  
 Than Baron's roof or royal pall;

\* Queen Elizabeth's favourite seat in the gardens of Combe Abbey bore this appellation.

And the light that linger'd in the west  
 Was like a love-lorn maiden's eye,  
 When blushes tell her soul's unrest,  
 And the glow of her hope begins to die,  
 Then our Lady went to her bower to view  
 The flowers that around her terrace grew.

Our Lady shone in her diadem ;  
 Her lap was rich with a hundred fold  
 Of woven pearls and cloth of gold,  
 That earth was proud to kiss its hem ;  
 And a web of diamonds was her vest,  
 That seem'd as if a summer shower,  
 Taught by a cunning wizard's power,  
 Had gather'd to sparkle on her breast ;  
 But among the flowers in her proud array  
 The dead leaf of November lay.

Our Lady turn'd her velvet steed  
 To see whence the smoke of the cottage rose,  
 Where the wild bee hums and the woodbine grows,  
 And the lambs among the violets feed.  
 There palsied age lean'd on his crutch,  
 Her kind and loving hand to touch ;  
 And while she smil'd on his lowly cell,  
 The dead leaf from her garland fell.

The pomp of our Lady's day went past,  
 Her grave was shut, and all were gone,  
 But that dead leaf rose upon the blast,  
 And rested on her funeral stone ;



And it had gather'd the richest seed  
 Of every violet in the mead,  
 Where once unseen our Lady stoop'd,  
 To lift the aged head that droop'd,  
 And above her holy grave they spread,  
 While angels their sweet dew minist' red,  
 Till she had a tomb of flowers that hid  
 The pride of the proudest pyramid,  
 And a garland every spring shall rise  
 Where the dead leaf of November lies.

CCXV.

### FAIR ELLEN OF LORN.

---

O ! heard you yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
 Where a band cometh slowly, with weeping and wail ?  
 'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear,  
 And her sire and her people are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud ;  
 Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud ;  
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;  
 They march'd all in silence—they look'd to the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor  
 To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar,  
 Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn ;  
 " Why speak ye no word ? " said Glenara the stern.

" And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,  
 " Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ? "  
 So spake the rude chieftain; no answer is made,  
 But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

" I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her shroud,"  
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud ;  
 " And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem :  
 " Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! "

Oh ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
 When the shroud was unclos'd, and no body was seen ;  
 Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—  
 'Twas the youth that had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn—

" I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her grief,  
 " I dream'd that her lord was a barbarous chief ;  
 " On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem :  
 " Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! "

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
 And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;  
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,  
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn ?

## THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The old shepherd's dog, like his master, was grey,  
 His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue ;  
 Yet, where'er Corin went, he was followed by Tray :  
 Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

---

\* " I do not love a cat," says the author of this piece, " his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you: turning back, as he goes off, a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness; seeming to say ' Perdition catch you! I hate you for ever.' But the Dog is my delight: tread on his tail or foot, he expresses for a moment the uneasiness of his feeling; but in a moment again the complaint is ended. He runs around you; jumps up against you; seems to declare his sorrow for complaining, as it was not intentionally done; nay, even to make himself the aggressor; and begs, by whinings and lickings, that master will think of it no more." Dogs are, in general, endued with wonderful sagacity; indeed, no animal has hitherto been found so entirely adapted to our use, and even to our protection; his diligence, his ardour, and his obedience are inexhaustible, and, unlike any other animal, he seems to remember only the benefits he receives. Such a one as this appears to have been our dog Tray. He had endeared himself to Corin, his master, by every action of his life, and which had insensibly knit their hearts together—they seemed to live only for each other, nor in the end could death part them: " Bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend," were the dying injunctions of the poor old shepherd — They indeed were friends.

When fatigued, on the grass the old shepherd would lie,  
 For a nap in the sun ; 'midst his slumbers so sweet,  
 His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,  
 Placed his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,  
 And torrents descended, and cold was the wind;  
 If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and rain,  
 Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last bed,  
 For vain against death, is the stoutest endeavour;  
 To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,  
 Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and, ah ! clos'd them forever.

Not long after Tray did the shepherd remain,  
 Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend ;  
 And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,  
 "Oh ! bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend."



CCXVII.

THE LOVELY ELLEN WAS LAID IN HER  
 SHROUD.

.



The lovely Ellen was laid in her shroud,  
 The tapers were round her burning;  
 And the nuns all sung an holy hymn,  
 Clad in their weeds of mourning.

They watch'd her the live-long day and night,  
 Till their eyes were dimm'd with weeping!  
 She could not wake from her trance of death,  
 But lay like a sweet babe sleeping.

And beauty still seem'd to play on her cheek,  
 Though death's cold finger touch'd it,  
 And the rose, as it wither'd, yet sweetly smil'd  
 Beneath the hand that crushed it.

Vespers were said, and the hours pass'd on,  
 And long they were and weary,  
 But deep and sad came the matin bell ;  
 The hall was dark and dreary.

And many a holy prayer was said,  
 As in their arms they bore her,  
 They laid her beneath the alder's shade,  
 And spread the green turf o'er her.

They pull'd the fairest flow'rs of the year,  
 And round her head they strew'd them,  
 And long it was ere they wither'd away,  
 For the tears of heaven bedew'd them !

## THE POOR SWEEP.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

'Twas a keen frosty morn, and the snow heavy falling,  
When a child of misfortune was thus sadly calling,  
"Sweep! sweep! I am cold, and the snow's very deep;  
O pray, take compassion on poor little sweep!"

The tears down his cheeks in large drops were fast rolling,  
Unnotic'd, unpitied, by those by him strolling,  
Who frequently warn'd him at distance to keep,  
While he cried, "Take compassion on poor little sweep!"

In vain he implor'd passing strangers for pity;  
This smil'd at his plaints, and that banter'd his ditty;  
Humanity's offspring, as yet lay asleep,  
Nor heard the sad wailings of poor little sweep.

At the step of a door, half frozen and dejected,  
He sat down and griev'd, to be shunn'd and neglected,  
When a kind-hearted damsel by chance saw him weep,  
And resolv'd to befriend the distressed little sweep!

Unmindful of sneers, to a neighbour's she led him,  
 Warm'd his limbs by the fire and tenderly fed him ;  
 And, oh ! what delight did this fair maiden reap,  
 When she found a lost brother in poor little sweep.

In rapture she gaz'd on each black sooty feature,  
 And hugg'd to her bosom the foul-smelling creature !  
 Who, sav'd by a sister, no longer need creep  
 Through lanes, courts, and alleys, a poor little sweep.



## CCXIX.

STEER, HITHER STEER, YOUR WINGED PINES.\*

Syren's Song.



Steer, hither steer, your winged pines,  
 All beaten mariners !  
 Here lie love's undiscover'd mines,  
 A prey to passengers ;

\* " William Browne, the author of this song, seems to have been born about 1590, at Tavistock, in Devonshire, where he was instructed in grammatical learning. Having passed some time at Exeter College, Oxford, he quitted the University without a degree, entered into the society of the

Perfumes far sweeter than the best  
 Which make the Phoenix' urn and nest.  
 Fear not your ships  
 Nor any to oppose you, save our lips ;  
 But come on shore,  
 Where no joy dies, till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves, our panting breasts,  
 Where never storms arise,  
 Exchange, and be awhile our guests,  
 For stars gaze on our eyes ;  
 The compass, love shall hourly sing,  
 And, as he goes about the ring,  
 We will not miss  
 To tell each point he nameth with a kiss ;  
 Then come on shore,  
 Where no joy dies, till love have gotten more.

Middle Temple, and published, in 1618, the first part of his *Britannia's Pastorals*, folio. In 1614 was published his *Shepherd's Pipe*, 8vo, (containing also the pirated edition of Wither, 1620,) and in 1616, the second part of the *Pastorals*. Both parts were reprinted in 1625, 8vo. In 1624, he returned to Exeter College and became tutor to Robert Dormer, afterwards Earl of Carnarvon. During his stay he was created A.M., being styled in the public register, "Vir omni humana literatura et bonarum artium cognitione instructus." He then went into the family of the Earl of Pembroke, obtained wealth, and purchased an estate, and is supposed to have died in 1645. See Wood (Ath. Ox. I. 491) who says "that as he had a little body, so a great mind." We are indebted to Browne for having preserved in his *Shepherd's Pipe* a curious poem by Occleve. Mr. Warton conceives his works "to have been well known to Milton," and refers to *Britannia's Pastorals* for the same assemblage of circumstances in the morning landscape as were brought together more than thirty years afterwards by Milton, in a passage of *L'Allegro*, which has been supposed to serve as a repository of imagery on that subject for all succeeding poets.



## CCXX.

## WEEP NOT FOR THE FALLEN BRAVE.

AIR.—“Soots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled.”

---

Weep not for the fallen brave,  
 Mourn not those who died to save ;  
 Hallow’d is the bloody grave  
     Where a Patriot lies.  
 His the loveliest wreath that fame  
 Ere shall twine for mortal name ;  
 His the tale that long shall claim  
     Beauty’s softest sighs.

Who that boasts a Briton’s pride,  
 Who to heroes so allied,  
 Would not woo the death they died,  
     Crown’d by victory ?  
 Who that is a freeman’s son  
 Would not do as they have done ;  
 Win with death, as they have won,  
     Europe’s liberty.

Waterloo ! that morning field  
 Glitter'd gay with spear and shield,  
 Barbed steed, and warrior steel'd,  
     Gallia's chivalry ;  
 But night saw a sterner scene,  
 Blood was gushing on thy green,  
 Groans were heard where shouts had been,  
     Joy and revelry.

Waterloo ! thy field shall well  
 Mark where Britons fought and fell;  
 How they fought let foemen tell,  
     They that shrunk to see.  
 But they bled in freedom's cause,  
 Fought and fell for Europe's laws;  
 Nobly earn'd the world's applause—  
     Bless their memory!



CCXXI.

# WHEN FIRST UPON YOUR TENDER CHEEK.\*



When first upon your tender cheek  
 I saw the morn of beauty break,  
     With mild and cheering beam,

\* The composition of Miss Aiken, now Mrs. Barbauld, the distinguished sister of Dr. Aiken, who, by condescending, amidst more splendid efforts

I bow'd before your infant shrine,  
 The earliest sighs you had were mine,  
 And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn,  
 For beauty's boundless empire born,  
 And first confess'd your sway;  
 And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,  
 Could learn the value of a heart,  
 I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,  
 And gaz'd upon that angel face,  
 While yet 'twas safe to gaze;  
 And fondly bless'd each rising charm,  
 Nor thought that innocence could harm  
 The peace of future days.

But now, despotic o'er the plains,  
 The awful noon of beauty reigns,  
 And kneeling crowds adore;  
 These charms arise too fiercely bright,  
 Danger and death attend the sight,  
 And I must hope no more.

of intellect, to write *Hymns in Prose for Children*, has ensured to herself the respect and gratitude of every filial and parental heart.

Thus, to the rising god of day,  
 Their early vows the Persians pay,  
     And bless the spreading fire,\*  
 Whose glowing chariot, mounting, soon,  
 Pours on their heads the burning noon,  
 They sicken and expire.

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CCXXII.

OH, ONCE THERE WERE MINUTES.

---

Oh ! once there were minutes when light my heart beat,  
 Traversing the wild and the woodland retreat;  
 But there was a wild and a woodland, I ween,  
 Whose bowers were to me ever lovely and green,  
 Where fancy, enamour'd, exultingly wove,  
 And twin'd the fair garland to Rosa and Love.

The gay hours of summer, pass'd lightly along,  
 The beam of the morning gave life to the song:  
 At eve, 'mid the choristers, lightly I trode,  
 Nor broke their repose, nor disturb'd their abode;  
 Fond fancy, enamour'd, exultingly wove,  
 And twin'd the fair garland to Rosa and Love.

'Twas the bliss of Elysium each morning to trace,  
 In the sweet opening rose-bud, the smile of her face,  
 While the drop that reclin'd its soft bosom upon,  
 Was the beam of her eye, through its lashes that shone;  
 Then fancy, enamour'd, exultingly wove,  
 And twin'd the fair garland to Rosa and Love.

Those moments of rapture no longer are mine,  
 The gem that I liv'd for has dropp'd in its prime,  
 The wild and the woodland's bright visions are gone,  
 And the rose-bud, unheeded, now blossoms alone;  
 But the garland that fancy exultingly wove,  
 Shall blossom for ever to Rosa and Love.

~~~~~  
 CCXXIII.

HAPPY THE WORLD IN THAT BLEST AGE.

—

Happy the world in that blest age,
 When beauty was not bought nor sold,
 When the fair mind was uninflam'd
 With the mean thirst of baneful gold.

Then the kind shepherd, when he sigh'd,
 The swain, whose dog was all his wealth,
 Was not by cruel parents forc'd
 To breathe the am'rous vow by stealth.

Now, the first question fathers ask,
 When for their girls fond lovers sue,
 Is—What's the settlement you'll make?
 You're poor!—he flings the door at you.



CXXXIV.

SOMEBODY.*

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake o' somebody.
 Oh hon! for somebody!
 Oh hey! for somebody!
 I could range the world around
 For the sake o' somebody.

* We extract this set of the following popular song from a small collection which was noticed in page 811, as being published by Mr. R. A. Smith for the use of his pupils. In that selection it is mentioned that "The first and fourth stanzas of this song are from the pen of Burns, the others were never before printed." Whether these additional stanzas are the production

How aft I've wander'd by the burn,
 At gloamin' hour, wi' somebody ;
 And listen'd to the tale o' love,
 Sae sweetly told by somebody ;
 Oh hon ! for somebody !
 Oh hey ! for somebody !
 Wing'd wi' joy the moments flew,
 Sae blest was I wi' somebody.

But now the tear-drap dims my e'e,
 Whene'er I think o' somebody ;
 For weel I lo'e the bonny lad
 That's far awa ;—my somebody.
 Oh hon ! for somebody !
 Oh hey ! for somebody !
 While I live I'll ne'er forget
 The parting look o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody !
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh hon ! for somebody !
 Oh hey ! for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not ?
 For the sake o' somebody !

of Mr. Smith himself, or of any of his poetical friends, we have no right to conjecture, but we think them more happily introduced than *additional* verses to songs usually are, and that they are worthy of a place in the first collections of the present day.

SO 'TIS WITH LOVE.



Its filmy wing, of azure hue,
Lightly the fluttering insect plies,
Breathless the youthful train pursue,
But onward still the wanderer flies;
If one at length the prize obtain,
He thinks it fairer for his pain;—
So 'tis with love.

What sweetens the poor peasant's sleep?
What makes the warrior's laurel dear?
Why joy the heroes of the deep
When first their native cliffs appear?
Oh! 'tis the thought of dangers o'er,
Gives present bliss to charm the more!—
So 'tis with love.

CCXXVI.

THE ZEPHYR.

Zephyr, whither art thou straying?
Tell me where;
With prankish girls in gardens playing,
False as fair,
A butterfly's light back bestriding,
Queen-bees to honeysuckles guiding,
Or on a swinging hare-bell riding,
Free from care.

Before Aurora's car you amble,
High in air.
At noon, when Neptune's sea-nymphs gambol,
Braid their hair;
When on the tumbling billows rolling,
Or on the smooth sands idly strolling,
Or in cool grottoes they lie lolling,
You sport there.

To chase the moon-beams up the mountains,
 You prepare,
 Or dance with elves on brinks of fountains,
 Mirth to share,
 Now seen with love-lorn lilies weeping,
 Now with a blushing rose-bud sleeping,
 While fairies, from their windows peeping,
 Cry, Oh rare !

CCXXVII.

DUNOIS THE BRAVE !*

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,
 But first he made his orisons before St. Mary's shrine ;
 " And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still the soldier's prayer,
 " That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair."

* This is extracted from *Paul's Letters to his Kingsfolk*; the following is the note which precedes it :—" A relique of greater moral interest was given me

His oath of honour on the shrine he grav'd it with his sword,
 And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord ;
 Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry filled the air—
 "Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and this his liege lord
 said,
 "The heart that has for honour beat by bliss must be repaid—
 My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
 For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before St. Mary's shrine,
 That makes a Paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine,
 And every Lord and Lady bright that were in chapel there,
 Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight—beloved the fairest
 fair."

by a lady whose father had found it upon the field of battle, (Waterloo). It is a manuscript collection of French songs, bearing stains of clay and blood, which probably indicate the fate of the proprietor. One or two of these romances I have thought pretty, and have since had an opportunity of having them translated into English by meeting at Paris with one of our Scottish men of rhyme."

We have only to add, that this song or ballad is very popular in France, and was written by one of Buonaparte's sisters, Fanny de Beauharnois, Ex-Queen of Holland.

CCXXVIII.

O BEAUTY, PEERLESS IS THY GLOW.

O beauty, peerless is thy glow,
Resistless beams thy streaming eye,
When the soft tears of pity flow,
For heroes who in battle die.
Who would not die the warrior's death,
When beauty weaves the cypress wreath !

Nor cheerless shall the widow sigh,
The soldier's offspring friendless roam ;
The tear enthron'd in beauty's eye,
Are stars to guide the wand'ers home.
Who would not die the warrior's death,
When beauty weaves the cypress wreath.

O WHEN AGAIN SHALL MY EYES ROVE.*

O when again shall my eyes rove,
 O'er all the objects of my love ?
 Our cottages, our crystal rills,
 Our hamlets and our native hills.
 O when again shall my eyes rove,
 O'er all the objects of my love ?

The flower, the beauty of our dell,
 The lovely, gentle Isabelle ;
 In the elm's shade, when shall I bound
 To the sweet pipe's enchanting sound,
 When, when again shall wander sight
 On all the objects of delight.
 My father and my mother,
 My sister and my brother ;
 My flocks and lambs that bleat,
 My shepherdess so sweet.

O when again, &c.

* These simple stanzas are a translation of the poetry sung by the Swiss to the celebrated Rans de Vatch. Rousseau says the air impressed them with so violent a desire to return home to their own country that it was forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiments in the French service on pain of death.

CXXX.

O, WHEN SHALL I VISIT THE LAND OF MY
BIRTH.†

O, when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth ?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our valleys, the maid I adore ?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed ?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,—
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all ?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth !

† This is another translation of the preceding celebrated song by Mr. Montgomery, author of *The Wanderer in Switzerland*, &c.

CXXXI.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful vow now broken.
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but me departed.
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me.

~~~~~

CCXXXII.

THOUGH YON FAREWHEEL MAY BE THE LAST.

AIR.—“Thou’rt gane awa’.”

\_\_\_\_\_

Though yon fareweel may be the last,  
     When I took leave o’ thee, Katy ;  
 I’ll mind you when lang years hae past—  
     Will you remember me, Katy ?  
 When toss’d upon the raging main,  
     As loud the wild storms blow, Katy ;  
 O ! wha will cheer the trying scene  
     When thou art far awa’, Katy ?



I wish we twa had never met,  
 My heart had ne'er been sair, Katy ;  
 I ne'er will that sad thought forget,  
 " We'll maybe meet nae mair, Katy."  
 My widow'd heart is lanely now,  
 Tho' ance frae sorrow free, Katy,  
 But it will keep its warmest vow,  
 Ne'er to love ane but thee, Katy.

O ! ance I form'd the fond, fond thought,  
 That we wad live in bliss, Katy,  
 And meet the joy we sweetly sought,  
 And no a fate like this, Katy.  
 We then had pass'd our hours wi' glee,  
 Nae sorrow dar'd attend, Katy ;  
 Thou'd been my life—my a' to me,  
 My sweetheart and my friend, Katy.

When stretched upon a friendless bed,  
 Pain writhes this frame o' mine, Katy,  
 I'll sigh—I canna lay my head  
 On ony breast but thine, Katy.  
 I'll suffer sairly Love's keen powers,  
 And mourn the joy that's gane, Katy ;  
 For nane can cheer my lanely hours,  
 But you, and you alane, Katy.

I've travers'd many a distant clime ;  
 And happy did I feel, Katy ;  
 But, oh ! it is a trying time,  
 When lovers bid fareweel, Katy.

But aye this hope will warm my heart,  
 That you will aye be true, Katy ;  
 We'll may be meet nae mair to part—  
 But 'tis a lang adieu, Katy.



CCXXXIII.

# THIS BOTTLE'S THE SUN OF OUR TABLE.



This bottle's the sun of our table,  
 His beams are rosy wine ;  
 We—planets, that are not able  
 Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound,  
 You'll soon grow bright  
 With borrow'd light,  
 And shine as he goes round.

## COXXXIV.

THE SONG THAT LIGHTENS THE LANGUID  
WAY.

The celebrated Boat Glee.

---

The song that lightens the languid way,  
    When brows are glowing,  
    And faint with rowing,  
Is like the spell of hope's airy lay,  
To whose sound through life we stray.  
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,  
    As we row along through waves so clear,  
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile  
    That shines on sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees  
    With an eye that feeling gave ;—  
For him there's a story in every breeze,  
    And a picture in every wave.  
Then sing, to lighten the languid way ;—  
    When brows are glowing,  
    And faint with rowing,  
'Tis like the spell of hope's airy lay,  
To whose sound through life we stray.

## CCXXXV.

## I WHISPER'D HER MY LAST ADIEU.†

---

I whisper'd her my last adieu,  
 I gave a mournful kiss;  
     Cold showers of sorrow bath'd her eyes,  
     And her poor heart was torn with sighs;  
 Yet—strange to tell—'twas then I knew  
     Most perfect bliss.—

† "Luis De Camoens, the author of this and the following effusion, was born at Lisbon about the year 1524. His misfortunes began with his birth, for he never saw the smile of a father, Simon Vas De Camoens having perished by shipwreck in the very year which gave birth to his son. Notwithstanding the diminution of wealth which the family sustained in consequence of this event, the youthful Camoens was sent to the University of Coimbra, and maintained there by the provident care of his surviving parent.

"Having received an education suited to his birth, he returned to Lisbon. Here he had not remained long till he beheld Dona Caterina de Ataide, one of the Queen's ladies, and the object of his purest and earliest attachment, and on whom he composed the greater part of his minor productions. From the peculiar situation in which she was placed, it was some time before he could enjoy an opportunity of declaring his affection. The restraint he was under at length became intolerable, and having been detected in a violation of the royal precincts, was, in consequence, banished from the Court. But love prepared consolation for its votary where least he expected it. On the morning of his departure his mistress, throwing aside the delicacy of her sex, confessed her long concealed affection. The sighs of grief were soon lost in those of mutual delight, and the hour of parting was perhaps the sweetest

For love at other times suppressed,  
 Was all betrayed at this—  
 I saw him weeping in her eyes,  
 I heard him breathe amongst her sighs,  
 And every sob which shook her breast  
 Thrill'd mine with bliss.

of our poet's existence. Thus comforted, he removed to Santarem, the scene of his banishment, but speedily and secretly returned, again tasted of happiness, was a second time detected, and a second time driven into exile. To such a spirit as Camoens the inactivity of this situation must have been insupportable. It was not long, however, till he received intelligence of an expedition fitting out against the Moors in Africa. He accordingly sought and obtained permission to accompany it. Here, whilst bravely fighting under the command of a near relation, he was deprived of his right eye by some splinters from the deck of the vessel in which he was stationed. Many of his most pathetic compositions were written during this campaign, and the toils of a martial life were sweetened by the recollection of her for whom they were endured.

"His heroic conduct in many engagements at length purchased his recall to court. He hastened home, fraught with the most tender anticipations, and found (what must have been his feelings?) that his mistress was no more!

"There can scarcely be conceived a more interesting theme for the visions of romance than the death of this young and amiable being. She loved, and was beloved, yet unfortunate in her attachment. She was torn from the world at the early age of twenty; but her lot was enviable compared to that of her lover. The measure of his sorrow was yet imperfect. He had still to encounter the cruel neglect of that nation whose glory his valour had contributed to maintain. The claims of mere merit are too often disregarded, but those which are founded on the gratitude of courts are hopeless indeed! Years were passed by Camoens in unsuccessful application for the reward which his services demanded, and in suing for his rights at the feet of men whom he could not but despise. This was a degradation which his high spirit knew not how to endure, and he accordingly bade adieu to Portugal, to seek, under the burning suns of India, that independence which his own country denied.

The sight which keen affection clears,  
 How can it judge amiss?  
 To me it pictured hope, and taught  
 My spirit this consoling thought,  
 That Love's sun, though it rise in tears,  
 May set in bliss!

"On his arrival in India we find that Camoens contributed, in no small degree, to the success of an expedition against the Pimenta Isles, carried on by the King of Cochin, and his allies the Portuguese. In the following year (1556) Manuel de Vasconcelos conducted an armament to the Red Sea. Our poet accompanied him, and, with the intrepid curiosity of genius, explored the wild regions of Africa by which Mount Felix is surrounded. Here his mind was stored with sketches of scenery, which afterwards formed some of the most finished pictures in his *Luciad*, and in other compositions, to the former of which, on returning to Goa, he devoted his whole attention.

"After an absence of sixteen years, Camoens was compelled to return to Portugal, poor and friendless as when he departed. His immortal *Luciad* was now ready for publication, which, however, was delayed in consequence of the violence with which the plague then raged throughout Lisbon. At length, in the summer of 1572, it was printed, and received with all the honour due to such a glorious achievement of genius.

"Whether it recompensed him according to his labour we are not informed. However, it is asserted that King Sebastian, to whom it was inscribed, rewarded him with a pension of 375 reis. Admitting the truth of this very doubtful story, our poet could not have remained in long possession of the royal bounty. Sebastian was speedily hurled from a tottering throne, and liberality was a stranger to the soul of his successor. To his eyes the cowl of monkhood seemed a more graceful ornament than the noblest laurels of the muse. Such was the spirit that patronised De Sa\* and suffered the author of *The Luciad* to starve.

"The latter years of Camoens present a mournful picture, not merely of individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He, whose best years had been

\* Francisco de Sa was an author much in favour with Cardinal Henry. His muse was of a theological turn. He wrote orthodox sonnets to St. John, and pious little epigrams on Adam and Eve, &c.

CCXXXVI.

## O WEEP NOT THUS.

---

O weep not thus—we both shall know  
 Ere long a happier doom;  
 There is a place of rest below,  
 Where thou and I shall surely go,  
 And sweetly sleep, releas'd from woe,  
 Within the tomb.

devoted to the service of his country, he who had taught her literary fame to rival the proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lucian heroism, was compelled to wander through the streets a wretched dependent on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoens to Europe after having rescued him from the waves when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. Blessed, for ever blessed, be the memory of this amiable Indian. But his friendship was employed in vain; Camoens sunk beneath the pressure of penury, and died in an alms-house early in the year 1679. Over his grave is placed the following simple and comprehensive inscription :—

Here lies Luis de Camoens :  
 He excelled all the Poets of his age,  
 He lived poor and miserable,  
 And he died so.  
 M.DLXXIX.

“ The character of Camoens may be inferred from his writings. An open and undisguised contempt for everything base and sordid, whatever were the rank or power of its possessor, formed one of its principal features. This honourable audacity of soul was the chief means of injuring the worldly interest of our poet. Those who condemn it must be ignorant that the exercise of this feeling, to an independent and upright character, though poor, produces a more enviable delight than any which fortune can bestow :—The poor are not always poor !

My cradle was the couch of Care,  
 And Sorrow rock'd me in it ;  
 Fate seem'd her saddest robe to wear  
 On the first day that saw me there,  
 And darkly shadow'd with despair  
 My earliest minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess,  
 As natal boons were given ;  
 And the fair form of Happiness,  
 Which hover'd round, intent to bless,  
 Scar'd by the phantom of distress,  
 Flew back to heaven !

For I was made in Joy's despite,  
 And meant for Misery's slave ;  
 And all my hours of brief delight  
 Fled, like the speedy winds of night,  
 Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight  
 Across my grave !

The genius of Camoens was almost universal. Like the great father of English poetry, there is scarcely any species of writing, from the epigram to the epic, which he has not attempted, and, like him, has succeeded in all. To offer any remarks on his principal performance, *The Lusiad*, our limits forbid; of his minor productions, the general characteristic is ease, not the studied carelessness of modern refinement, but the graceful and charming simplicity of a Grecian muse. He was the first who wrote with elegance in his native tongue. The language of Rome, and even of Greece, had been refined by antecedent authors before the appearance of Virgil, or of Homer, but Camoens was at once the pollisher, and, in some degree, the creator of his own. How deplorable must have been its state, when it naturalised two thousand new words on the authority of a single man !



OCCXXVII.

## JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
 While lonely I stray, in the calm summer gloamin',  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.  
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom !  
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green ;  
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny ;  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;  
 And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.  
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen ;  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie !  
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain ;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain :  
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.



## CXXXVIII.

## TELL ME WHERE'S THE VIOLET FLED.



Tell me where's the violet fled,  
 Late so gaily blowing ;  
 Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,  
 Choicest sweets bestowing.

Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,  
 And the violet blooms no more !

† From *The German Songster*, or a collection of favourite airs, with their original music, done into English by the translator of *The German Brate*. —Berlin, 1798.

Say, where hides the blushing rose,  
 Pride of fragrant morning ;  
 Garland meet for beauty's brows,  
 Hill and dale adorning ?

Gentle maid, the summer's fled,  
 And the hapless rose is dead !

Bear me, then, to yonder rill,  
 Late so freely flowing,  
 Watering many a daffodil,  
 On its margin glowing.

Sun and wind exhaust its store ;  
 Yonder rivulet glides no more !

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,  
 Late with roses flaunting,  
 Loved resort of youth and maid,  
 Am'rous ditties chaunting.

Hail and storm with fury shower,  
 Leafless mourns the rifled bower !

Say, where bides the village maid,  
 Late yon cot adorning,  
 Oft I've met her in the glade,  
 Fair and fresh as morning.

Swain, how short is beauty's bloom !  
 Seek her in her grassy tomb !

Whither roves the tuneful swain,  
 Who, of rural pleasures,  
 Rose and violet, rill and plain,  
 Sung in deftest measures ?

Maiden, swift life's vision flies,  
 Death has closed the poet's eyes !



CCXXXIX.

# O TURN FROM ME THOSE STARS OF LIGHT.

O turn from me those stars of light,  
 That peer beneath thy brow ;  
 O veil from my bewilder'd sight,  
 Those wreaths of dazzling snow ;  
 O speak not with that melting tongue—  
 Cease that song of gladness—  
 Now, through my heart the peal hath rung,  
 Of never-dying sadness.

Enchantress hold—nor wound the heart  
 That loves, yet dare not tell ;  
 O break not in that breast a dart,  
 Which loves thee all too well.

\* Extempore lines on hearing a lady sing.

Sing on—sing on—I joy to hear  
 These sounds that knell my ruin ;  
 Oh yet to me thou shalt be dear,  
 Fair cause of my undoing.



CXXL.

WOULD'ST THOU KNOW WHAT MAKES LIFE'S  
 CUP GO CHEERILY ROUND.\*



Would'st thou know what makes life's cup go cheerily round ?  
 Would'st thou know what makes sorrow a stranger to me?  
 'Tis the hope that on earth there's love still to be found ;  
 'Tis the hope that ere long I shall find it in thee.

\*This song we received from a gentleman in Edinburgh, accompanied with the following note :—"I beg leave to send you the enclosed. It is well known to be from the pen of the celebrated Thomas Moore, Esq., and has been procured from one of his intimate friends. Although that elegant author has not yet given it a place among any of his works, it is thought to be too characteristic of his genius not to be worthy of preservation in a surer record than the memories of a few of his admirers.—16th April, 1819.

When the soft fitful alumber of pleasure is broken  
 By the notes which misfortune lets fall on the ear ;  
 And the heart, in dismay, looks around for a token,  
 That aught to relieve it from sadness is near.

To that hope swift it flies with a kindling emotion,  
 And soon o'er the bosom a stillness is shed,  
 As calm as the moonbeam that rests on the ocean,  
 When the winds of the hills to their caverns have fled.

O then let that brow, round which beauty is playing,  
 A frown at this pleasing enchantment ne'er cast,  
 If a false fleeting phantom my trust is betraying,  
 Ne'er rouse me to fear—let me hope to the last !



CXXLI.

# WHEN TIME, WHO STEALS OUR YEARS AWAY.



When Time, who steals our years away,  
 Shall steal our pleasures too,  
 The mem'ry of the past will stay,  
 And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower  
 Shall feel the wintry air,  
 Remembrance will recall the hour,  
 When thou alone wert fair.  
 Then talk no more of future gloom ;  
 Our joys shall always last ;  
 For hope will brighten days to come,  
 And mem'ry gild the past !

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,  
 I drink to love and thee :  
 Thou never canst decay in soul,  
 Thou'lt still be young for me.  
 And as my lips the tear-drops chase,  
 Which on thy cheek they find,  
 So hope shall steal away the trace  
 Which sorrow leaves behind ?  
 Then fill the bowl,—away with gloom !  
 Our joys shall always last,  
 For hope will brighten days to come,  
 And mem'ry gild the past !

But mark, at thought of future years,  
 When love shall lose its soul,  
 My Chloe drops her timid tears,  
 They mingle with the bowl.  
 How like this bowl of wine, my fair,  
 Our loving life shall fleet,  
 Though tears may sometimes mingle there,  
 The draught will still be sweet !

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!  
 Our joys shall always last,  
 For hope will brighten days to come,  
 And memory gild the past!

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CCLXII.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

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Gloomy winter's now awa',  
 Saft the westlan' breezes blaw,  
 'Mang the birks of Stanley shaw  
     The mavis sings fu' cheery, O;  
 Sweet the crawflower's early bell  
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,  
 Blooming like thy bonny sel',  
     My young, my artless dearie, O.  
 Come, my lassie, let us stray  
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,  
 Blithely spend the gowden day,  
     'Midst joys that never weary, O.



Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,  
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,  
     Adorn the banks sae briery, O;  
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
 Feath'ed breckans fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
     And ilka thing is cheery, O;  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna' bring,  
     Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

~~~~~

CCXLIII.

FAINTLY AS TOLLS THE EVENING CHIME.*

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near, and the day-light's past!

* This Canadian boat-song was written by Thomas Moore, Esq., to an air sung by the boatmen in descending the river St. Lawrence, from Kingston

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl !
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near, and the day-light's past !

Utawas tide ! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
 Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near, and the day-light's past !

to Montreal (a distance of about one hundred miles)—“I remember,” says this eminent poet, “when we have entered at sun-set upon one of these beautiful lakes, into which this magnificent river, so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now, there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence—the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this interesting voyage.”

The rapids alluded to in this song are occasioned by the river being confined in comparatively narrow, shallow, rocky channels; through these it rushes with great force and noise, and is agitated like the ocean in a storm. For nearly an hundred miles above Montreal the river is interrupted in its course by these rapids, which, for grandeur of appearance, many people prefer to the celebrated Falls of Niagara. They are from half-a-mile to nine miles long each, and require regular pilots; indeed, from the many false channels into these rapids, this precaution is absolutely necessary.

CXLIV.

THE BLUE-BIRD.†

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
 Green meadows and brown-furrow'd fields re-appearing,
 The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
 And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering,
 When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing ;
 When red grow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
 O then comes the Blue-bird, the herald of spring !
 And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
 Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
 The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
 And spicewood and sassafras budding together ;
 O then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair!
 Your walks border up ; sow and plant at your leisure ;
 The Blue-bird will chaunt from his box such an air
 That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

† We extract these beautiful lines, descriptive of the American Blue-Bird, from the splendid work entitled *American Ornithology*, by our townsman, Alexander Wilson, author of *Watty and Meg*, &c. It has been remarked in a work of high respectability, that, "the poetical description of the Blue-bird presents a very animated and pleasing picture of American scenery and seasons, while the slight tincture of Scottish expression which occasionally appears, adds to the *naïveté* of the diction."

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
 The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms ;
 He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
 And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms ;
 He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
 The worms from their webs, where they riot and welter ;
 His song and his services freely are ours,
 And all that he asks is in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
 Now searching the furrows,—now mounting to cheer him ;
 The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,
 And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him ;
 The slow ling'ring school-boys forget they'll be chid,
 While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em,
 In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
 That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
 And autumn slow enters, so silent and fallow,
 And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,
 Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow,
 The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
 Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
 Till forc'd by the horrors of winter to roam,
 He sings his adieu in a long note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
 The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,

Or love's native music have influence to charm,
 Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given,
 Still dear to each bosom the Blue-bird shall be ;
 His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
 For through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
 He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

~~~~~  
 CCXLV.

### ROUND LOVE'S ELYSIAN BOWERS.\*

---

Round Love's Elysian bowers  
 The softest prospects rise ;  
 There bloom the sweetest flowers,  
 There shine the purest skies;  
 And joy and rapture gild awhile  
 The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile.

\* The writer of this song, James Montgomery, one of our most esteemed living poets, was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, in the year 1771, but was not fated for any length of time to inhale the same air as his countryman, Robert Burns, having been placed, when only five years of age, by his father, who was a Moravian Missionary, in a seminary of his own persuasion, at Fulnick in Yorkshire. The young poet, being here secluded from all intercourse with the world, though naturally active in his disposition, assumed an air of thoughtfulness and melancholy, read with avidity all the poetry which came

Round Love's deserted bowers  
 Tremendous rocks arise ;  
 Cold mildews blight the flowers,  
 Tornadoes rend the skies :  
 And Pleasure's waning moon goes down  
 Amid the night of Beauty's frown.

Then, youth, thou fond believer,  
 The wily tyrant shun ;  
 Who trusts the dear deceiver,  
 Will surely be undone !  
 When Beauty triumphs, ah ! beware !  
 Her smile is hope—her frown despair !

within his reach, and brooding with fondness over the reveries they engendered, filled a small volume with his own compositions before he was ten years of age. The Moravians intended him for the ministry, but, from his wayward and poetical fancies, they found it impracticable, and were consequently obliged to relinquish their long cherished hopes of seeing him a minister ; however, not abandoning altogether their parental duties, they engaged him to a shopkeeper in Wakefield. His restless ambition soon gave him a dislike for this employment, and after being fifteen months with one master, and one year with another, he, in 1787, and when only sixteen years of age, set off for London, in hopes of realising, by the efforts of his pen, his long cherished dreams of wealth and fame ; very soon, however, like many others in similar circumstances, he was disappointed, and in a short time left London for Sheffield. Here he engaged with Mr. Gale, the editor of the *Sheffield Register*, to assist him in conducting that paper, but Mr. Gale, in 1794, being obliged to leave England to avoid a political prosecution, Mr. Montgomery has carried on the paper since that time, under the name of the *Iris*. Independently of the laborious and constant attention which this situation requires, he has found leisure to compose *The World before the Flood*—*The West Indies*—*The Wanderer of Switzerland*—*Greenland*—poems of great excellence, besides a number of smaller productions.

## CCXLVI.

## AWAY—TO THE MOUNTAIN—AWAY !

---

The warrior came down from his tent on the hill,  
To woo in the vale of Cashmere :  
“ Ah ! nay,”—cried the maid, with forebodings of ill,  
And she shrank from love’s proffer in fear.  
But the young mountaineer would not so be denied,  
He scoff’d at her tremulous “Nay ;”  
And clasping the maid—spurr’d his courser—and cried,  
“ Away—to the mountain—away !”

Her home on the mountain was stormy and wild,  
Unlike the hush’d bowers of Cashmere,  
Yet the fair, when she gazed on her wedded one, smiled,  
And love planted paradise there ;  
Past wrongs, if recall’d, were but named as a jest,  
From a cloud e’en as dawneth the day—  
And the warrior’s wild words by remembrance were blest,  
“ Away—to the mountain—away !”

## CCXLVII.

## THE BRAES OF BALQUHITHER.

AIR.—“The three carls o’ Buchanan.”

---

Let us go, lassie, go,  
To the braes o’ Balquhither  
Where the blae-berries grow  
’Mang the bonny Highland heather ;  
Where the deer and the rae,  
Lightly bounding together,  
Sport the lang simmer day  
On the braes o’ Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow’r,  
By the clear siller fountain,  
And I’ll cover it o’er  
Wi’ the flowers o’ the mountain ;  
I will range through the wilds,  
And the deep glens sae dreary,  
And return wi’ their spoils  
To the bower o’ my deary.



When the rude wintry win'  
 Idly raves round our dwelling,  
 And the roar of the linn  
 On the night-breeze is swelling,  
 So merrily we'll sing,  
 As the storm rattles o'er us,  
 'Till the dear shieling ring  
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the simmer is in prime,  
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming ;  
 To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad Innocence reigns  
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.



## CXXLVIII.

# **HAVE YE SAILED ON THE BREAST OF THE DEEP.‡**



Have you sailed on the breast of the deep,  
 When the winds had all silenced their breath,

‡ Composed on sailing past Cape Trafalgar in the night.

And the waters were hush'd in as holy a sleep,  
 And as calm as the slumber of death;  
 When the yellow moon beaming on high  
 Shone tranquilly bright on the wave,  
 And career'd through the vast and impalpable sky,  
 Till she found in the ocean a grave;  
 And dying away by degrees on the sight,  
 The waters were clad in the mantle of night.

'Twould impart a delight to thy soul,  
 As I felt it imparted to mine,  
 And the draught of affliction that blacken'd my bowl  
 Grew bright as the silvery brine ;  
 I carelessly lay on the deck,  
 And listen'd in silence to catch  
 The wonderful stories of battle or wreck,  
 That were told by the men of the watch—  
 Sad stories of demons most deadly that be,  
 And of mermaids that rose from the depths of the sea.

Strange visions my fancy had fill'd,  
 I was wet with the dews of the night ;  
 And I thought that the moon still continued to gild  
 The wave with a silvery light.  
 I sunk by degrees into sleep,  
 I thought of my friends who were far,  
 When a form seem'd to glide o'er the face of the deep,  
 As bright as the evening star :  
 Ne'er rose there a spirit more lovely and fair,  
 Yet I trembled to think that a spirit was there.

Emerald green was her hair,  
 Braided with gems of the sea,  
 Her arm, like a meteor, she wav'd in the air,  
 And I knew that she beckon'd on me ;  
 She lovingly glanc'd with her eyes—  
 How ineffably bright was their blaze !  
 I shrunk, and I trembled, with fear and surprise,  
 Yet still I continued to gaze :  
 But enchantingly sweet was the smile of her lip,  
 And I followed the vision and sprang from the ship.

'Mid the waves of the ocean I fell,  
 The dolphins were sporting around,  
 And many a triton was tuning the shell,  
 And ecstatic and wild was the sound ;  
 There were thousands of fathoms above,  
 And thousands of fathoms below,  
 And we sunk to the caves where the sea-lions rove,  
 And the topaz and emerald glow ;  
 Where the diamond and sapphire eternally shed  
 Their lustre around on the bones of the dead.

And well might their lustre be bright,  
 For they shone on the limbs of the brave,  
 Of those who had fought in the terrible fight,  
 And were buried at last in the wave ;  
 In grottoes of coral they slept,  
 On white beds of pearl around,  
 And near them for ever the water-snake crept,  
 And the sea-lion guarded the ground ;

While the dirge of the heroes by spirits was rung,  
And solemn and wild were the strains that they sung.

### DIRGE.

Sweet is the slumber the mariners sleep,  
Their bones are laid in the caves of the deep,  
Far over their heads the tempests sweep,  
That ne'er shall wake them more :  
They died when rav'd the bloody fight,  
And loud was the cannon's roar ;  
Their death was dark, their glory bright,  
And they sunk to rise no more,  
They sunk to rise no more.

But the loud wind pass'd  
When they breathed their last,  
And it carried their dying sigh :  
In a winding-sheet,  
With a shot at their feet,  
In coral caves they lie,  
In coral caves they lie.  
Or where the syren of the rocks,  
Lovely waves their sea-green locks,  
Where the deadly breakers foam,  
Found they an eternal home !

Horrid and long were the struggles of death,  
 Black was the night when they yielded their breath,  
 But not on the ocean, all buoyant and bloated,  
 The sport of the waters, their white bodies floated,  
 For they were borne to coral caves,  
 Distant far beneath the waves,  
 And there on beds of pearl they sleep,  
 And far o'er their heads the tempests sweep,  
 That ne'er shall wake them more,  
 That ne'er shall wake them more.



## CCXLIX.

'TIS SWEET, WHEN IN THE GLOWING WEST.



'Tis sweet, when in the glowing west  
 The sun's bright wheels their course are leaving,  
 Upon the azure ocean's breast,  
 To watch the dark wave slowly heaving.

\* This beautiful Canzonette is the composition of the late John Bowler, jun., Esq.

And oh ! at glimpse of early morn,  
 When early monks their beads are telling,  
 'Tis sweet to hear the hunter's horn,  
 From glen to mountain wildly swelling.

And it is sweet, at mid-day hour,  
 Beneath the forest oak reclining,  
 To hear the driving tempests pour,  
 Each sense to fairy dreams resigning.

'Tis sweet, where nodding rocks around  
 The night-shade dark is wildly wreathing,  
 To listen to some solemn sound,  
 From harp or lyre divinely breathing.

And sweeter yet the genuine glow  
 Of youthful friendship's high devotion,  
 Responsive to the voice of woe,  
 When heaves the heart with strong emotion.

And youth is sweet with many a joy,  
 That frolic by in artless measure ;  
 And age is sweet, with less alloy,  
 In tranquil thought and silent pleasure.

For He who gave the life we share,  
 With every charm His gift adorning,  
 Bade Eve her pearly dew-drops wear,  
 And dress'd in smiles the blush of morning.

OCL.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

---

Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,  
The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw,  
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover  
Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw !  
The wild flow'rs o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,  
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree ;  
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,  
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheery,  
Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw ;  
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,  
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.  
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,  
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,  
And chirp out their complaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,  
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,  
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,  
While down the deep glen hawls the snaw-flooded fountain,  
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.

'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',  
 'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e,  
 For, O ! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,  
 The dark days o' winter were summer to me !



## CULL.

## EMBLEM OF ENGLAND'S ANCIENT FAITH.\*



Emblem of England's ancient faith,  
 Full proudly may thy branches wave,  
 Where loyalty lies low in death,  
 And valour fills a nameless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb !  
 Repine not if our clime deny,  
 Above thine honour'd sod to bloom  
 The flow'rets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May ;  
 Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,  
 Before the winter storm decay,—  
 And can their worth be type of thine.

\* These beautiful and highly expressive lines are extracted from the much admired work entitled *Waverley*. They are inscribed to an Oak-tree in



No! for, 'mid storms of fate opposing,  
 Still higher swell'd each dauntless heart,  
 And while despair the scene was closing,  
 Commenced thy brief but glorious part.

'Twas then thou sought on Albyn's hill,  
 (When England's sons the strife resign'd)  
 A rugged race resisting still,  
 And unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death's-hour heard no kindred wail,  
 No holy knell thy requiem rung;  
 Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,  
 Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in fortune's summer-shine,  
 To waste life's longest term away,  
 Would change that glorious dawn of thine,  
 Though darken'd ere its moontide day ?

the church-yard of — in the Highlands, said to mark the grave of Captain Wogan, who was killed in 1649. The following note concerning this person we also extract from the same work :—"The letter from the Chief, containing Flora's lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I., and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under domination of the Usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs  
 Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom !  
 Rome bound with oak her patriots' brows,  
 And Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

CCLII.

## KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND.

Know'st thou the land where stately laurels bloom,  
 Where orange groves exhale their rich perfume ;  
 Soft breezes float along the lucid sky,  
 And all is peace, and joy, and harmony ?  
 Know'st thou that land ?——

O thither flee,  
 And dwell for ever there, my friend, with me.

several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career."

Know'st thou the hills, whose towering heads of snow  
 Frown o'er the fairy land that smiles below :  
 Now wrapt in clouds the gaze of mortals shun,  
 Now freeze and glisten in the summer sun ?  
 Know'st thou those hills ?——

Be our retreat

The fertile Eden blooming at their feet.

Know'st thou the clime whose sons have souls of fire  
 To feel and prize the raptures of the lyre ;  
 To whom those finer sympathies belong  
 Which thrill and tremble at the voice of song ?  
 Know'st thou that clime ?——

Come, thither flee,

That is the fittest home for you and me.  
 Here hate and slander fan the coals of strife,  
 Cast foul aspersions on the fairest life ;  
 Spy out each speck that clouds a brother's fame,  
 Shout o'er his faults, and feast upon his shame !  
 Spurn the vile herd !——

Indignant fly

To some more courteous land, and milder sky.

CCLIII.

## THE SMILING PLAINS.\*

The smiling plains, profusely gay,  
 Are dress'd in all the pride of May;  
 The birds on every spray above  
 To rapture wake the vocal grove ;

But ah! Miranda, without thee,  
 Nor spring nor summer smiles on me,  
 All lonely in the secret shade,  
 I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

\* "These elegant stanzas were written by poor Falconer, the author of *The Shipwreck*, of whom Burns writes to Mrs. Dunlop in the following exquisite strain of tenderness :—"Falconer, the unfortunate author of *The Shipwreck*, that glorious poem, is no more. After weathering that dreadful catastrophe he so feelingly describes in his poem, and after weathering many hard gales of fortune, he went to the bottom with the *Aurora* frigate! I forget what part of Scotland had the honour of giving him birth ; but he was the son of obscurity and misfortune. He was one of those daring adventurous spirits which old Caledonia, beyond any other nation, is remarkable for producing. Little does the fond mother think, as she hangs delighted over the sweet little leech at her bosom, where the poor fellow may hereafter wander, and what may be his fate. I remember a stanza in an old Scots

O soft as love! as honour fair!  
 Serenely sweet as vernal air!  
 Come to my arms; for you alone  
 Can all my absence past atone.  
 O come! and in my bleeding heart  
 The sovereign balm of love impart;  
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,  
 And give the year eternal spring.

ballad which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart:—

Little did my mother think,  
 That day she cradled me,  
 What land I was to travel in,  
 Or what death I should die!"

In addition to these remarks, it will be proper to add that William Falconer was born in Edinburgh about the year 1730, where his father was a barber. William at an early age went on board a Leith merchantman, in which he served an apprenticeship. In 1769 we find him purser of the Aurora frigate. This vessel sailed for India the same year, and was never more heard of. Various reports have arisen respecting the fate of the Aurora, which was last heard of at the Cape of Good Hope, in December 1769; but the prevalent opinion is that she took fire at sea in the night time and blew up. In his person Falconer was of the middle size, sparely made, and with a dark weather-beaten countenance marked by the small-pox. No remains of the family are now known to exist in Edinburgh. A sister, who was supposed to be the last surviving, died within these few years in a workhouse there.—Edin. ed. of *The Shipwreck*, 1807.

CCLIV.

## ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

---

Star of the brave !—whose beam hath shed  
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—  
Thou radiant and ador'd deceit !  
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—  
Wild meteor of immortal birth !  
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth ?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays,  
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze ;  
The music of thy martial sphere  
Was fame on high and honour here ;  
And thy light broke on human eyes,  
Like a volcano from the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,  
And swept down empires with its flood ;  
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,  
As thou did'st lighten through all space ;  
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,  
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,  
 A rainbow of the loveliest hue,  
 Of three bright colours,† each divine,  
 And fit for that celestial sign ;  
 For Freedom's hand had blended them,  
 Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes :  
 One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes ;  
 One, the pure Spirit's veil of white  
 Had rob'd in radiance of its light :  
 The three so mingled did beseech,  
 The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale,  
 And darkness must again prevail !  
 But, oh, thou Rainbow of the free !  
 Our tears and blood must flow for thee !  
 When thy bright promise fades away,  
 Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread  
 The silent cities of the dead ;  
 For beautiful in death are they  
 Who proudly fall in her array ;  
 And soon, oh goddess, may we be  
 For evermore with them or thee !

† The tri-colour.

OCLV.

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN, MY  
LASSIE.†

---

She's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,  
 She's gane to dwall in heaven ;  
 Yere owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,  
 For dwelling out o' heaven!

† This beautiful specimen of the Caledonian Lyre was copied from the recitation of a young country girl, and was thought to have been composed about the time of the Reformation on a daughter of the Laird Maxwell of Cowhill, on the banks of the Nith, who was much celebrated for her beauty and mental acquirements, and was called by the peasantry the Lily of Nithsdale. She died at the age of nineteen. The girl observed that it was a great favourite of her mother's, but seldom sung, as its open familiarity with God made it too daring for Presbyterian strictness. They no doubt pass the bounds of simple and natural pathetic, nevertheless they strongly express the mingled feelings of grief and devotion which follow the loss of some beloved object. There are degrees of affliction corresponding with those of our attachment and regard, and surely the most tender of attachment must be deplored by affliction the most poignant. This may account for, and excuse those expressions in this song which border on extravagance; but it must be confessed that the first stanza, with every allowance, is reprehensible from its open and daring confidence in the Deity. The rest are written in a strain of solemn and feeling eloquence, which must find an echo in every bosom. The effusion is somewhat too serious for a song; it has all the holiness of a psalm, and would suffer profanation by being set to a common tune.—*Cromek*.



O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie,  
 O what'll she do in heaven ?  
 She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,  
 And make them mair meet for heaven.

She was dearly beloved by a', my lassie,  
 She was dearly beloved by a' ;  
 But an angel fell in love wi' her,  
 And took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,  
 Lowly there thou lies :  
 A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,  
 Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,  
 Fu' soon I'll follow thee ;  
 Thou left me nought to covet ahin',  
 But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie,  
 I look'd on thy death-cold face ;  
 Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud,  
 And fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,  
 I look'd on thy death-shut eye ;  
 And a lovelier light in the brow of heaven,  
 Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,  
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm ;  
 But gane was the holie breath o' heaven,  
 To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,  
 There's naught but dust now mine;  
 My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,  
 And why should I stay behin' !



OCLVI.

## ISABELLE.

A SERENADE.



Isabelle ! Isabelle ! hark to my soft lute,  
 As mournful it melteth o'er  
 The sorrows of one whose lips are mute,  
 And whose heart shall beat no more.  
 List to its wailings and plaints, my love,  
 Sad as the accents of saints, my love,  
 When the sins of men they deplore.

Awake from your slumbers, my Isabelle,

Oh ! list to its murmurings,

• They breathe not to blame thee—they sigh but to tell

The anguish that moves their strings.

Lo, the moon seems to weep on her way, my love,

And, shrouded in clouds, seems to say, my love,

“ No hope with the morrow springs.”

Hark ! on the breeze booms the heavy sound

Of the neighbouring convent's bell,

And its walls, ere a few short hours wheel round,

Shall enclose thee, my Isabelle :

And thou shalt be torn from my arms, my love,

And buried in all thy charms, my love,

Where these midnight requiems swell.

I see thee before the high altar kneel,

And the crucifix trembling embrace,

And the sable veil o'er the brightness steal

Of thy lovely and holy face ;

And thou shalt fade in thy bloom, my love,

While I shall wend to the tomb, my love,

Where hearts no woe can feel.

We grew and we lov'd, in youth's sunny day,

Like twin flowers in a dewy vale,

But the pilgrim's rude hand pluck'd one bud away,

And the other was strown by the gale.

Our hearts, upon earth, were as one, my love,

And now when thine is gone, my love,

Mine also its doom shall hail.

## DESPAIRING MARY.

Mary, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow ?

See, a' around you the flowers sweetly blaw ;

Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,

Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw.

“ How can this heart ever mair think of pleasure,

Summer may smile, but delight I hae nane ;

Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,

Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

“ This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,

Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake !

I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,

Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break.

Sighing for him I lie down in the e'ening,

Sighing for him I awake in the morn ;

Spent are my days a' in secret repining,

Peace to this bosom can never return.

“ Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,

Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,

Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,

But fled are these joys like a fleet passing dream.

Cruel Remembrance, ah ! why wilt thou wreck me,  
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown !

Cruel Remembrance, in pity forsake me,  
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown !"



## CCLVIII.

## WILL HE NO COME BACK AGAIN ?\*



*Will he no come back again,  
 Will he no come back again,  
 Hey, Charlie's now awa',  
 And will he no come back again ?*

Mony a traitor 'mang the hills,  
 Sought to draw—sought to draw,  
 Mony a traitor 'mang the hills,  
 Sought to draw his life awa'.

\* These Jacobite verses were handed us by a gentleman who has shown much interest in the prosperity of this publication, and who signs himself R. M., Glasgow. "I recovered them," says he, "from the recitation of an old woman from Galloway. I do not know that they ever appeared in print. She says, the song was current in her part of the country about forty years ago, but for the last fifteen or twenty years she has scarcely ever heard it sung. This is all the information I can acquire respecting the piece. The verses are natural and simple," &c. 1819.

The hills he trode were a' his ain,  
 And the bonnie birken tree :  
 The vera knowes in ilka plain,  
 Belong to youthfu' Charlie.

Ilka mavis tries to sing  
 To the e'ening sinking down ;  
 He maun only be our king,  
 Charlie's fit to wear a crown.

Mony a gallant sodger fought,  
 Mony a gallant knight did fa',  
 Mony a battle sair was wrought,  
 A' for Charlie's crown and law.

Sweet the blackbird's voice is heard,  
 Singing saft on ilka tree:  
 But sin' Charlie's now awa',  
 Pleasure nane it gies to me.

O ye cruel, cruel men  
 That pursued him in your hate ;  
 I can mark your dying day,—  
 Sad and dreary is your fate.

## OCLIX.

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

---

Come, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds ;  
With coral clasps and amber studs :  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
 For thy delight each May morning :  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.



OCLX.

### THE NYMPH'S REPLY.\*



If that the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pretty pleasures might me move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

\* The first of these two beautiful Madrigals was written by Christopher Marlowe, the second by Sir Walter Raleigh, although both have sometimes been ascribed to the pen of Shakespeare. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 3d, Scene 1st, *The Passionate Shepherd* is quoted, but Shakespeare frequently made his characters sing or recite scraps of ballads, &c., that were popular at the time. Of course, he never claimed any of the pieces so introduced as his own. It is also well known that this sublime Genius was, of all men, the most indifferent as to his poetical fame, and that he suffered his plays to be printed without giving himself the smallest concern about them. Hence, it is supposed, many interpolations were foisted in by the players, and many words altered, through the ignorance or inadvertency of printers, which have given rise to so many different readings, and caused such difference of opinion amongst his critics and commentators.



But Time drives flocks from field to fold,  
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;  
 And Philomel becometh dumb ;  
 And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
 To wayward winter reckoning yields:  
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

In *The Passionate Pilgrime and Sonnets to sundry notes of Musicke*, by William Shakespeare, London, printed for W. Jaggard, 1599," four stanzas of *The Passionate Shepherd* also occur, with the first of the Reply; but these might have been inserted without Shakespeare's knowing anything of the matter, and this circumstance, of its being printed with his name, and during his lifetime, though it might be considered as conclusive in the case of others, cannot be held so in his. Besides this, in the old Poetical Miscellany, styled *England's Helicon*, we find the first printed with the name of Marlowe subjoined to it, and the second signed "Ignoto," a signature well known to be that which Raleigh frequently made use of when a young man. Mr. Malone, in his excellent edition of Shakespeare's works, rejects them as not belonging to his author. We shall close our observations on this head by citing a passage from Isaac Walton corroborative of them. In his *Compleat Angler*, both the Pastorals are inserted under the character "of that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago, and an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. Old-fashioned poetry, but chiefly good—much better than the strong lines now in fashion in this critical age."

Marlowe was a man of great genius, and, with the exception of Shakespeare, his contemporary, was certainly the first dramatic writer of his time. The circumstances attending his death were melancholy. Like many of the *genus irritabile*, he was addicted to dissipation, and the victim of his own headlong passions. In 1593 he was killed in a brothel by an ill-looking fellow, his rival in the affections of some doxy. Marlowe, in a paroxysm of jealousy and revenge, had attempted to stab him, but the fellow, seizing his hand, forced him to plunge the dagger into his own head.

Regarding the persecution, sufferings, and ultimate fate of the brave, learned, and unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, it is unnecessary to speak. With these the general reader must already be familiar.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;  
 All these in me no means can move  
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
 Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
 Then those delights my mind might move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.



OCLXI.

**MAIDEN ! WRAP THY MANTLE ROUND THEE.**



Maiden ! wrap thy mantle round thee,  
 Cold the rain beats on thy breast ;  
 Why should horror's voice astound thee,  
 Death can bid the wretched rest.

All under the tree,  
 Thy bed may be,  
 And thou may'st slumber peacefully.

Maiden ! once gay pleasures knew thee,  
 Now thy cheeks are pale and deep,  
 Love has been a felon to thee;  
 Yet, poor maiden, do not weep:  
     There's rest for thee,  
     All under the tree,  
 Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.



CCLXII.

### THE ERLE-KING.\*



O ! who rides by night through the woodlands so wild?  
 It is the fond father, embracing his child,  
 And close the boy nestles within his lov'd arm,  
 From the blast of the tempest to keep himself warm.

\* It is necessary the reader should be informed that in the legends of Danish superstition, certain mischievous spirits are supposed to preside over the different elements, and to amuse themselves with inflicting calamities on

"O father! O father! see yonder!" he says,  
 'My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?'  
 "O 'tis the Erle-King, with his staff and shroud,"  
 'No, my love, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud.'

*The Phantom speaks.*

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest child?  
 By many gay sports shall thy hours be beguil'd;  
 My mother keeps for thee many a fair toy,  
 And many a fair flower shall she pluck for my boy!"

"O father! O father! and did you not hear  
 The Erle-King whisper so close in my ear?"  
 'Be still, my lov'd darling; my child, be at ease,  
 It was but the wild blast, as it howl'd through the trees.'

*The Phantom.*

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?  
 My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy,  
 She shall bear thee so lightly through wet and through wild,  
 And hug thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child!"

man.—One of these is termed the Water-King, another the Fire-King, and a third the Cloud-King. The hero of this piece is the Erle or Oak-King—a fiend who is supposed to dwell in the recesses of the forest, and thence to issue forth upon the benighted traveller to lure him to his destruction.

"O father ! O father ! and saw you not plain  
 The Erle-King's pale daughter glide past through the rain!"  
 'O no, my heart's treasure ; I knew it full soon,  
 It was the grey willow that danced to the moon.'

*The Phantom.*

"Come with me, come with me, no longer delay,  
 Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."  
 "O father ! O father ! now, now keep your hold,  
 The Erle-King has seized me,—his grasp is so cold."

Sore trembled the father, he spurr'd through the wild,  
 Claspng close to his bosom his shuddering child ;  
 He reaches his dwelling, in doubt and in dread,  
 But clasped to his bosom, the infant is dead.

---

OCLXIII.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.†

---

When "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound  
 Among a band of Brothers,  
 The cup of joy goes gaily round,  
 Each shares the bliss of others :

† Composed for a Society whose motto was "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

Sweet roses grace the thorny way,  
 Along this vale of sorrow :  
 The flowers that shed their leaves to-day,  
 Shall bloom again to-morrow :  
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
 Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

On halcyon wings our moments pass,  
 Life's cruel cares beguiling :  
 Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,  
 In gay good humour smiling :  
 With ermine beard and forelock grey,  
 His reverend front adorning,  
 He looks like winter turned to May,  
 Night softened into morning !  
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
 Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

From these delightful fountains flow  
 Ambrosial rills of pleasure :  
 Can man desire, can heaven bestow,  
 A more resplendent treasure ?  
 Adorned with gems so richly bright,  
 We'll form a constellation,  
 Where every star, with modest light,  
 Shall gild his proper station :  
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
 Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

## COLXIV.

## STAY, GLORIOUS PAGEANT, STAY !

SCENA.—Alfred in the Neat-herd's Cot.

*Time, Midnight :—Starting from a disturbed slumber.*

## RECITATIVE.

Stay, glorious pageant, stay ! it flies ! it fades !  
 'Tis darkness all——  
 Poor rushen mat, art thou my regal chair ?  
 Imperial robe, ah ! changed to herdsman's weeds ;  
 Of all his heritage not so much earth  
 As build's a grave, remains to fallen Alfred.  
 Oh England ! Mother dear—the Danish sword  
 Hath pierced thy heart. Thou bleed'st to death.

## CANZONET.

Oh England ! my mother, thy zone thou entwinnest,  
 Thy robe flows dishevell'd—thy locks fall unbound  
 On liberty's lap—thy pale head thou reclinest,  
 And sadly, yet smilingly, points to thy wound.  
 Come away, is thy song, come away to thy grave,  
 In death there's a country left free for the brave.

*(The blast of a trumpet is heard, followed by a March.)*

### RECITATIVE.

What uproar frights the silent watchful star ?  
Hark ! hark ! the slaught'ring march of the impious Danes,  
Great God of battles, be thou my guide—

Come away, is thy song, come away to thy grave,  
In death there's a country left free for the brave.

### MARTIAL AIR.

Bear my standard to the war,  
Blow my clarion wide and far,  
Where the bossy target rings,  
Where the flighty arrow sings,  
Where the sword and faulchion flash,  
Where the helm and buckler crash—  
And the ravens scream in air  
Watching man his feast prepare—  
There be Alfred's standard found,  
There be heard his clarion's sound.

### PRAYER.

Great God of battles, bless my single arm,  
Be thou my guide—my watchword, LIBERTY. †

† We are informed by the gentleman who favoured us with this beautiful piece of poetry that it was written by W. Dimond, Esq., and sung by the celebrated Mr. Braham at the Edinburgh Musical Festival, 1815, to music composed expressly for him by Rauassine.



## ADOWN THE GREEN DELL.

---

Adown the green dell, near the Abbey's remains,  
 All under the willow he lies ;  
 There, by the pale moonlight, Maria complains,  
 And sad to the night-breeze she sighs.—

“ Oh ! it is not the dew-drop adorns the wild rose,  
 On the briar-bound grave of my dear ; \*  
 I could not but weep, while I pray'd his repose,—  
 And the bright trembling drop is—a tear.”

\* “ We were much pleased,” says a pedestrian tourist, “ with the neat appearance of the churchyards belonging to some of the more remote villages in the south of England. The graves were firmly laced with a kind of basket-work of briars, brambles, &c., many of these had taken root, and, being kept in order, cast even a cheerful look over the silent mansions of the dead, and evinced, on the part of the survivors, an affectionate regard for the memory of departed relatives, which, in too many instances, we find cease the moment they are consigned to the ‘ dark and narrow house.’ ”

The ingenious, but unfortunate, Chatterton, who suffered nothing to escape his penetrating eye, has noticed this custom in the Minstrel's Song in his tragical interlude, *Ella*.

“ Wythe mie honds I'lle dente the brieres,  
 “ Rounde his hallie corse to gre.”

See page 233 of this work.

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN, ON  
YON BURN SIDE.

---

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side,  
Where the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn side ;  
    Though the broomy knowes be green,  
    Yet there we may be seen ;  
But we'll meet—we'll meet, at e'en, down by yon burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower, on yon burn side,  
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon burn side ;  
    There the busy prying eye,  
    Ne'er disturbs the lovers' joy,  
While in ither's arms they lie, down by yon burn side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,  
Those fairy-scenes are no for you, by yon burn side ;  
    There fancy smooths her theme,  
    By the sweetly murm'ring stream,  
And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn side.

Now the planting taps are tinged wi' goud, on yon burn side,  
 And gloamin' draws her foggy shroud, o'er yon burn side;  
     Far frae the noisy scene,  
     I'll through the fields alane,  
 There we'll meet—my ain dear Jean !—down by yon burn side.



## COLXVII.

## ELLEN BHOYOCHD (OR THE BEAUTIFUL).\*

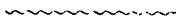


Row weel, my boatie, row weel,  
     Row weel, my merry men a',  
 For there's dool and there's wae in Glenfiorich's bowers,  
     And there's grief in my father's ha'.

And the skiff it dancit licht on the merry wee waves,  
     And it flew owre the water sae blue,  
 And the wind it blew licht, and the moon it shone bricht—  
     But the boatie ne'er reached Allandhu.

\* For an account of the traditional tale on which this beautiful little imitation of the old ballad is founded we refer to the 8d No. of *The Wanderer*, Glasgow, 1818, 8vo. It is the production of Mr. A. M'C., whom we are proud to recognise as a native of Renfrewshire, and from the specimen before us to hail as a poet of no mean promise.

Ohon ! for fair Ellen, ohon !  
 Ohon ! for the pride of Strathcoe—  
 In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt bree,  
 Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low.



## CCLXVIII.

## GUDE WALLAS.\*

As coreckit and revysit be ane Scotisman.



O for my awin Roy, quod gude Wallas,  
 The richteous Roy of fair Scotland,  
 Atween me and my Soveranis blude,  
 I trow thair be som ill seid sawn.

\* This goodly ballad, that records one of the many adventures of Wallace, is probably founded on a similar incident rehearsed by Henry in the fifth book of his metrical life of the hero :

—Wallace said myself will pass in feyr  
 And ane with me off herbre for to speyr ;  
 Follow on dreich, gyff yat we mystir ocht.  
 Edward Litill, with his mystir forth socht  
 Till ane Oystre, and with ane woman met,  
 Scho tald to yaim yat Sothroune yar was set, &c.

Wallas outflowr yon burn he lap,  
 And he hes lichtit law down on yon plain ;  
 And he wes awar o ane gaie ladie,  
 As scho wes at the well waschin.

"Quhat tydandis, quhat tydandis, fair ladie," he sayis,  
 "Quhat tydandis, hastow to tell untill me ?  
 "Quhat tydandis, quhat tydandis, fair ladie," he sayis,  
 "Quhat tydandis, hastow in the south countrie ?

Considerable discrepancies, however, exist between the two accounts, a circumstance which may easily be accounted for from the love the lower orders have of the marvellous. It was first printed, we believe, in Johnstone's *Scots Musical Museum*, and after that republished by the late ingenious Mr. John Findlay, of Glasgow, in his *Scottish, Historical, and Romantic Ballads*. From an old MS. copy of it, in the possession of a friend, we have been able to give what we humbly consider rather a better text, besides restoring it to its original orthography, which, to our antiquarian readers, must be a matter of some consequence. The generality of editors very often fall into one or other, or both of these *prime* errors, when editing the poetical remains of former ages—namely, that of corrupting the text by their own interpolations, and that of modernising the ancient spelling, under the pretext of obliging their readers, who, for the most part, we dare say, would rather thank them to let it alone.

No apology, we imagine, is necessary to the public for occupying their attention with these effusions in honour of Wallace. Everything connected with him is dear to the hearts of Scotsmen—all his well-known haunts are visited with a superstitious awe and veneration—his name is the thrilling watchword of patriotism, liberty, and independence. The finest trait in our national character will be lost when his praises are no longer sung with rapture, and his achievements no longer remembered with interest. Would to God this event may never happen.

"Laigh down in yon wee hostleir hous  
 Thair bin fyftein Inglismen I lede,  
 And thai are seikin for gude Wallas,  
 Ittis him to tak and him to heid."

"Thair is nocht in my purs," quod gude Wallas,  
 Thair is nocht ava, not ane bare pennie,  
 Zit in suth I sall gae to yon wee hostleir hous,  
 Thir fyftein Inglismen to see."

And quhan he cam to yon wee hostleir hous,  
 He bade Benedicite be thair;  
 "And quhat lerges to ane puir eild wicht,  
 Haif ye in charitie to spair ?

"Quhare wes ye born, auld crukit carl,  
 Quhare wes ye born, in quhat countrie ?"  
 "I am a trew Scot baith born and bred,  
 And ane auld crukit carl siclyk as you see."

"I wuld gie fyftein merkis to onie crukit carl,  
 To onie crukit carl siclyk as ye,  
 Gif ye wuld bring me the gude Wallas,  
 God wot he's the man I wuld verie fain see."

He strak they brym Captane alangis the chafftis blade,  
 That nevir ane bit o meal he ate mair,  
 And he stickit the lave at the buird quhare thai sat,  
 And he left them aw lyin spreitless thair.

"Get up, gude-wyff, get up," quod he,  
 "And get som deil denner to me in haste,  
 For it will sune be three lang lang dayis,  
 Syn I æ bit o meit did taste."

The denner wes nae weil readie,  
 Nor wes it on the tabill set,  
 Quhyll uther fyftein Inglismen  
 Wer lichtit aw down fornentis the yett.

"Cum out, cum out, now, gude Wallas,  
 This is the day that thow maun die."  
 "I lippen nocht sae litill to God," he sayis,  
 "But doubt tho I be but ill worthie."

The gude-wyff scho had ane auld gude-man,  
 Be gude Wallas he sikarlie stude,  
 Quhyll ten o thir fyftein Inglismen  
 Befoir the dure lay steipit in thair blude.

The uthir fyff to the grene-wud ran,  
 And he hangit them ilk ane on the bowis roun,  
 And on the neist morn, wi his mirrie men aw,  
 He sat at dyn in Lochmaben toun,

## THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

---

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,  
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,  
Beneath his lady's window came,  
And thus he sang his last good-morrow :  
" My arm it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my true love's bower ;  
Gaily for love and fame to fight,  
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head,  
And harp in hand, the descant rung,  
As faithful to his favourite maid,  
The minstrel-burthen still he sung :  
" My arm it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my lady's bower ;  
Resolved for love and fame to fight,  
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,  
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,  
Mid splintering lance, and falchion sweep,  
And still was heard his warrior-lay ;



“ My life it is my country’s right,  
 My heart is in my lady’s bower ;  
 For love to die, for fame to fight,  
 Becomes the gallant Troubadour !”

Alas ! upon the bloody field,  
 He fell beneath the foeman’s glaive,  
 But still, reclining on his shield,  
 Expiring sung the exulting stave :  
 “ My life it is my country’s right,  
 My heart is in my lady’s bower ;  
 For love and fame to fall in fight,  
 Becomes the gallant Troubadour !”



CCLXX.

# WILT THOU NOT WAKEN, BRIDE OF MAY.

A BRIDAL SERENADE.

By a modern Welsh Harper.



Wilt thou not waken, Bride of May,  
 While flowers are fresh and the sweet bells chime ?  
 Listen and learn from my roundelay,  
 How all Life’s pilot-boats sail’d one day—  
 A match with Time.

Love sat on a lotus-leaf afloat,  
 And saw old Time in his loaded boat ;  
 Slowly he cross'd Life's narrow tide,  
 While Love sat clapping his wings, and cried,  
     " Who will pass Time ?"

Patience came first, but soon was gone  
 With helm and sail to help Time on ;  
 Care and Grief could not lend an oar,  
 And Prudence said (while he stay'd on shore),  
     " I wait for Time !"

Hope fill'd with flowers her cork-tree bark,  
 And lighted its helm with a glow-worm spark ;  
 Then Love, when he saw her bark fly fast,  
 Said—" Linger Time will soon be past !  
     Hope out-speeds Time !"

Wit went nearest old Time to pass,  
 With his diamond oar and his boat of glass ;  
 A feathery dart from his store he drew,  
 And shouted, while far and swift it flew—  
     " O Mirth kills Time !"

But Time sent the feathery arrows back,  
 Hope's boat of amaranths miss'd its track,  
 Then Love bade his butterfly pilots move,  
 And laughing said, " They shall see how Love  
     Can conquer Time."  
     o 3



Its beams lent a magic far dearer than sleep,  
 As I trode my lone course on the sand ;  
 And dear was the blast as it blew o'er the deep,  
 For it came from my native land.

The battle had ceased with the sweet setting sun,  
 But I heard its dread tumults again ;  
 I paused—it was nought but the answering gun  
 Of the watchman afar on the plain.

positions ; and during his academical career he wrote various short poems, chiefly on classical subjects, remarkable for ease, elegance, and spirit. While yet a student, living within the walls of the college, he published, in 1802, a volume entitled *Wallace, or the Fall of Ellerslie*, with other poems. These were composed when he was about nineteen years of age, and are generally esteemed. *Wallace* may be called his principal performance. It is doubtless an imperfect composition ; but it displays a wonderful power of versification, and contains many splendid descriptions of external nature. It was shortly afterwards republished with considerable additions. Soon after he published an edition of *The Grave*, with many admirable notes ; wrote a learned and ingenious life of Cervantes, and edited an edition of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, a task that might have been supposed out of his province, but which he executed with considerable ability, displaying an intimate acquaintance with the principles of political economy, and with the works of all the most eminent French writers on that science. The prospect of a situation in one of the public offices led him to London in 1807, where he wrote many learned articles, particularly on antiquarian subjects, for different periodical publications, and busily employed himself in the study of Old English Literature, in which he was excelled by few, and in which he ever afterwards delighted. Being disappointed in his hope of a permanent establishment, he returned in 1808 to Glasgow, and in that year published a collection of *Historical and Romantic Ballads*, in two volumes. The notes with which they are illustrated are interesting and valuable. In these volumes are to be found two ballads of Findlay's own composition, written in imitation of *Songs of the Olden Time*, which have been pronounced by very able critics to be in their kind almost perfect.

At the close of the year 1810, his hopes of a permanent situation in London

I thought of the woe and the carnage again—  
 I look'd o'er the wave's distant foam;  
 And the tear that had started at sight of the slain,  
 I shed for the friends of my home.

Oh ! pleasant it is, on a far foreign shore,  
 To think on the days that are past—  
 It wakes the dull spirit that slumber'd before,  
 Like the rain 'mid the burning waste.

Was it hope or illusion my bosom that warmed,  
 When I thought on the birch of the grove ;  
 Like a wretch half bewildered with magic that charmed,  
 I heard the sweet voice of my love.

To the spot, O for ever be fetter'd my sight—  
 With the sound ever charmed let me be,  
 Even this corse cover'd strand is a couch of delight,  
 When such visions my fancy can see.

were again revived, and he left Glasgow with a view of consulting two of his friends then resident in England. He had, however, only proceeded to Moffat, when he was struck with a kind of apoplectic seizure, which in a short time terminated, in the very prime of life, the existence of a man who, possessing unquestionable ability, promised fair to be an ornament to literature and society in general.

CCLXXII.

## THE FISH-HAWK, OR OSPREY.\*

---

Soon as the sun, great ruler of the year !  
Bends to our northern climes his bright career,  
And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep  
The finny shoals and myriads of the deep,  
When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,  
And day and night the equal hours divide :  
True to the season, o'er the sea-beat shore,  
The sailing Osprey high is seen to soar  
With broad unmoving wing ; and, circling slow,  
Marks each loose straggler in the deep below :  
Sweeps down like lightning ! plunges with a roar !†  
And bears the struggling victim to the shore.

\* This is another poetical extract from Wilson's *Ornithology*, illustrative of the Fish-hawk or Osprey, whose regular arrival at the vernal equinox—the busy season when fishing commences—procures it many a benediction from the fishermen.

† "The Italians are said to compare its descent upon the water to a piece of lead falling upon that element, and distinguish it by the name of *Aquila Plumbina*, or the Leaden Eagle."

The long-housed fisherman beholds with joy,  
 The well known signals of his rough employ ;  
 And, as he bears his nets and oars along,  
 Thus hails the welcome season with a song.

### THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN.

The Osprey sails above the sound ;  
 The geese are gone—the gulls are flying ;  
 The herring shoals swarm thick around,  
 The nets are launch'd—the boats are plying ;  
 Yo ho, my hearts ! let's seek the deep,  
 Raise high the song, and cheerly wish her,  
 Still as the bending net we sweep,  
 " God bless the Fish-Hawk and the Fisher !"

She brings us fish—she brings us spring,  
 Good times, fair weather, warmth and plenty,  
 Fine store of *shad*, *trout*, *herring*, *ling*,  
*Sheep-head*, and *drum*, and *old-wives* dainty.  
 Yo ho, my hearts ! let's seek the deep,  
 Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,  
 Still as the bending net we sweep,  
 " God bless the Fish-Hawk, and the Fisher !"

She rears her young on yonder tree,  
 She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em ;  
 Like us, for fish, she sails to sea,  
 And, plunging, shews us where to find 'em.

Yo ho, my hearts ! let's seek the deep,  
 Ply every oar and cheerly wish her,  
 While the slow-bending net we sweep,  
 " God bless the Fish-Hawk, and the Fisher !"



## CCLXXIII.

## THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.



Far lone, amang the Highland hills,  
 'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,  
 By rocky dens, and woody glens,  
 With weary steps I wander.  
 The langsome way, the darksome day,  
 The mountain mist sae rainy,  
 Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,  
 Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,  
 Just op'ning fresh and bonny,  
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,  
 And's scarcely seen by ony :  
 Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,  
 Obscurely blooms my Jeany,  
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May,  
 The flower o' Arranteenie.



Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,  
 I view the distant ocean,  
 There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,  
 Ambition courts promotion—  
 Let Fortune pour her golden store,  
 Her laurel'd favours many,  
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,  
 The lass o' Arranteenie.



CCLXXIV.

## GO ROUND, MY WHEEL, GO ROUND.\*



Go round, my wheel, go round  
 With ceaseless thrumming sound,  
 And spin a thread as long and fine,  
 As is the Gossamer's silky twine,  
 To form the veil that now must cover,  
 This heart that beats but for its lover.

\* This is the composition of Gottfr. Aug. Burder, a German poet of considerable talent, much and deservedly esteemed in his own country, and from what we have seen of his compositions we hesitate not to say that they need only to be faithfully translated to be generally read. In the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1818 will be found several translations of this eminent poet, and from which we extract the present *Spinning Song*, not from the idea that it is the best, but the most suitable for our publication. In the same volume,

Go round, my wheel, go round  
 With ceaseless thrumming sound,  
     And spin a 'kerchief fine and rare,  
     To deck my bosom at the fair,  
 Where soon the bright-hair'd youth I'll see,  
 Whose heart of love is gold to me.

Go round, my wheel, go round  
 With ceaseless thrumming sound,  
     Like the veil thou spinn'st to me,  
     Must my spotless bosom be,  
 As free from stain, as softly fine,  
 As is thy loveliest, purest twine.

the translator has the following critical comparison between Burder and our favourite Bard, Robert Burns. "Burder has, in many respects, a manifest resemblance to our own Burns, although the most superficial reader will perceive that these two popular poets have many sufficiently distinct points of dissimilitude, and that perhaps two better instances could not be selected than those offered by these kindred spirits of the discriminating traits of Scotch and German genius. Yet Burder, like Burns, delighted to sing of love as it is known to those whose feelings have not been corrupted either by vicious indulgence or by much commerce with the world—of that pure, and ardent, and entrancing love which glows in the breasts of healthy peasants, and which, to those who are under its influence, give a character and interest to everything in life, of which cooler minds have not the slightest idea. Burder, too, like Burns, could well depict those feelings, somewhat akin to love, by which the breasts of youthful and enthusiastic men are agitated, when they give full play in some hour of conviviality and joy, to all the social propensities of their nature. There is another point of resemblance between these celebrated poets, and that is the unfeigned rapture with which both of them can depict an act of generosity, and the power which they possess over those moral sensibilities of our nature, from whose operation all high active virtue must proceed. Burns, indeed, has not painted anything of this kind in a regular tale; but all those who are acquainted with his works are aware by what powerful touches of indigna-

Go round, my wheel, go round  
 With ceaseless thrumming sound,  
     He for whom the badge I twine,  
     Of a 'kerchief pure and fine,  
 Loves a heart in virtue drest,  
 Better than the gaudiest breast.



COLXXV.

# THE MINSTREL'S LAY OF DEATH ;

OR,

FAREWELL TO HIS HARP.



O Harp ! that cheer'd my trembling limbs,  
 O'er many a pathless, rugged wild ;  
 O Muse ! that erst so fondly smil'd  
 On fancy's lov'd poetic child,

tion or of triumph he incidentally awakens our abhorrence or our admiration, and in what glowing letters he could write *villanous* or *praiseworthy* on such characters or actions as he thought fit to contemplate. His instances of these qualities, too, like our German author, are commonly selected from humble life; and there is no reader of poetry in this country whose heart has not beat with a livelier pulse in favour of honest and undisguised conduct, when he reads such verses as occur throughout the whole of the song,

“Is there for honest poverty,”

and in many other productions of this powerful author. I have only to regret that I have not been able to give them, in my poor version, the thousandth part of the heart-awakening energy which it breathes in the immortal verse of the original author.”

Farewell for aye : a salt tear dims  
 The eye that never wept before ;  
 Our mortal pilgrimage is o'er,  
 And now we part to meet no more !

Our lay of joy is past and gone,  
 That once in vaulted halls we sung ;  
 Alas ! our final peal hath rung  
 Of mirth, high dames and lords among :  
 And now we gaze with sadness on  
 The narrow home where song must end ;  
 There no merry lays ascend  
 Where my feeble footsteps wend.

Here on this oak that bourgeons fair,  
 I'll hang thy wires of witching tone ;  
 The passing breeze will cause them moan,  
 \*And swell my requiem when I'm gone.  
 The traveller faint will list'ning stare,  
 And marvel whence thy sounds proceed,  
 The fairy king in buxom weed,  
 Will leave his dance to hear thy rede.

But chief of all, the love-lorn maid,  
 When dusky twilight clouds the sky,  
 Eluding watchful guardian's eye  
 Towards this sacred spot will hie.  
 Beneath thy oaks' embow'ring shade  
 She'll muse, and count each straggling ray  
 The moon sheds on its lovely way,  
 Along thy frame of silvery grey.

She'll hear thee woo'd by wandering gale,  
 Rise sweetly in thy midnight song,  
 Now, rapid roll, full ton'd, and strong,  
 Now, low and dying, weep along.

Oh ! she will hear thee oft bewail  
 The fate of lovers true, and tell,  
 How many an evil tide befell  
 Maids, who have lov'd but all too well.

The steel-clad knight as home he wends,  
 From battle toils, and sieges dire,  
 Will pause, and check his courser's fire,  
 And under thy old oak retire :

For, lo ! thy song of triumph blends  
 Its warlike notes with rustling breeze ;  
 And falling, rising, through the trees,  
 Mimes his old hall's festivities.

O Harp ! be still a little while,  
 Nor wake thy dirge of melting numbers,  
 Stay till thy master calmly slumbers,  
 Where no bale his bliss encumbers.

Now, take with thee his last faint smile,  
 And benison, in death's arms given,  
 Oh now begin thy mournful steven,  
 And waft my soul on it to heaven !

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# I N D E X

To Songs and other Poetical Pieces, never before Published.

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